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Heliodorus

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The first Five Rendred by a Person of Quality, the last Five by *N. TATE.*

The Second Edition.

*LONDON*,
Printed by *J. Leake*, for *Edward Poole*, at the *Ship*, over against the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhil.* 1687.

Gfhzz
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To His GRACE

THE

# Duke of *Beauford*, &c.

*My Lord*,

AS I have long had an Ambition of preſenting ſome Eſſay to Your Grace's Patronage, I was likewiſe ſenſible that no Performance (which was entirely my own) could, without Preſumption, aſpire to that Honour: But this Addreſs comes Arm'd with a double Apology; not only the fix'd Reputation of the

Work in the Original, but on account of the Tranſlation it ſelf, being half perform'd by a Perſon of Quality and Judgement. By whoſe untimely Death we were deny'd the Happineſs of his farther Progreſs, and I was prevail'd with to think that the World would rather diſpenſe with my courſe finiſhing of the Piece, than loſe the part which he had ſo well begun. Beſide the Teſtimonies of the Learned for my Author, it is yet to be added, That he was not only the Firſt who attempted this way of Writing, but the Beſt. The *Caſſandra* and *Cleopatra* of the *French* were Scions from this Stock, nor ſhall we envy them the Reputation which thoſe Authors

ſeem'd

ſeem'd chiefly to deſign, the diverſion of the Ladies. *Heliodorus* has as well contriv'd for their favour, yet ſo as to make the Amour ſubordinate to Inſtruction, and every where an occaſion of diſpenſing that Learning and Experience, with which he was ſo wonderfully furniſhed. The Philoſophy and Politicks deliver'd in the Romance of *Barclay* have render'd it worthy the peruſal of the greateſt Strateſmen; yet, on the firſt view, we ſhall find the *Argenis* to be but a Copy of *Chariclea*. But after all his maxims of Conduct, and Examples of Vertue, methinks I ſee the Authors Genius tremble to come under your Graces Inſpection, who have in

Practice

Practice ſo far excell'd the moſt perfect Images that he could feign. Of what Importance your unſhaken Loyalty, Induſtry, and Prudent Management, has always been towards the Happineſs of this Nation, is beſt known to perſons of your own high Sphere, where your Grace is placed a Star of the firſt Magnitude. But Your more immediate Influence for the publick Safety, in the late ſeaſon of our Extremity, was ſo manifeſt, that thouſands were Spectators of its Operation. The proud Invader himſelf acknowledg'd his meaſures to be broken in their Foundation, by your preſence in *Briſtol*, the main Fortreſs of his Hopes; from which he was obſtructed

ſtructed by Your Grace's matchleſs Intereſt and Conduct. For a Parallel to this Service, we muſt run up to your own great Anceſtor, whoſe Name ſhall be Sacred to Poſterity as long as * *Ragland* Caſtle ſhall have one Stone left upon another.

* Marqueſs of *Worceſter*'s Seat, laſt Garriſon held out for King *Charles* I.

I have too juſt a ſenſe of Your Grace's Character to attempt your Panegyrick; yet, in Gratitude, I am obliged to ſay, That while Your Grace is bleſt with Qualifications to adorn the Nobleſt Court, it is Your peculiar Glory to have Magnificence and Condeſcenſion to charm all Mankind. That Clemency I muſt make my Sanctuary for this Addreſs, and leave

leave Your *Encomium* to ſome more able Genius, while the height of my Ambition is to ſubſcribe my ſelf

*Your Grace's*

Moſt Devoted

Humble Servant,

N. TATE.

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THE

# Teſtimonies of Eminent Perſons, Ancient and Modern, concerning the following Work.

Heylin, lib. 2. p. 206.

HEliodorus *the Author of that Ingenious Piece, call'd* The Æthiopick Hiſtory, *which he ſo prized, that he choſe rather to loſe his Biſhoprick, than conſent to the Burning of his Book, which a Provincial Synod had adjudged to the Fire. A piece indeed of rare contexture and neat contrivance, without any touch of looſe or laſcivious Language, honeſt and chaſt affection being the ſubject of it, not ſuch as Old or Modern Poets ſhew us in the Comedies or other Poems: for here we have no Inceſtious mixtures of Fathers and Daughters: no Pandoriſm of Old Nurſes: no unſeemly action ſpecified, where heat of Blood and opportunity do meet: nor indeed any one paſſage unworthy of the chaſteſt Ear.*

## Teſtimonies Ancient and Modern,

### Phil. Melanct.

*THE Stile is Florid without Affection; the Variety of Councils, Accidents and Events contained therein is wonderful; exhibiting moſt Images of humane Life, ſo that it may be read by all with equal Profit and Pleaſure.*

### Stanizlaus. Equ. Polon.

*THE reaſon why Learned Men have thought* The Æthiopian Hiſtory of Heliodorus, *worthy the peruſal of Poſterity, is very evident, the deſign being equally accommodated to the Inſtruction and Diverſion of the Reader. In which, beſides the Elegance of Stile, not only changes of Fortune, but examples of Vertue are ſet forth.*

### Vicentius Obſopœus.

*I Recommend* The Æthiopian Hiſtory of Heliodorus, *as the moſt abſolute Image of all humane Affections; a perfect Example of Conjugal Love, Truth and Conſtancy being wonderfully drawn in the Characters of* Theagenes *and* Chariclea. *I paſs over the Beauty, Contrivance, and Artifice in the expreſſion. Of all Greek Authors that ever came into my hands, I muſt affirm*

*affirm him to be the moſt pleaſant and will venture to ſay the moſt Learned. For the Truth of his Tale I leave it to himſelf, but for the probability it may compare with any Hiſtory. For the Argument which is various, I can aver it to be compleat; foraſmuch as it is, beſides the continued pleaſantneſs of the Tale, full of admirable turns and ſurpriſes; he has moſt skilfully given the Coſmography of many places; laid open the ſecret cauſes of Nature in many Inſtances; learnedly deſcribed the Rites and Cuſtoms of many Nations; the nature of divers Mountains, Rivers, Stones, Herbs, and Regions of* Ægypt *and* Æthiopia *eſpecially, Countrys the leaſt known; mingling all with ſuch beautiful digreſſions, that in the whole Work he hath left nothing imperfect or what might give offence to the moſt Critical Reader.*

Cornelius Sutorius.

*THis Work is ſo furniſhed with wiſdom in Councils and Government of humane Affections, ſuch Diſcipline and knowledge in all circumſtances of War; ſuch Inconſtances of Fortune and variety of humane affections, that it ſeems wholly derived from the pureſt Fountains of Eloquence.*

Thomas

## Teſtimonies Ancient and Modern, &c.

### Thomas Dempſterus.

HEliodorus *the* Phœnician, *the moſt Eloquent and chaſt Writer of Loves; moſt Delightful and Artificial in the management of his Story.*

### Hieronymus Commelinus.

HEliodorus *the moſt Elegant Author, in whoſe Volumn are many Sentences, Grave, Solid, Ethick, Political, Oeconomick. How many things therein ſubſervient to antiquity no where elſe delivered. This is atteſted by divers amongſt the Ancients,* viz. *in the* Meliſſa *of* Antony, *and the Centuries of* Maximus: *to inſtance in modern Authors would be endleſs. I will mention* Barnabas Briſſonius *inſtead of all: Whoſoever reads his Treatiſe concerning the* Perſian *Principality, will eaſily find how much he was obliged to this Author.*

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LICENSED,

*RO. L'ESTRANGE.*

# THE ÆTHIOPIAN HISTORY.

## The Firſt Book.

THE break of day had now diſperſed the darkneſs, and the Sun with earlieſt beams, guilded the ſummits of the Mountains; when a Troop of Men that had no Living but by Robberies, and Rapine, appeared upon the *Promontory* that elevates it ſelf over one of the Mouths of *Nilus*, named the *Heracliotick*: Being aſſembled, they made a ſtand to take view of the Sea, that lay like a vaſt Valley underneath them; but when they ſaw nothing that preſented hope of Prey (all the Ships they diſcovered, ſayling off to the Main) they caſt their Eyes to-

wards the neighbour Shoar, and encountered this Object.

A Ship at Anchor, no men in her, yet heavy laden, as might eaſily be judged afar off, for ſhe was of that burthen, as ſhe drew Water to the third Deck. The Shoar was covered with a Maſſacre of men, ſome dead, others were but half dead, and the parts of their Bodies that yet panted, gave aſſurance to the beholders, it was no long time ſince the Fight was ended; nor were theſe the Marks of a juſt Quarrel, they were the ſaid Relicks of an unfortunate Feaſt. There were Tables that ſtood yet full furniſhed, and ſome that were overturned betwixt the Arms of thoſe that ſate at them; others lay like Tomb-ſtones over the Dead that had (as it is probable) hid themſelves under them: Many Bowls and Pots were caſt down, and many yet held in their hands that had taken them either to drink, or to caſt at their Enemies heads; for the ſuddenneſs of the Mutiny, and the neceſſity, had taught them a new way, and (inſtead of Darts and other offenſive Weapons) armed them with the Cups they drank in. They lay, one cloven with an Axe, another his Brains beat out with Shells that lay ready on the Sands, ſome bruiſed to pieces with Leavers, many burnt with Coals of Fire, and divers others, diverſly Murthered; but the moſt were Shot to Death with Arrows. In ſum, Fortune in a little time had produced ſtrange variations, contaminating the Wine with Blood, changing the chearfulneſs

fulneſs of a Feaſt into the horrors of a Battle, promiſcuouſly mixing their Meat with Wounds, and Drinking Healths with Death; preparing ſuch a Stage for the *Ægyptian* Thieves to be Spectators; but from thoſe heights they could not underſtand the Play; for they plainly ſaw a defeat, but no Maſters of the Field; an abſolute Victory, but no Spoils taken; a Ship unmann'd, but elſe untouched; hulling in that dangerous Road, as if in full peace, and in the midſt of the greateſt ſecurity in the world.

But though ignorant of the Cauſe, they were greedy of the Prey; and reſolved to make themſelves the Conquerors: So they marched forward to the pillage; and when they were not far from the Ship, and near to the dead Bodies, there was preſented to their ſenſe, a ſight of greater aſtoniſhment than the former.

It was a young Lady, ſitting upon a Rock, of ſo rare and perfect a Beauty, as one would have taken her for a Goddeſs, and though her preſent miſery oppreſt her with extreameſt grief, yet in the greatneſs of her affliction, they might eaſily perceive the greatneſs of her Courage: A Laurel crown'd her Head, and a Quiver in a Scarf hanged at her back; ſhe reſted her left Arm upon her Bow, and let her Hand careleſly hang down upon her right Thigh; ſhe leaned on her other Arm, laying her Cheek upon her hand, and fixing her eyes upon a young Gentleman that lay not far diſtant from her; he was covered in his wounds, and

now began to raiſe himſelf a little, as if awaking out of a deep ſleep, almoſt of Death it ſelf; yet ſuch a ſtock of Beauty ſhined in his Face, and the Blood that rained down ſo ſetoff the whiteneſs of his Skin, as made him ſhew moſt lovely; the pain he felt, ſeemed to weigh down his Eye-lids, and the Beauty of the Lady, to attract and open them.

He had no ſooner recollected his Spirits, and ſcarce breath'd, but with a languiſhing voice he pronounced theſe words.

*Sweeteſt, Is it true that I yet behold you Living, or (periſhing in the execution) have you encreaſed the number of the dead? can you not, not even in Death be raviſhed from me, but will your ſhadow be yet a looker on, and ſharer in my Fortunes?*

It is from you reply'd the Maid that I expect my Fortune, Life or Death; this you here ſee (ſhewing him a Steeletto in her lap) hath yet not done its office, hindered by the happy ſigns of your recovery.

This ſaid, ſhe leaped from the Rock, and the Thieves upon the Mountains ſurprized with fear and aſtoniſhment ran to hide themſelves behind the Buſhes: For ſhe appeared more Divine when ſhe was upon her Feet; her Arrows in her Quiver claſhing as ſhe ſtepped, her Robe (that was Cloth of Gold) glittering in the Sun, and her Hair that flowedunder herCoronet(like the Prieſteſſes of *Bacchus*) reaching almoſt to the ground. One ſaid ſhe was a Goddeſs, and ſure the Goddeſs *Diana*, or *Iſis* the Patroneſs of their Country;

try; others conceived her to be a Votareſs to ſome God, that inſpired with divine fury had made ſo great a ſlaughter.

This while the Maid running to the Gentleman, caſt herſelf upon his Body, wept, kiſt him, wiped his wounds, and imbraced him ſo cloſely as if ſhe could hardly be aſſured ſhe had him in her Arms.

The *Ægyptians* obſerving this, preſently altered their Opinions; What, ſaid they, are theſe the actions of a Goddeſs? do Goddeſſes kiſs dead Men? and with ſo much commiſeration! So encouraging one another, they marched on, and found the Lady dreſſing the young mans wounds, and coming cloſe behind her, did not dare to attempt any thing, not ſo much as to ſpeak to her; but the noiſe they had made, and their ſhadows caſt before her Eyes, moved her to turn her Head; and when ſhe had ſeen them, ſhe again declined her Face; and applyed her ſelf to bind up her friends wounds, not ſo much as the leaſt daunted with the unuſual Aſpect, and colour of theſe armed *Ægyptians*: So powerful is ſincere affection, as it deſpiſes all other pleaſing or diſpleaſing things, and tranſports our whole care and thoughts to the object we love deareſt: But when the Thieves paſſed on, and ſtood in front before her, and ſeemed as if they would attempt ſomething, ſhe lifted up her Eyes again, and ſeeing them ſo black and ugly,

*If you be* (ſhe ſaid) *theſe dead mens Spirits, you*

*do us wrong to trouble us, ſince moſt of you with your own hands ſlew one another; if any of you fell by ours, it was but in our juſt revenge, to repell the violence you offered to my Chaſtity; but if ye be living men, I ſhould take you to be Thieves; if ſo, you come moſt opportunely: Free us, I beſeech you, from theſe evils that oppreſs us, kill us, and put and end to all our miſery:* Theſe paſſionate wodrs ſhe ſpake with as ſad an Accent.

But they (neither underſtanding her words nor meaning) left her with the wounded Gentleman, not putting any ſurer guard upon them then their own weakneſs; and haſting to the Ship, they unladed her, every man carrying out as much Gold, Silver, Precious Stones and Silks, as they were able to bear, neglecting other Commodities (tho' rich and various) and when they had every one as much as ſatisfied their Avarice, they lay'd it down upon the ſhoar, making it up into packs, and dividing it, not by reaſon, or after the juſt value of the things, but equalling them by weight, reſerving for the laſt, to reſolve what to do with the young Gentleman and the Lady.

Mean while there appears upon the Mountains a ſecond Company, two riding before them as their Captains; theſe were no ſooner perceived by the former, but without preparing for the fight, or daring to take with them any part of of the ſpoil, leſt it might give occaſion to the Enemy to purſue; the fear that ſtrook their hearts, made them take their heels with the greateſt agility

gility that was poſſible, for they were but Ten, and thoſe they ſaw coming were twice that number. Thus the Lady was twice taken, and yet not Priſoner. Now theſe others, though they had an extream longing to be at the pillage, and had already devoured it in their hopes, yet the Apprehenſion, that troubled their Spirits, not knowing the cauſe of theſe events, retained them for a while; for they imagined the firſt Thieves had made that horrible Slaughter; and obſerving the Lady in all the dangers that threatned her, to be no more afraid than if there had been no ſuch thing, careful only of the young man's wounds, that ſeemed to pain her more, than if they had been her own; they remained mightily amazed, as well at the generoſity of her courage, and rareneſs of her Beauty, as at the delicate ſhape and exact ſtature of the wounded young man; who began to reſume his natural Colour: After they had long conſidered, their Captain ſtept forth, and took her by the hand, commanding her to riſe and go with him; but ſhe that underſtood not his Language, and yet doubted what he meant, drew the young Gentleman along (nor would he part with her) and ſetting her Steeletto to her Breaſt, threatned to kill her ſelf, if they might not go together: The Captain underſtanding her more by action and ſigns, than by her words, and hoping if the young Gentleman recovered, he would ſerve him in deſigns of higher Nature; made his Page alight, and he alſo

dismounting, caused the two Captives to be mounted on his Horses, and himself setting forward on foot, whilst his men trussed up the Pillage, went with the Prisoners to help them, if happily their weakness should not suffer them to help themselves, nor did their Captivity want a Glory, to see the Conqueror humbled to the Conquered, and to be waited on by him that had them in his power: So great is the Appearance of Nobility, and Magick of a Beauty, as to subdue the inhumane Nature of Thieves, and to mollifie the hearts of the most Barbarous. When they had now passed along the Sea Shoar, about half a quarter of a Mile, leaving the left hand-way, they turned uphill, and climbing over, doubled their paces, to arrive by day-light, at a Lake on the other side the Mountain.

This part of the Country is by the *Ægyptians* named the *Bucolia*, or Pasture, in which there is a Valley that receives the Innundations and disburdenings of *Nilus*, growing into a Lake of an infinite deepness in the midst, but near the sides it is but shallow and marish: Here the *Ægyptian* Thieves live together with a kind of policy, and observing a certain form of a Republick: Some dwell in Cabbins or Huts, builded upon little spots of Earth, that rise above the water in divers places of the Lake; others live in Boats, that they use both for ferrying over, and habitations for themselves and wives, who are there brought a-Bed; their

their Infants firſt ſuck the Mothers-milk, and within a while are weaned, and uſe to eat Fiſh, got in the Lake, and broyled in the Sun; when a little one deſires to go, his Mother tyes a Cord to his Foot, that reacheth no farther than the Boat, committing him to this new guide.

Thus all that are born within the Lake, account it for their Nurſe and Country, and hold it as a ſtrong protection to their Robberies, and to that end ſuch kind of people flock hither from all parts; for the water ſerves them for a wall, and the great quantity of Reed and Cane that grows about the borders, ſtands before them as their Bulwark, and therein they have cut out ſo many ways, intermazed one within another (which their practice makes eaſie to them) and cuts off all hope of incurſion from the Enemy.

The Sun now declining to the Weſt, the Captain and the reſt of his company arrived at this Lake, and diſmounting the two Priſoners, carried the Prey aboard their little Boats; preſently all their Fellows that had ſtayed at home, ſome from one ſide of the Fenns, and ſome from the other, came running to meet their Captain, and received him as their King, doing him all humble reverence; but when they had viewed the riches of the Prize, and the divine form of the Maid, they conceived their companions had robbed ſome Temple, and taken away the Prieſteſs, or the living Image of ſome Goddeſs; ſo with a thouſand glorious Praiſes, elevating their Captains Valour

to

to the Heavens, they all conducted him to his place of residence, which was a little Island cut off from theirs, and reserved only for him, and some few appointed to be always near his Person: Being landed here, he commanded the multitude should retire home, and not fail to attend him the next morning: Himself with some few of his Friends made a short Supper, then committed the two Prisoners to the custody of a young *Grecian* (taken by the same Thieves not long before) to the end he might serve for their interpreter; and giving him order they should be lodged in a Tent joyned to his own; charged him to dress the Gentlemans wounds, and see that none should do injury to the Lady, whilst he wearied with the labour of his Journey, and the care of present business went to rest.

But when silence reigned in all the Island, about the first watch of the Night, the Maid being alone, used her solitude, and absence of her keeper, as an occasion given her to ease her Spirits with complaining, the calm of the Night exciting her sad thoughts, and being able to see nothing that might divert her mind; when she had deeply sighed to her self (for she was separated by command of the Captain, *Theagenes* lying with *Knemon*, and she resting on a poor low Palate) weeping as if her heart would break.

*Oh* Apollo (*she said*) *how much greater is our punishment than our offence! cannot all our past miseries extinguish thy revenge? We are deprived of the sweet*

*ſweet preſence of our Friends and Parents, we have been taken by Pyrates, we have been toſſed at Sea by Tempeſts, and a thouſand times in danger of our lives, we are now at Land a prey to Thieves: Alas are we yet reſerved to be more tormented? Where at laſt wilt thou end the Progreſs of our Miſeries? To dye with a noble Fame, were a ſweet death; but if any Villain ſhall offer to force me, which my* Theagenes *never yet attempted, with my own Hands I will prevent him, and ſtrangle this betraying Beauty, keeping my Virtue to adorn my Epitaph, whilſt thou* Apollo *ſhalt be called the moſt cruel Judge.*

She would have proceeded, but *Theagenes* thus interupted her; Ceaſe my deareſt, my Soul *Cariclea*: tis true you have reaſon to complain, but you provoke the God more than you do believe; we ought not to contradict the will of Heaven; by Prayers not Injuries, that which is greater than our ſelves, muſt be appeaſed. *You ſay true, replyed* Cariclea, *but pray how do you?* Better he ſaid, ſince Evening; I thank this Gentleman, he hath applyed that to my wounds, hath much aſwaged their inflammation. You ſhall find your ſelf more eaſie to Morrow Morning (added their Keeper) For I will gather you ſuch an Herb, as ſhall heal your wounds at the third dreſſing; I have tryed the properties of it by many experiments, ſince my ſelf was taken Priſoner here; for none of my Captains men have ever come home wounded, but in a little time I have effected their cure by the ſame means; and do not you wonder I take

ſuch

ſuch particular care of you, for your Fortune repreſents my own; I muſt needs pity a *Grecians* miſery, that am my ſelf a *Grecian*. A *Grecian*, (Oh Immortal Gods! cryed the two Priſoners for joy) I am both by Language and Birth. This yet (ſaid *Theagenes*) gives us ſome breathing ſpace from our afflictions; but how may we call you? my Name is *Knemon*. Of what part of *Greece*? Of *Athens*. Do us the Favour I beſeech you, to let us know your Fortune: Forbear (ſaid *Knemon*) do not make my woes to bleed afreſh, nor let not me with abundance of my Evils increaſe yours; neither would the whole Night ſuffice for the Narration; and you after your many Labours had need of reſt and ſleep: But they inſiſting, and telling him that it would not be a little comfort to them, to hear of chances like their own: *Knemon* begins thus;

My Fathers Name was *Ariſtippus*, a Native of the City of *Athens*, a Senator of the higher Court, and of no mean Fortunes: It happen'd that my poor Mother having paid the Tribute that all humane Creatures owe to Nature, my Father reſolved upon a ſecond Marriage, becauſe he had as yet but one Son, and did not think him worthy of all his care; he therefore matched with a Woman, named *Demæneta*, ſhe was Fair enough, but had a Soul the moſt black and fowl: She had no ſooner entered our Houſe, but ſhe made her ſelf the abſolute Miſtreſs of it, and reduced all things to her Power and Pleaſure; charming the

good

good man my Father with her Beauty, and officiouſly obſerving all his Humours: For ſhe (if ever Woman) had the art to move the violence of Affection, and to make him paſſionately in love with her; if Affairs preſſed his departure, ſhe wept; at his return ſhe would meet him, accuſe the ſlowneſs of his coming, and proteſt ſhe had periſhed if he had tarryed never ſo little longer; at every word embracing him, and moiſtening her kiſſes with her Tears, inſomuch that my Father was ſo taken with her, as willingly he did ſee or think of nothing elſe. At firſt ſhe uſed me as if I had been her own Son, and added this as a greater tye upon his Love; ſometimes ſhe would kiſs me, and deſired that I might ſtay at home to play with her: This pleaſed me, and not ſuſpecting what would follow, I admired that ſhe expreſſed ſuch a Motherly Affection to me; but when ſhe appeared more petulant, and that her kiſſes grew more intemperate than became her, her carraige exceeding the bounds of modeſty; Then I began to ſuſpect, avoid, and repel her allurements; I omit the reſt, becauſe it would be tedious, to tell with what ways and promiſes ſhe would entice me, how ſhe would call me her ſweeteſt Favourite, her Heir, and oftentimes her Soul, making a mixture of fair Names, or any thing whereby ſhe hoped I might be caught. In more ſerious and important matters bearing her ſelf as a Mother, but in dalliance ſhewing plainly ſhe was in Love: At length this happened, upon the day of the great

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ſolemnity, that we call the *Panathineon*, when the *Athenians* carry a Ship in proceſſion through the Streets in Honour of *Minerva*: Being then in the prime of my Youth; after I had ſung the uſual Hymn to the Goddeſs, the Rites ended, I returned home, yet veſted in my Robe and Coronet; ſhe had no ſooner caſt her Eyes upon me, but ſhe loſt her reaſon, and could no longer diſguiſe her paſſion, nor cover with her Art, the violence of her Flames, but running to me, embraced me, called me her young *Hippolytus*, her *Theſeus*. Judge you in what caſe I was then, that now bluſh to ſpeak it: That Evening my Father ſupped in the *Prytaneum*, and as is uſual in thoſe publick Feaſts and Meetings, ſtayed there all Night: Now when all our Houſe were in their firſt ſleep, ſhe came to my Bod, and urged me to ſatisfie her unlawful deſires; but I reſiſting both her Threats and Flatteries, fetching a deep ſigh, ſhe left me, and that Night plotted revenge. My Father coming home about noon next day, and finding her a Bed, asked her how ſhe did? She told him ſhe was not well; but he preſſing her to ſpeak particularly the cauſe of her ſuddain Sickneſs;

*This good Son* (ſhe ſaid) *ſo full of Piety towards me; our common Child, whom I have loved (I call the Gods to witneſs) more than your ſelf, ſuſpecting me by ſome ſignes to be with Child, which I have concealed from you till I ſhould be better aſſured of it my ſelf, took the occaſion of your abſence, and when*

*I advertiſed him of his duty, and perſwaded him to Temperance, and to abſtain from Drinking and wanton Courſes, for I knew his irregularities in that kind, though I would not tell you ſo much, fearing to incur the ſuſpicion of a Step-mother: Whilſt I was thus diſcourſing with him alone, leaſt he ſhould be too much aſhamed; I bluſh to tell you the reſt, he ſpurned me with his Foot, and hath made me in this caſe as you now ſee.*

My Father hearing this, without ſpeaking to me, or giving me leiſure to defend my ſelf, not believing ſhe that had witneſſed ſo tender an affection to me, would now bely me; having found me in my Chamber, he ſet upon me, beating me with his own hands, and cauſing his Servants to to ſcourge me with rods in his preſence: I being not able to imagine for what cauſe they thus abuſed me; but when the firſt motion of his choller was paſt, Father (ſaid I) yet now at leaſt (ſince before you would not ſuffer me) let me know the reaſon of your diſpleaſure, and what offence I have committed to deſerve this cruel Puniſhment. Diſſembling Traytor, he replyed, wouldſt thou have me to be the Hiſtorian of thy Villanies? and turning away from me, haſtned to *Damæneta*; but ſhe (for ſhe had not yet ſatisfied her Cruelty) lay'd a new train for me.

She had a Maid called *Thisbe* that played excellently well upon the Lute, a handſom Maid; her ſhe commands to love me, and preſently ſhe obeys

obeys her, and ſhe that had oftentimes before rejected my ſuit to her, began now to tempt me with her looks and geſtures, in ſuch ſort that my Vanity believed I was grown Beautiful on the ſuddain: To conclude, I admitted her to my Bed, which ſhe continued to viſit often; and when I warned her ſhe ſhould take heed leſt her Miſtreſs ſhould perceive her: Lord (ſaid ſhe) how ſimple you are! if you think it ſuch danger for me, a Slave, and bought with Money, to be taken thus; what puniſhment do you judg my Miſtreſs deſerves, who boaſting her ſelf nobly Born, and having a Bed-fellow by the Laws of Matrimony; Laſtly, knowing Death to be the reward propoſed for her ſin, yet fears not to commit Adultry. Oh! ſay not ſo (I reply'd) for I can by no means believe it. Yes if you pleaſe (ſaid *Thisbe*) I will bring you where you may take the Adulterer with her: I having told her ſhe ſhould with all my Heart; I will, ſhe anſwered, both for your ſake, that have been extreamly injured by her, and for my own, that dayly ſuffer under her vain Jealouſie. Therefore (if you have courage) prepare your ſelf to take him: I having promiſed her I would not fail, ſhe preſently retired her ſelf. The third night after, ſhe came and waked me from my ſleep, telling me the Adulterer was within, and my Father by a ſuddain neceſſity called into the Country, which ſhe knowing before, had made him this appointment, and that it was now time for my revenge, and wiſh-

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ed me to take my Sword leſt the Villain ſhould eſcape me; I did ſo, and carrying it naked in my hand, *Thesbe* going before me with a Light, I came to the Chamber Door, which I found locked, and ſaw through the creviſes, the glympſe of a Lamp that burned within: Tranſported with impatience, I broke open the Door, and running in, cryed out aloud, Where is this Villain, the Gallant, Inamorato of this Illuſtrious Lady, that is famed to be ſo Virtuous? And then approaching with a full intent to Nayl them both to the Bed; I ſaw my Father (Oh good Gods!) who had leapt out in his Shirt, and now was upon his knees before me; And oh Son (ſaid he) reſtrain a little your paſſion; take pity of your Father; ſpare theſe gray Hairs, that have given you your breeding: We have done you wrong, 'tis true, but it is not of that Nature, you ſhould purſue us to the Death; ſuffer not your Fury to tranſport you, nor ſtain your Hands in your Fathers Blood: In theſe, and other lamentable Words, he pleaded; whilſt I (as if ſtrook with a Clap of Thunder) ſtood ſilenced, and aſtoniſhed; looking round about the Bed and Chamber, not knowing either what to ſay or do, wondring what became of *Thesbe*, that I know not how, had ſlided away from me. In this amaze my Sword fell out of my Hand, and *Damœneta*, ran preſently and catched it up: My Father now ſeeing he had eſcaped the danger he apprehended, laid Hands upon me, and commanded I ſhould be bound.

*Damæneta* perſiſting to exaſperate him againſt me; Did not I tell you this? that you ſhould take heed of this Youth, that when occaſion was offered he would have ſome deſign; I knew it by his Face, I ſaw into his Heart: Indeed you told me ſo (he ſaid) but I could not believe you: Then pinnion'd (as I was) he commanded me to be taken away, and would not give me liberty to ſpeak: Next day in the morning, he produced me to the People in my Bonds, and caſting duſt upon his head,

*It was not to this Hope* Athenians, *that I bred this Child (ſaid he) but promiſing to my ſelf he would one day, be a ſupport and ſtay to my feeble Age; willing out of ſuch Fortunes as the Gods beſtowed upon me, to render him accompliſht in all ſorts of Virtues I provided able Maſters to inſtruct him in the Liberal Arts; and when he had taſted the Elements of Letters, cauſed his Name to be inrolled in the Regiſter of my Family, made him a Free-man of your Town, that Living under your Laws, he might enjoy your Priviledges; and ſo much I have loved him, that I have made my whole Life a trouble for his ſake; but he forgetful of all theſe Benefits, firſt did me injury in his cruel uſage of this my Lawful Wife; and laſtly entred my Chamber in the night, Armed with his Sword, and was only ſo far from being a Paracide, as Fortune ſtood between us, a ſuddain Terror making his Sword fall out of his hand. I now fly to your Juſtice, and have here brought him before you; for though by the Laws, with my own hands*

*I might have killed him, yet I would not; eſteeming it better that he ſhould receive his puniſhment from you, than an unfortunate Father ſpot his hands in the Blood of his own Son.*

Speaking theſe words, he wept; and *Damæneta* ſeemed to take on extreamly, calling me miſerable, that ſhould die thus; juſtly indeed, but yet before my time, and that ſure ſome Devil had poſſeſt me, and put it into my Mind, to attempt my Fathers Life; her Tears bearing falſe Witneſs of her Sorrow, and confirming my accuſation as Truth: And when I beſeeched they would permit me to ſpeak, a Notary ſtepping in, put this ſtrict queſtion to me; Whether I had not entered my Fathers Chamber in the Night, with my Sword naked? I did enter (I reply'd;) but hear me, and I will tell you how; preſently the People clamoured out, and ſaid, I ought not to be ſuffered to ſpeak more; ſome cryed ſtone him; others bid the Hangman ſhould take me, and throw me down headlong from the Precipice: During this time of their Diſtractions in Opinion, I cryed, oh Step-mother! alas I dye for my Step-mother, my Step-mother condemns me without a hearing! Theſe words touched the Hearts of many, and made them ſuſpect the Truth; but yet I could not be heard; for the People were in that tumult and trouble, as it was not poſſible to appeaſe them: When they came to numbring of the Votes, they found about One Thouſand Seven Hundred that condemned me to Death, one

half whereof adjugded me to be ſtoned, and the other, to be caſt headlong from the Rock; there remained yet about another Thouſand, that ſlacking ſomething of their Severity, out of the Suſpicion they had conceived of my Mother-in-Law, condemned me to perpetual Baniſhment; and it was concluded according to their Sentence; for notwithſtanding they were the minor part, both the others being joyned, yet take the firſt ſeverally, and a Thouſand made the greateſt number: Thus was I exiled from my Country, and my Fathers Houſe.

But the wicked *Damæneta* did not long eſcape unpuniſhed by the Gods, that hate Impieties; how it was you ſhall know hereafter: Now it is time you ſhould reſt, for the night is far ſpent, and you had need of a great deal of ſleep: Oh now you will add to our miſery, reply'd *Theagenes*, if you leave this wicked Woman thus: Hear then (ſaid *Knemon*) ſince your will is ſo;

After my Judgment was pronounced, I went down to the Port we call *Pyreum*, and lighted on a Ship that was bound for the Iſland of *Egina*, knowing I had ſome Friends by my Mothers ſide, that lived there: When I was landed, and had found out thoſe I enquired for, I paſſed my time there a while, with indifferent good content: I had not ſtayed there paſt Twenty Days, but walking as my cuſtom was upon the Haven, I perceived a Bark making in; therefore ſtaying a little to ſee from whence it was, the Planks were ſcarce laid

laid down, but a Paſſenger came running to me, and imbraced me; it was *Charias*, one of my old Acquaintance: Oh *Knemon* (ſaid he) I bring you joyful News! you are revenged of your Enemy, *Damæneta* is dead: You are welcom dear Friend *Charias* (I reply'd) but why do you paſs over your good News ſo lightly, as if it were ſome ill accident? Relate the manner I beſeech you, for I fear ſhe dyed by ſome unuſual way, and eſcaped the Death and Shame ſhe deſerved: Juſtice ſaid *Charias*, hath not altogether forſaken us, as *Heſiod* thought; but though ſometimes it conniveth at the wickedneſs of men, and ſeems as if it ſlept upon their Sins, and for a time deferring to puniſh them, yet at length it overtakes them; as it hath done the wicked *Damæneta*: The Particulars whereof, came to my knowledge, out of the Familiarity that had paſt betwixt my Self and *Thesbe*, who concealed nothing from me; for when the decree of unjuſt Baniſhment had paſt againſt me, your Father Penitent for his act, withdrew himſelf from the company of men, and retired to his *Grange Houſe* in the Country, there ſeating his own Heart, as the (Poet ſays) he reſolved to ſpend the remainder of his Days; but ſuddainly all the Furies of Hell began to torment your Mother-in-Law; ſhe loved you now in your abſence, more than ever, and did nothing but complain inceſſantly, deploring your Fortune, but indeed lamenting for her own: No word paſſed from her mouth but *Knemon*, her Sweeteſt, her

Soul *Knemon?* In fine, her affliction grew to that exceſs, all the Town took notice of it, and the Neighbours, and Noble Ladies her Friends, that came to viſit her wondered exceedingly to ſee a Mother-in-Law, witneſs ſuch a Motherly affection, much commending her, and endeavouring to comfort her the beſt they could; but ſhe told them her evil was greater than to be cured by perſwaſions, that they knew not the cauſe of her ſorrows, nor what ſtings were in her Heart: And ever as ſhe came to her ſelf, ſhe complained of *Thesbe*; that ſhe knew not how to ſerve her purpoſe; How nimble ſhe was (ſaid *Damœneta*) to enterprize and execute a malice! ſhe knew not how to make me enjoy the pleaſure of my Love, but ſhe knew how to deprive me of my Joy; in an inſtant, e'er I could think, e'er ſhe would give me time to change my Mind. By theſe, and other words and actions, ſhe accidently ſhewed the diſpleaſure ſhe conceived againſt *Thesbe*, and that ſhe meant her no good: But *Thesbe* (finding her indignation, and ſeeing ſhe was loſt in paſſion; diſpoſed by her ill Nature, to lay ſome train for her, and mad both with Love and Anger) reſolved to anticipate her, and by laying a Plot for her, to preſerve her ſelf; and coming to her, *Miſtreſs* (ſaid ſhe) *What Deſtiny, Enemy to your Contentment, and my Fidelity, makes you accuſe your Servant? I have always, and even in this laſt Act, obeyed your will; if any thing ſucceeds not to your wiſh, you muſt blame Fortune, not me; yet if you*

*pleaſe*

*please to command me, I ſhall teſtifie a great deal of affection, and no little induſtry, to find out a way to your content.*

(Alas ſhe reply'd) How is that poſſible, ſince he that only can content me is ſo far diſtant, and ſo much Sea and Land is interpoſed betwixt us? the unexpected Lenity of his Judg was my death, for had they covered him in a Monument of Stones, they had with him buried and extinguiſhed my Flame; for when there is no more hope, there is no more care, or ſence of pain: Now methinks I ſtill ſee him, methinks I ſtill hear him object againſt me my unjuſt deceits, and upbraid me with them, and I bluſh to think my ſelf in his preſence; ſometimes I think I may yet enjoy him, and reſolve to go my ſelf and find him, in what part of the World ſoever he remains; this ſets me all on Fire, this makes me Mad; and juſtly, Oh you Gods I ſuffer! For why did I plot againſt him, and rather not uſe him kindly? Why was I an Enemy, and not rather a Suppliant at his Feet? had he not reaſon to give me one refuſal? I was a Stranger to him; he was afraid to ſtain his Fathers Bed; it might be time, acquaintance, and my expreſſions to him, might have won him: But I, crueller than a wild Beaſt, not as if I had been a Suiter, but a Miſtreſs, that had the abſolute Empire of his Will, thought ſtrange he ſhould not obey me; and in my unhappy rigour perſecuted him for deſpiſing *Damæneta*, that had

not Beauty equal to his merit: But my *Thesbe*, what content was that you ſpake of?

*Madam* ( ſhe reply'd ) *the World believes that* Knemon *hath obeyed his Sentence, and hath left the Town and Territory of* Athens; *but I know* ( *that ever ſince that time I have been thoughtful to procure your quiet* ) *he lyeth concealed at a Friends Houſe here in Town: You have heard of* Arſinoe, *the Fluteniſt, and her Familiarity with him; ſhe after his diſaſter, received him into her Honſe, promiſing to go along with him; and till ſhe can furniſh her ſelf with Neceſſaries for the Voyage, ſhe keeps him in ſecret at her Houſe.* But *Demæneta* could not now reſrain to interrupt her, ſaying, Oh bleſſed *Arſinoe!* both in the former Felicity thou haſt taſted, and that occaſion offers thee the preſent happineſs to exile thy ſelf with him: But what doth this concern me?

*Oh greatly Miſtreſs* (*reply'd* Thesbe) *for I will fain to be deſperately in Love with him, and pray* Arſinoe, *that is my old Acquaintance, and my fellow Muſician, to give me one nights lodging with him in her place; this being obtained, I will make over my right to you; you ſhall perſonate* Arſinoe, *and he ſhall take you for her; for I will look he ſhall have a Cup more than ordinary in his Head, and the Chamber ſhall be dark; and then I hope when your Deſires are obtained, your Torments will ceaſe, for the end of Love is enjoying: But if your Fire ſhould kindle again, as I hope it will not, we muſt make a ſecond Navigation* ( *as they ſay* ) *and ſit again in Coun-*

*Council; mean time let us have a care of our preſent Buſineſs.*

*Demæneta* approving, and praiſing *Thesbe*, conjured her to be ſecret, and expeditious; ſhe (deſiring but one day to diſpatch it in) went preſently to *Arſinoe*, and asked her if ſhe knew not *Teledemus?* ſhe ſaid yes; pray thee (ſaid *Thesbe*) make me beholding to thee, to receive us this night into thy Houſe; for I have promiſed him a nights Lodging; he will come firſt, and I will follow aſſoon as ever I have got my Miſtreſs to Bed. *Arſinoe* conſenting, *Thesbe* ran preſently to meet her Maſter, walking ſolitary in his Grounds, and thus ſpake to him.

*Sir, I come to you the Accuſer of my ſelf, and to receive ſuch puniſhment as you ſhall pleaſe to inflict upon me: I have deprived you of your Son, not as a Principal, yet as an Acceſſary; for when I found that my Miſtreſs lived not as ſhe ought, but wronged your Bed, fearing if it ſhould be diſcovered by any other but my ſelf, I ſhould incur the Suſpition of being her Bawd; and eſpecially pitying you, that ſo much loved and doted on her, yet had no better recompence; not daring to ſpeak freely to you, I reſolved to unfold the truth to my young Maſter; and coming to him in the night that none might ſee me, I told him my Miſtreſs abuſed your Honour, and did receive an Adulterer to your Bed; but your Son (being then as you know incenſed againſt her) underſtanding me that I ſaid the Adulterer was with her in your Bed, carried away with rage, catcht up his Sword, and though*

*I cryed to him to ſtay, yet he regarded me not, but thinking I had repented me of my Diſcovery, ran like a mad man to your Chamber; the reſt you know: And now you may, if you pleaſe, purge your ſelf before your Son, though abſent; and revenge your ſelf of her that hath done injury to you both: For I will this Night ſhew you* Damæneta, *lying with her Adulterous Friend, in the Houſe of a Stranger in the Suburbs.*

If you do it, ſaid *Ariſtippus*, I will reward you with your Liberty, and it may be, when I ſee my Enemy puniſhed, I may again take Comfort, and chaſe away the ſorrow, that in deſpair of my Sons repeal, hath tormented my Old Age. I have doubted this a long time, and had ever ſome ſhadow of it in my apprehenſion; yet becauſe I wanted manifeſt Proofs, I reſted quiet; But what is to be done?

You know (ſaid ſhe) the Monument of the *Epicureans*; there do you ſtay for me in the Evening: Having thus ſpoken, ſhe returned to *Damæneta*.

*Madam* (ſaid ſhe) *dreſs your ſelf preſently, curl your Hair, and put on your beſt Jewels; for now your deſires approach to their effect.*

She inſtantly made her ſelf ready, and *Thesbe* leading her the way, when they came near to *Arſinoes* Houſe, ſhe prayed her to ſtay there a little, and running in to *Arſinoe*, intreated her to go over the way, and let them have the Houſe to themſelves, for her Friend was baſhful, newly

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initiated in the Rites of *Venus*, and would bluſh if he did ſee any but her ſelf: *Arſinoe* conſented, and *Thesbe* preſently returning to her Miſtreſs, brought her in, and having got her to Bed, took away the Light, for fear (ſhe ſaid) *Knemon* ſhould know of her coming to the Iſland of *Egina* (for there he is ſuppoſed to remain) and wiſhing her to content her Deſires, without ſpeaking a word, told her ſhe would bring the young Gentleman to her, that was but drinking with a Neighbour hard by: Then ſhe made haſt to meet her Maſter *Ariſtippus*, in the appointed place; and as ſhe came along with him, warned him to be ſure to take the Adulterer.

*Ariſtippus* followed her in, and by the Light of the Moon, that ſhined a little into her Chamber, with much ado he found the Bed: And have I taken thee (he ſaid) thou Enemy of the Gods? Whilſt he was ſpeaking, *Thesbe* ran to the Chamber Door, and making a noiſe, cryed out, Oh wretched! What ill luck have we? the Adulterer is eſcaped, and therefore Maſter take heed; you know what former miſtake was made by your Son: Fear not me, reply'd *Ariſtippus*, I have the wicked Woman faſt; I deſire no more, and ſo drew her with him towards the City; but ſhe conſidering (as it is probable) the evils that encompaſſed her, the fruſtrating of her expectation, the ignominy of her Fault, and the puniſhment ordained by the Laws, for ſhame to be ſurprized, and in ſpight to be deluded; when ſhe

came

came right againſt the Pit, in the Academy (where you know our Captains (according to the cuſtom of the Country) uſe to ſacrifice to the *Hero's*, or *Demy-Gods*, for the proſperity of the Town) She brake from him with ſuch a fury; as the Old Man feeling his ſtrength unable to reſiſt, was forced to let her go; and no ſooner out of his hands, but ſhe leapt into the Pit, and brake her Neck: A miſerable end of an Impious Woman! I am revenged, ſaid *Ariſtippus*, without employing the ſuccours of the Law to puniſh thee. The next day your father recounted the whole matter to the People, and made all the Friends he could to get your Baniſhment repealed: I know not what is yet done in it; for before any thing was reſolved, the particular neceſſity of my Affairs, preſſed me as you ſee to come into theſe parts: Yet you may hope the people will conſent to your return; and that your Father will imbark himſelf to find you out, and bring you back.

This was the Relation *Charias* made me; what ſince befel me, how I came hither, and the Fortunes I have had, would be too long to tell you; with that he wept, and his two Priſoners bare him company in Tears, as compaſſionating his miſery, and the more becauſe his diſaſters made them have a livelier remembrance of their own: Nor had they ceaſed from Weeping, if Sleep, delighting, as it were, to Bath it ſelf in Tears, had not cloſed up their Fountains.

But

But *Thyamis* (ſo was the Captain of theſe Robbers named) having reſted quietly the firſt part of the Night, was afterwards troubled with a ſtrange Dream, and waking upon it, ſpent the reſt of the Night in ſtudying out the Meaning of it; for about the Hour that the Cocks Crowing (whether it be as ſome think out of a Natural feeling and knowledge of the Suns return to our Horizon, that moves them by inſtinct to ſalute that Divine Light, or by a certain heat proper to them, or by a deſire to ſtir and ſeek new Nouriſhment) do ſummon Mortals to their cuſtomary Works, about that time the Gods ſent *Thyamis* this Apparition in his ſleep.

It ſeemed to his Imagination, that he was in the City of *Memphis*, were he was born; and that entering the Temple of the Goddeſs *Iſis*, he ſaw it all on Fire; ſuch a great number of lighted Torches were within it, and the Altars were full of all manner of Beaſts for Sacrifice, their Blood flowing upon the Pavement, and Entries and Galleries were ſo fill'd with People, as their noiſe and tumult much amazed him; when he was come into the inner part of the Temple, he thought the Goddeſs met him with *Chariclea* in her hand; and ſaid theſe words,

*Thyamis*, I charge thy Fidelity with this Virgin; yet having of her, thou ſhalt not have her; but thou ſhalt be wicked, and kill this Stranger; yet ſhe ſhall not dye. Theſe Ambiguities exceedingly troubled his Spirit; and often canvaſſing

ſing the meaning. At length he expounded it thus; thou ſhalt have her, and thou ſhalt not; that is, poſſeſſing her for thy Wife, thou ſhalt have her a Maid no longer; thou ſhalt Murder her; that is her Virginity; but ſo killed, ſhe ſhall not dye: Thus *Thyamis* interpreted his Dream, flattering his wiſhes.

When it was Morning, and the principal Thieves, according to his commandment were aſſembled; he bade that the Spoils ſhould be brought forth (for by that ſpecious name they call'd the Booty) and ſending for *Knemon* to him, charged him to bring thither his two Priſoners: As he was carrying them to his Captain (Oh Gods) ſaid they one to another, what Fortune now attends us? and conjured *Knemon*, he would be favourable to them to his power; which he promiſed, and bade them animate themſelves, and not ſuffer fear to ſeize upon their Courages; for his Captain was not a Barbarian, but Noble and full of Courteſie; and that he well expreſt by his Humanity, the Illuſtrious Blood of his deſcent; that it was meer neceſſity conſtrained him to take ſuch a courſe of Life: When they were come into *Thyamis*'s Iſland, which he had deſigned for that Aſſembly, he aſcended to a higher Ground, and commanded *Knemon*, who ſtood below with the Priſoners to interpret to them; for *Knemon* had now learned the *Ægyptian* Language; and *Thyamis* did not yet well underſtand the Greek.

My

My Fellow Souldiers (ſaid *Thyamis*) you well know my Spirit and Affection to you, and in what ſort I have ever managed your Affairs; for being (as you know) Son to the Chief Prieſt of *Memphis*; and unjuſtly deprived of the Dignity of the Prieſthood, after my Fathers Death, by the Means of my younger Brother, in this Extremity, I fled into your Arms, and craved your Succours, to revenge my Wrong, and recover my Honour; and you favoured me ſo much, as by your general Suffrage to elect me your Captain; ſince which time I have lived amongſt you, without entrenching upon your Priviledges, or challenging to my ſelf any greater part of the Prize, than the meaneſt of you; but if Money were to be diſtributed, I only deſired my ſhare; if Priſoners to be ſold, I cauſed the Prize to be laid down in common, knowing he that will diſcharge the office of a good Captain, muſt be above his Men in pains, and but their equal in Profit: When I took Priſoners in the Field, that were Men likely to do us Service, I have received them into the number of our Souldiers; others leſs ſerviceable, I have made Money of: I never offered violence to any Woman; but if they were Noble, I have put them to their Ranſom, or reſtored them to their Liberty, pitying their Misfortune; others of meaner Condition, and ſuch as the Chance of War made Captives, and were by their own natural Baſeneſs inclined to ſerve, I have given you for Slaves: But now I have a

Suit

Suit to you, that for my part of the Prey, you will pleaſe to give me this Fair Stranger; and though by my own Authority I might retain her, yet I hold it more honourable to take her with your Conſent; for I ſhould do very imprudently, if for gaining of one Priſoner a Stranger, I ſhould loſe or offend my Friends and Companions; yet the Favour you do me ſhall not be without a Recompence; for I will leave the Spoyls to your Diſpoſe: And foraſmuch as we of the Prophetick Race diſdain to mix our Blood with any Women that are not of our Quality, I am reſolved to take this Virgin, not for the pleaſure I ſhall receive in the equal enjoying of her, but for the propagation of an Iſſue to ſucceed me in my Sacred Charge; and I will give you the Reaſons that induce me: When I firſt ſaw her, I eſteem'd her to be nobly born, as well for the Riches ſhe had about her, as that her Spirits failed not in the midſt of her Calamities, but that ſhe conſtantly ſtood the Aſſaults of Fortune; her Form, Modeſty and Breeding were great Arguments to me of her Quality; for her Beauty exceeds all of our Times, and her Modeſty is ſuch as invites her Beholders to a Continency: why therefore ſhould not I honour her, and judge highly of her? But what yet is more conſiderable, ſhe ſeems to me to be a Religious Votareſs of ſome Goddeſs, ſince in all the Dangers that befel her, (believing it to be an intolerable ſin (ſhe never would pull off her Crown of Lawrel, nor her

Sacred

Sacred Robe; what Marriage then can be more equal, my brave Aſſiſtants, than the Son of a Prophet to match with a Maid conſecrated to the Gods.

They all approved the Match, and wiſhed him Joy. *Thyamis* catching the Words, I thank you, worthy Friends, he ſaid, but we ſhall do well firſt to ask the Maids conſent; for if I would have uſed the Law of *Empire*, to Will had been enough for all: but my Demands being only a lawful Marriage, the conſent of two is neceſſary; and turning to her, Tell us (he ſaid) you Fair One, what you do reſolve upon our Propoſitions, and declare to us who, and of whence your Parents are: But ſhe, after ſhe had fix'd her Eyes a good while upon the ground, as meditating what ſhe would ſay, at length ſhe raiſed her Head, and looking upon *Thyamis*, with more Beauty than before, for her ſtudy to contrive her Speech, had painted her Cheeks with a becoming Bluſh, and her Eyes with the vehemency of her Thoughts ſparkled with more than ordinary luſtre; *Knemon* interpreting, ſhe ſaid,

*Sir, it would better have become my Brother* Theagenes *to have anſwered you than I, ſilence being as commendable in Maids, as the Grace of Replying is in Men; but ſince you give me liberty to ſpeak, and that you have expreſt your Nobleneſs in ſeeking to compaſs juſt things by perſwaſion, not force, and in regard your Speech is principally directed to me, I am conſtrained to exceed the Bounds I have*

 *preſcribed*

*preſcribed to my ſelf, and are proper to my Sex, and to anſwer the Demands of my Conqueror in the Eyes and Hearing of ſo many Men;*

*Know then, our Countrey is* Ionia, *and we are born of one of the beſt Families of* Epheſus: *when we were come to the Age wherein the Noble mens Children of our Countrey are accuſtomed to do Service to the Gods, I was choſen Prieſteſs to* Diana, *and my Brother Prieſt to* Apollo. *This being an Annual Honour, when the Year was run out, we were to make a Voyage to* Delos, *in our Sacred Robes, and there to exhibit publick Games, for exerciſe of Letters, Muſick and the Body; and ſo according to the manner of our Anceſtors, to reſign our Prieſthood: To this end a Ship was made ready for us, laden with Gold, Silver, Silks, and other Neceſſaries both for ſetting forth of the Games, and feaſting of the People: Thus we looſed out of the Haven, leaving our Father and Mother in their Houſe, who in regard of the feebleneſs of their old Age, and the dangers of the Sea, did not dare to embark with us: many of the Citizens went the Voyage, ſome in our Ship, ſome in Veſſels of their own; and having ſayled the greater part of our way, with all favour of the Heavens, on a ſudden the Clouds thickned, and a fearful Tempeſt aroſe, accompanied with Lightning and Thunder, that ſo masked the Skies, and plowed up the Seas, as we loſt the benefit of our Compaſs, and our Pilot overcome with the greatneſs of the Evil, was forced to give way to the violence of the Tempeſt, and abandon the Government and Helm to the diſ-*

*cretion*

*cnetion of Fortune. In fine, the Storm having (seven days and nights together) ſpent the fury of its ſtrongeſt guſts upon our Veſſel, we were caſt upon the Shore where you took us, and beheld ſo great a Maſſacre of men, foraſmuch as we there making a Feaſt of Joy, and a Sacrifice to the Gods of Thanksgiving for our Deliverance, the Saylors (with impious deſire to poſſeſs our Riches) ſet upon us, and reſolved to put us to the Sword; but we made ſuch reſiſtance, as after the loſs of our Enemies and our Friends, we two, as you ſaw, remained the Conquerors; and would it had pleaſed the Gods we had ended our days among them, and not been the only miſerable Relicks of that Battel; but ſince it ſo falls out, yet we are happy in this one reſpect, that ſome favourable Deity hath made us fall into your hands, and gives us, that late expected nothing but Death, the liberty now to treat of a Marriage, which I were indiſcreet if I ſhould refuſe: For what Felicity can be imagined greater, than for a poor Captive to be thought worthy of her Generals Bed; add to this, that a Maid dedicated to the Gods, ſhall be taken to wife by the Son of a Prophet, that in a little while ſhall himſelf be a Prophet, which ſure is not without ſome ſecret Myſtery of Providence. I only beſeech one favour, that before you marry me, I may be permitted to go to the next great Town, or any nearer place where there is an Altar or Temple of* Apollo, *that I may render up the Charge of my Prieſthood, and put off the Marks and Enſigns of the God; it would do beſt at* Memphis, *when you have recovered the Dignity*

*of Chief Prieſt; for a Marriage joyn'd to Victory would be celebrated with more joy, and be as a Trophy of your glorious Actions; but whether before or after, I leave it to your pleaſure, ſo as you vouchſafe to let me accompliſh the Ceremonies uſual in my Countrey; whereto I know you will condeſcend, ſince (as you ſay) you have been bred from a Child in the Myſteries of Religion, and are full of Reverence towards the Gods.*

Thus ſhe ceaſed to ſpeak, and began to weep: All that were preſent did greatly approve her Anſwer, and by a general Cry aſſured her they were ready to ſee her Deſires performed; and *Thyamis* conſented half voluntary, and half by conſtraint; for his ardent longing to enjoy *Chariclea*, made him think an hour of delay an Eternity; withal he found himſelf ſo charm'd with her Speech, as if it had been a Syrens Song, that it forced him to allow of her Demands, having alſo a relation to his Dream, flattering his Deſires with a belief their Nuptials ſhould be held in *Memphis*: Then he broke up the Meeting, (having firſt divided the Booty, whereof his Companions freely gave him the richer and the greater part) and commanded them within ten days to be ready to ſit down before *Memphis*, and beſiege his Brother. To the Priſoners he aſſigned their old Tent, and *Knemon* to attend them, not now as a Keeper, but a Companion, and many times ſent for *Theagenes* to his Table for his Siſters ſake, whom he reſolved not to viſit often, for fear

fear her ſight ſhould increaſe his impatient wiſhes to enjoy her, and leſt it ſhould make him attempt any thing againſt what was publickly conſented to, and privately figured in his Dream. For theſe Reaſons *Thyamis* forbare to ſee her, thinking it impoſſible he ſhould behold her and contain his longings; but *Knemon*, after every one was retired to their Lodgings, paſſed the Lake, and went a great way by Land to ſeek the Herb he had promiſed *Theagenes* the day before.

In the mean time, *Theagenes* taking the advantage of his Abſence wept and lamented to himſelf, without ſpeaking a word to *Chariclea*, but inceſſantly calling upon the Gods; and ſhe demanding whether he did ſigh for their common Miſery, or that ſome new Diſaſter was befallen? Alas (ſaid *Theagenes*) is there any thing more new, or more unjuſt, than to falſifie Faith, and violate Oaths, and that *Chariclea*, without memory of me, or of my Services, ſhould treat of a Marriage with another?

*Oh ſay not ſo* (*replied* Chariclea) *be not you more cruel to me than my Deſtiny: you have proved my Affection by many Arguments, and can you now diſtruſt me only for words accommodated to the time, and for the intereſt of our Affairs? No, no, your ſelf may ſooner change your Mind, than I. I can ſuffer all the Calamities of the World, but know there is no violence ſo great, that can ſeparate me and Modeſty; nor am I conſcious of a fault that way, but in loving you too much, yet with an honeſt*

*and a lawful Love; for from the first entitling of you to my Heart, it was as to my Husband, not as to a Lover that could not moderate his Desires, having to this hour preserv'd the outmost Purity, often repelling your Impatience to consummate the Marriage which with Vows we had contracted; think how little reason you have to conceive I would prefer a Barbarian before a Greek, and a Thief before a man of all men the dearest?*

But what was the meaning then (replied *Theagenes*) of your Speech in that famous Assembly, when you called me your Brother, methought it was a fine invention, putting *Thyamis* out of jealousie of our Love, and making way that we might freely be together, I approved your Story of the Countrey of *Ionia*, and of a Voyage to *Delos* for they were things like Truths, and led the Hearers in a pleasing Error; but to accord so freely to a Marriage, to article, and set down the time before such multitudes of People, I neither could nor would conjecture what it meant, but wished the Earth would open and devour me, ere I should see my hopes and services repaid with such Ingratitude.

At these Words, *Chariclea* imbracing *Theagenes*, and weeping, *How well I take these Fears,* (said she) *that torment you for my sake, since they make me know in the extremity of our Adversities your Affection is the same it was: but assure your self,* Theagenes, *if I had not carried it thus, we should not at this time have had the freedom to confer*

*ſer together; for to be wilful, and to run a contrary courſe to the deſires of one more powerful than our ſelves, begets but a ſtronger oppoſition, whilſt yeilding words, applied to the motion of the Will, preſently appeaſeth the firſt heat, and by the ſweetneſs of a Promiſe lays the Appetite to ſleep; foraſmuch as they that love after a groſs ruſtick way, if at the firſt eſſay they getconſent, they think they have done enough, and making ſure they ſhall enjoy the content they wiſh, their Spirit is in more repoſe, and goes floating in their hope. This Conſideration made me yield to* Thyamis, *in words only, commending the Sequel to the Gods, and the Genius that from the beginning hath taken our chaſte Love into his Patronage; oftentimes a day or two put off, hath been greatly advantageous to the miſerable, and brought means of ſafety, when no humane Prudence could work it; therefore for the preſent I deferred him, avoiding a Certainty for an Uncertainty; but we muſt do this artificially, and conceal it, as a ſlight at the Weapon, from our Enemies, even from* Knemon; *for though he be full of Courteſie, and hath done many Favours for us, and is as we are, a* Grecian, *yet he is, as we are, a Captive; and therefore if occaſion ſhould be offered, more likely to gratifie his Conqueror, than us the Conquered; for neither the time of his Acquaintance, nor his being our Countreyman, are ſufficient Pledges to us of his Fidelity, and therefore, if at any time he touches at our Affairs, you muſt deny the Truth, for the Lye is not evil that does good to the Author, and no hurt to the Hearer.*

As *Chariclea* was diſcourſing thus, *Knemon* entred all in a ſweat, and manifeſting a great perturbation by his countenance; Here *Theagenes*, take this Herb (he ſaid) and apply it to your Wounds. we muſt prepare our ſelves for greater hurts; *Theagenes* praying him to ſpeak plain, The conſideration of the time (ſaid he) will not let you hear me out; for it is to be feared the effect will prevent my Words: but follow me you and *Chariclea*; and ſo led them both to *Thyamis*, whom he found buſied in furbiſhing an Armour, and ſharpning the point of a Javelin: This is to the purpoſe, ſaid *Knemon*, that you have your Arms ſo near you; put them on preſently, and command every one to do the like, for I have diſcovered ſuch a cloud of enemies coming as I never ſaw before; they are not far off; for having deſcried them from the top of the Hill where I was gathering Herbs, I have brought you the News with all the ſpeed I could, and in traverſing the Lake, I have given warning to your Men to be in a readineſs for their defence.

*Thyamis* hearing this, ſuddenly ſtarted up, and demanded where *Chariclea* was, as fearing more for her than for himſelf, and *Knemon* having ſhewed her ſtanding at the Door, Go (ſaid *Thyamis* in his ear) take her with thee into the Cave where we conceal our Treaſure, and when thou haſt conveyed her down, and covered the mouth of the Cave with the Stone that uſeth to lie upon it, pr'ythee Friend return with all celerity; mean

mean time we will give order for the Fight: then he commanded his Page to ſeek him a fat Beaſt; that having ſacrificed to the Gods Protectors of the Place, they might joyn Battel. This while, *Knemon* doing his Commands, led away *Chariclea*, that ſighed and lamented, and at every ſtep ſhe went, turned back her eyes towards *Theagenes*; at length they came to the Cave, where *Knemon* immediatly carried her down.

The Place was not a work of Nature, as we ſee many both above and under the ground; but it was a Vault wrought out of the Rock by the induſtry of the *Ægyptian* Thieves, and imitating Nature, artificially hollowed, to contain their Spoyls; the Entry was narrow and obſcure, and conveyed into a little Cell, the Threſhold Stone whereof was a Door that opened and ſhut eaſily, and gave another paſſage for deſcent into the Cave when neceſſity required; within it were cut many Trenches and Meanders, that went turning of either ſide, ſometimes alone, ſometimes mixing together like the Roots of Trees, till they came to the bottom, and there they end in a large and ſpacious Plain, whereinto enters a little Light, by certain clefts and crannies in the Earth above: *Knemon*, that by practice knew the turnings, having brought *Chariclea* to the bottom, endeavoured to comfort her the beſt he could, aſſuring her, he and *Theagenes* would come and ſee her ſoon at Night, and that he would not ſuffer him to fight, nor come with-

in

in the danger; and ſo he left her not able to ſpeak one Word; but fainting, as if ſhe had been ſtruck to death, and deprived of her Soul in her *Theagenes*: and cloſing up the Cave, could not himſelf refrain from weeping, both that he ſhould be forced to execute ſo hard a Command, and in compaſſion of her Fortune, whom he had almoſt buried alive, and ſealed up in Night and Darkneſs, the perfecteſt Workmanſhip of Nature: then he made haſte to *Thyamis*, whom he found compleatly armed, and with his Oration exciting thoſe that were about him; for ſtanding in the midſt of them, he ſaid,

My Companions in Arms, I do not think it needful to trouble you with many Words; you need no admonition, War is your Trade, and now the Enemy is ſo near us, he cuts off Diſcourſe, he comes upon us to force our Trenches with his Sword, and we muſt anſwer him in his own Language: I have nothing elſe to ſay, but that now, you are not only to defend your Wives and Children (which hath been Motive ſufficient for others to fight to the laſt man; though if we be Conquerors, ſuch ſmall things, and many of greater moment will be in our power) but your Lives are now at ſtake, for the War among Thieves was never ended by Treaty, nor ſecured by League, but the Survivors muſt be Conquerors, and the Conquered muſt die; therefore let us go to't, and let him that dies his Weapon deepeſt in our Enemies Blood, be thought the braveſt Man.

Having

Having thus ſaid, *Thyamis* looked about him for his Page, and often called him by his Name *Thermutis*, and not ſeeing him appear, curſing and threatning him, he haſtned to the Boat: The Battel was now begun, and he might ſee the Enemy make himſelf Maſter of the Borders of the Lake; for he had ſet fire upon their Cabbins and their Boats, and ſo made them tranſport the Flame about the Fens, that, devouring the great quantity of the Reed, dazzled the Eyes of the Inhabitants with inſufferable Light: whilſt the Noiſe and Tumult deafned their Ears, all Cruelties of War were ſeen and heard, the Lakiſts ſtriving to make good the Place, but the others falling upon them unawares, and oppreſſing them with Multitudes, ſlew eaſily thoſe they found on Land, and overwhelmed thoſe within the Lake in their Boats and Cabbins, whence the Air was filled with horrible Cries, both of thoſe that defended themſelves upon the Water, and thoſe that fought by Land, and the Lake was ſtain'd all over in the Blood of dying perſons that fell at one time, both by Fire and Water.

When *Thyamis* ſaw and heard this, he remembred his Dream, how he had ſeen the Goddeſs *Iſis*, and her Temple all on fire, and full of Sacrifices; and obſerving his Viſion was thus far brought to paſs, he began to make another explication of the reſt: *Having, thou ſhalt not have her*; foraſmuch as ſhe ſhall be raviſh'd from thee by the fury of this War; and that *he ſhould kill her*,

*ver, yet we ſhould not hurt her*; that is, he ſhould deſtroy her with his Sword, and not by Rape. To conclude, rating the Goddeſs as fraudulent and injurious, charging her that ſhe had abus'd and mockt him, and not being able to endure with patience that any other ſhould enjoy *Chariclea*, he commanded his men to retire a little, and to hold the Enemy in play a while, only with skirmiſhing, and ſome few Sallies, which as they were intrenched, might reſiſt the forces of greater multitudes, whilſt he would go and find *Thermutis*, and offer Vows and Sacrifices to their preſidiary Gods; and ſo forbidding any man to follow him, he departed as towards his Tent, but took his way to the Cave: Oh how hard it is to turn a Barbarian from that he hath once reſolved in his Soul; for aſſoon as they fall to deſpair of their own ſafety, it is their cuſtom preſently to kill their deareſt Friends; either believing they ſhall live together after death, or deſiring to take them out of their enemies power, and to free them from all injuries; for theſe Reaſons *Thyamis* forgetting all his own Affairs, and though he was at that preſent encompaſt with Enemy-Troops that had taken him as in Nets, furiouſly tranſported with Love and Jealouſie, he entred the Cave, where calling as loud as he could, and ſpeaking ſome Words in the *Ægyptian* Tongue, he heard a Woman anſwer him in *Greek*; and the ſound of her Voyce leading him to the place where ſhe was, he put his left hand about her Neck,

Neck, and with his right drawing his Sword, ran her through the Body under the left Breaſt, wherewith the poor Woman fell down dead, breathing but one ſigh, that brake her Heart-ſtrings.

Preſently *Thyamis* went out, letting fall the Stone upon the Entry of the Cave, and for her Epitaph ſeeming to write upon it with his tears, adding theſe Words, *Alas poor Maid, theſe are the Nuptial Gifts I preſent thee*: And ſo returning to his Men, he found their Battel quite diſordered, and ready to fly, frighted with the Enemies Approach; and on the other ſide, ſeeing *Thermutis*, that brought him a Beaſt to imolate, he chid him, and told him he had already offered the faireſt Sacrifice of the world; and ſo entred into his Bark with him,& only one more to row; for the Boats they have here can carry no more, being wrought out of the Body but of one thick Tree, by their rude Shipwrights; *Theagenes* and *Knemon* imbarked together in another, and the reſt in the like manner; and when they had coaſted the Iſland a great way, they ceaſed rowing, and diſpoſed their Boats in front of their Battalion, as attending the ſhock of their Enemies; but aſſoon as they approached, the Herdſmen of the Iſland were ſo far from the courage to ſuſtain the firſt Aſſault upon the Water, that they preſently caſt about and fled, not daring to endure the very ſound of the Alarum. *Theagenes* and *Knemon* retired themſelves ſoftly after the reſt; but Fear did not

not make them turn their backs; only *Thyamis* held it unworthy to give ground, and not desiring to survive *Chariclea*, he prest into the midst of his Enemies, and as he was fighting amongst them, one cried out, This is *Thyamis*, every man now look to his Charge; so immediately wheeling in a Ring about him, they inclosed him with their Boats; but he stoutly holding out, wounded some with his Javelin, and killed others: The Fight was worthy of admiration, in all the multitude of his Foes no man opposed or drew a Sword against him, but every one did his best to take him alive; he resisted a great while, but at last his Javelin was beaten out of his hand, and then his Foes pressed in upon him, being also at that instant deprived of the succour of his Page, that had stood to him bravely, but at that time had newly received (as was thought) a mortal Wound, and casting himself into the Lake, swimming with much difficulty, had recovered Land, no one taking the pains to follow him; for having *Thyamis* in their power, they esteemed it to be an absolute Victory.

Yet notwithstanding the loss of many of their Fellows, they more rejoyced to have him alive that slew them, than they sorrowed for their Friends and Kinsmens Deaths; so insatiable are the covetous hearts of Thieves, preferring Gain before their Lives, and having no end in the holy Name of Friendship and Consanguinity, but to get by them; it was the case of these Thieves,

for

for they were the ſame that before out of their fear of *Thyamis* and his Men, had fled from the *Heracliotick* Arm of *Nilus*, who ſtomacking to be deprived of other mens Goods as if they were their own, had gathered together their Companions, and called in the Neighbour Villages, offering them equal ſhares, and chuſing them for their Captains to conduct the Expedition.

But the Cauſe of their taking *Thyamis*, was this, he had at *Memphis* a Brother named *Petoſiris*, who having by his plots diſpoſſeſſed his Brother of the Dignity of Chief Prieſt, againſt the Laws and Inſtitutions of the Countrey, (for he was his younger Brother) and hearing that he was the Captain of theſe Thieves, he feared *Thyamis* would take time to chaſe him out of his uſurped Honour, and diſcover his perfidiouſneſs: alſo he deſired to take away the ill opinion that many had conceived of him, that he had killed his Brother, becauſe it appeared not where he was; therefore ſending Meſſengers to the Villages of the Thieves, he propoſed a great Sum of Money, and ſo many Caſtles to any one that would take him alive; ſo as theſe Thieves charmed with the hope of ſuch a Profit, even in the heat of Blood and War, did not forget their Promiſe, but after he was diſcovered, took him alive, though many died for it: Being thus ſeized of *Thyamis*, they rowed to Land, putting him in Irons, and appointing half of their Troops to guard him, who vexing at his Fortune, upbraided them of Cowar-

Cowardiſe, for not daring to take him with their Swords, bearing his impriſonment with more indignation and leſs patience than if it had been Death it ſelf; the reſt of them returned into the Iſland, in hope to find the Riches for which they had been tempted to run this hazard. But after they had paſſed over all the Iſland, without leaving one corner unſearched, and finding nothing, or very little of the Prize, unleſs it were ſome Triſles that they had neglected to put up in the Cave, they ſet fire upon the Cabbins, and the Evening now approaching, and putting them in a fear to ſtay longer in the Iſland, leſt they ſhould fall into the Trains of ſome of thoſe that fled from the Battel, and might now perhaps lie in Ambuſcado for them, they returned to their Companies.

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THE

# THE ÆTHIOPIAN HISTORY.

## The Second Book.

THus the Iſland was all on fire; but *Theagenes* and *Knemon* did not perceive that Misfortune ſo long as the Sun ſhined upon the Earth, becauſe his Beams leſſened the appearance of Fire by Day; but after Sun-ſet, when it grew dark, the Flame having then no Light greater than its own, diſcovered it ſelf in the full horror, whilſt they truſting to the Nights obſcurity, came out of the Reeds of the Mariſh, and ſaw clearly the whole Iſland almoſt burnt to Aſhes; and then *Theagenes* beating his Head, and tearing off his Hair,

*Farewel to Life,* (he said) *This day shall make an end of all Fears, Dangers, Cares, Hope and Love,* Chariclea *is dead,* Theagenes *is lost; in vain then, Unfortunate that I am, have I fled from the Battel, an Action unworthy of a man, only reserving my self, my Dearest, for your sake; but I will live no longer, since you are deprived of your Life; and which heightens my Affliction, not after the common course of Nature, nor have you rendred your Spirit in his Arms where you did wish to breath it. Alas, are you consumed by Fire, and has your Destiny prepared these Flames to be our Nuptial Torches? Must that Beauty without a Second in the World, be thus defaced, as not to leave so much* Remains *as a dead Body, or any Relicks of her unadulterate Charms. Oh, unexampled Cruelty! the most bitter Spite of* Fortune, *I am denied the favour of a last Embrace, and a poor parting Kiss.*

At these Words, drawing his Sword, to run himself upon it, *Knemon* caught hold of him, and asked what he meant? why do ye mourn for her as dead that lives? *Chariclea* is in perfect health I do assure you.

This is for Children and Mad-men to believe (replied *Theagenes*) but *Knemon*, you have done me wrong to come betwixt me and a pleasing Death: But he confirming the truth of his News with Oaths, told him all the Commands of *Thyamis*, the Cave, and Nature of the Cave where he had put her, that he need not fear the Fire could

could penetrate to the bottom, the violence of it being repell'd and broke with a thouſand ſeveral Turnings. At this *Theagenes* began to breath a little, and thought long till he ſhould come to the Iſland, which he had already preſented to his Thoughts, and taken up his Marriage-chamber in the Cave, not imagining the Complaints he ſhould make, nor the Tears he ſhould there ſhed.

Thus they rowed towards the Iſland, themſelves playing the Watermen; for he that rowed them the day before, at the firſt Alarum and Cry of the Enemy, had fallen overboard. Now they being unpractiſed at the Oar, were a long time carried up and down, having alſo the Wind againſt them, yet their impatient deſire of Landing overcame their unskilfulneſs.

When therefore with difficulty and much labour they were arrived, they haſted with all poſſible ſpeed to the Cave, where they found all waſted by the Fire, and only knew it by the Stone that covered the Entry of the Pit; for the Wind blowing the Flame upon the Shades, that were only made of Canes and Sedges, matted one within another, had burnt them down, and levell'd all into a Plain, elevating the Aſhes in the Air, and carrying them away; the little that remain'd being ſo well cool'd, that they might paſs over them without fear of burning; and gathering together ſome Reeds that were half burnt, making them into a Torch, *Knemon*

went before *Theagenes*, to light him down; and after they were entred a little way, on the ſudden *Knemon* cried out, O *Jove!* what have we here? We are undone, *Chariclea* is ſlain: Then caſting his Torch againſt the Earth, he extinguiſhed it, and fell upon his knees, weeping for her untimely Death; but *Theagenes*, as if ſome Enemy had ſtruck him down, fell upon her Body, and held her in his Arms, as if they had been incorporated together: *Knemon* knowing him to be loſt in ſorrow, and fearing leſt he ſhould kill himſelf, drew his Sword out of the Scabbard, and ſo leaving him, ran to light his Torch again.

Mean while, *Theagenes* fetching deep Sighs from his afflicted Heart; Oh inſufferable Grief! (ſaid he) Oh Miſery that the incenſed Gods have let fall upon us! what inſatiable Fury purſues us with ſuch rage, baniſhing us from our Country, betraying us to Shipwrack, and Pyrates by Sea, and Thieves by Land, depriving us of all our Riches! only one Comfort did remain; but, alas! it is now taken from me; *Chariclea* lies here dead, ſhe that was dearer to me than my Life, hath loſt hers by the hand of a cruel Enemy, queſtionleſs in defence of her Honour, reſerving her ſelf for me; yet here the poor unfortunate lies dead, not having reaped the Fruits of Beauty in the Flouriſh of her Age; at leaſt (my Love) bid me farewel, ſpeak to me, give me but your laſt Commands: Miſerable that I am, ſhe anſwers not, and eternal ſilence hath ſealed

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her Heavenly and Prophetick Lips that ſpake with ſo much Muſick; Darkneſs covers now the Light of Sacrifices; the Temple of the Gods, and their faireſt Ornament is now return'd to Chaos; thoſe Eyes have loſt their Beams that enlightned the whole world, which I aſſure my ſelf the barbarous Murderer did not ſee. By what Name ſhall I call thee? my Contracted! Alas, the Contract's broke: my Wife? Thou never kneweſt what Marriage was: No, no, I muſt call thee the ſweeteſt of all Names, *Chariclea*. Oh *Chariclea*, let your Spirits be appeaſed; you have a faithful Friend that ſhall not long be abſent from you; for I go now to celebrate your Obſequies, and to ſacrifice unto you in your Lovers Blood: This Cave, a rude Tomb, ſhall contain us; here we may enjoy one another after death, though living, the Gods would not permit: At theſe words, feeling for his Sword, he cried out, Oh *Knemon*, thou haſt kill'd me now the ſecond time, and again wrong'd *Chariclea*, depriving her of the Friends Company ſhe moſt deſires.

Speaking this, he heard a voyce out of the bottom of the Cave, that called *Theagenes*; but he, without being troubled at it, *I come* (ſaid he) *my dear Soul, this gives me knowledge that you wander yet upon the Earth, partly becauſe you cannot leave ſo fair a Body, whereof the poſſeſſion was untimely taken from you, partly, becauſe yet you have not the Rites of Sepulture; and therefore the Shadows that inhabit the lower Kingdoms, will not ſuf-*

*fer you to remain among them.* In the mean time *Knemon* returning with his Torch relighted, the ſame voice was heard again, calling *Theagenes*: Oh good Gods! ſaid *Knemon*, is not that *Chariclea's* Voyce? ſure it is *Theagenes*, and doubtleſs ſhe yet lives; for the ſound that beats upon our ears comes out of the bottom of the Cave, where I remember I did leave her.

*Will you not forbear* (replied *Theagenes*) *to mock me and abuſe me yet again?*

Indeed I deceive you (anſwered *Knemon*) and my ſelf, if ſhe that lies here be *Chariclea*; and preſently he turned her upon her Back, for her Face lay to the Earth; and when he had look'd upon her, he cried out, *Oh Gods!* You Authors of Prodigies, What Portent is this? This is the Face of *Thesby*: preſently he ſtept back, and ſtood as if he had been frozen with amazement; but *Theagenes*, that now began to take new Hope and Spirit, brought *Knemon* to himſelf, and intreated him to lead him where *Chariclea* was; and *Knemon*, after a little pauſe, again took view of the dead Body, and ſaw aſſuredly that it was *Thesby*; and finding a Sword lying beſide her, he knew it to belong to *Thyamis*, who tranſported with his wild Fury, had left it in her Wound; alſo he took a Letter out of her Boſom, which he would have read; but *Theagenes* would not permit him, calling upon him, and ſaying, firſt let us recover my dear *Chariclea*, unleſs now, as before, ſome God or Devil take a Pleaſure in deluding

ding us, the Letter we may read at leiſure.

*Knemon* gave way to his deſire, and cloſing the Letter, took up the Sword, and haſted to *Chariclea*, who was creeping towards the Light upon her Hands and Knees, and met *Theagenes*, who folding her Arms about his Neck, repeated many times, *And art thou come again* Theagenes? and he, *Does* Chariclea *live?* till in the end, they fell down upon the ground, tangled faſt in their Embraces, not able to utter any thing, but a kind of groaning; and it was hard to judge whether they were dead or not; for many times an exceſſive Joy vaniſheth into ſorrow, and immoderate Pleaſure begets Pain, which we vainly call in upon our ſelves; thus they preſerved beyond Hope and Opinon, were endangered, till *Knemon* chafing the Rock with his Hand, and receiving in his Palm the Humour that deſtill'd by drop and drop, caſt it in their Faces, and ſtopping their Noſtrils, recovered them out of their Swoon, who finding themſelves ſo kindly laid together, preſently ſtarted up, and bluſh'd that *Knemon* had beheld them (eſpecially *Chariclea*) intreating him to pardon their Exorbitances, who ſmiling to himſelf, and turning it to Mirth; This (ſaid he) deſerveth Commendations, if I may be a Judge, or any other man that hath entred the Liſts with Love, been happily conquered by him, and made acquainted with his inevitable Accidents; But to ſpeak truth, *Theagenes*, I cannot in any ſort approve, and indeed I was aſha-

med to ſee you embrace a ſtrange woman with ſo much paſſion, and to bath ſo freely with your Tears the Body of a Slave, to whom you had no Tye, ſo much as of acquaintance, eſpecially, when I told you, and proteſted that *Chariclea* was alive and ſafe. I pr'y thee *Knemon* (ſaid *Theagenes*) do not traduce me to *Chariclea*, whom I lamented in the perſon of another, believing it was ſhe that was ſo cruelly murdered; but ſince ſome favourable God has now ſhewed us our Error, give me leave to put you in mind of the generous and conſtant Spirit wherewith you firſt deplored my Misfortune, and afterwards coming unexpectedly acquainted with the dead Body (as if it had been ſome Devil in a Play) you ran away armed, and your Sword drawn, from a Woman, a dead Woman; A brave *Athenian* Soldier! Hereat they began to ſmile a little, but as if forced, not without Tears; being engaged to Sorrow by their preſent Miſery.

After they had a while ſtood ſilent, *Chariclea* touching her fair Cheek with her hand, *Bleſſed (ſaid ſhe) do I eſteem her, whoſoe're ſhe be, that* Theagenes *has kiſt and mourn'd for! and if you would not think me jealous, I would deſire to know that happy Womans Name, and by what Error you miſtook a Stranger for me, and honoured her Funerals with your Tears; if you know, tell me who ſhe is.*

You will wonder, replied *Theagenes*; for *Knemon* ſays it is *Thesbe*, that *Athenian* Luteniſt, the In-

Inventreſs of the Plot that *Damæneta* had upon him.

*Chariclea* ſtarting at this News, *How is it poſſible* Knemon (*ſaid ſhe*) *this Woman ſhould in an inſtant be thus tranſported, as if ſhe had been ſhot out of an Engine, from the midſt of* Greece *to the fartheſt parts of* Egypt? *And how chanced it we ſaw her not as we came down?*

I cannot anſwer you to that, ſaid *Knemon*; but I ſhall tell you what I have ſince underſtood of her.

After *Damæneta* was circumvented by her Cunning, and had precipitated her ſelf into the Pit, my Father recited the whole buſineſs to the People, and was preſently abſolved; then he ſolicited for my repeal from Baniſhment, enquired my Abode, and reſolved to embark himſelf, and come in perſon to bring me back. Whilſt he was thus employ'd, *Thesbe* made it her Vacation-time, and offering her Service at all Feaſts and Meetings, impudently proſtituted both her Art and Perſon: Now ſhe was obſerved to be more gentile than *Arſinoe*, who ſung only ſome looſe Ayrs coldly to her Flute, whilſt *Thesbe* curiouſly touching her Lute, and marrying her voice to the ſoft ſtrings, raviſh'd her Hearers. This made *Arſinoe* conceive againſt her an Envy and Emulation, joyn'd with a particular Spleen, eſpecially when a certain *Naucratian* Merchant named *Nauſicles* began to fall in love with her, and neglect *Arſinoe*, that had late been his Miſtreſs, diſdaining

ing her, becauſe when ſhe had play'd upon her Flute, he obſerved her Face grow red, her Cheeks ſwell, and hold an unhandſom competition with her Noſe, and her Eyes ready to ſtart out of her Head: The ſlighted *Arſinoe*, burning with Spite and Jealouſie, found out the Parents of *Damæneta*, and to them diſcovered all the Treaſons and Villanies *Thesbe* had practis'd againſt her Miſtreſs; part whereof ſhe but ſuſpected, and the reſt *Thesbe* had told her in the height of their Familiarity. Aſſoon as the Friends of *Damæneta* were advertized, they aſſembled, and conſpired againſt my Fathers Life, and fee'd the prime Orators of *Athens* with great Sums of Money, to accuſe him; who exclaimed unto the People that *Damæneta* had periſhed unjuſtly, unconvicted, and the crime of Adultery was only a pretext to cover her Murther; requiring he might be brought alive or dead with whom ſhe was pretended to have wronged my Father: Finally, they commanded, that at leaſt he ſhould be named; demanding *Thesbe* to be delivered to them, to the end, that putting her to the Torture, they might rack out the Truth. My Father promiſed to produce her, but he could not hear his Word; for *Thesbe*, preventing the danger if ſhe ſhould appear, whilſt they were taking out the Proceſs for her, fled away, according to agreement, with the Merchant *Nauſicles*: this diſpleaſed the People, yet they did not judge him to be the Murtherer, but an Acceſſory to the Plot againſt *Damæneta*,

*mæneta*, and conſenting to my unjuſt Baniſhment; therefore they expell'd him the City, confiſcating all his goods: theſe were the fruits he reaped of his ſecond Marriage, and this was the reaſon made the wicked *Thesbe* ſail from *Athens*, who now before my Eyes receives the puniſhment ſhe had deſerv'd.

Thus much one *Anticles* told me in the Iſland of *Ægina*, with him I put to Sea again, bound for *Ægypt*, that if happily I ſhould light of *Thesbe* here in the City of *Naucratia*, I might carry her back to *Athens*, to diſcharge my Father of the crime whereof he was falſly indicted, and withal to ſee her treacheries and malice duly puniſhed by the Laws; but now I am here detained a Priſoner, as you are; at another time you ſhall know the cauſe and manner of my taking, the fortune I have ſince endured, but how *Thesbe* came into this Cave, and who hath ſlain her, we need ſome God for an interpreter. Yet if you pleaſe, I will read the Letter that I took out of her Boſome, which may perhaps give us further intelligence; They intreated him to do ſo, and opening it, he read theſe words.

To

## To her Master *Knemon*, *Thesbe* his Enemy and Revenger.

FOr *my first News, know* Damœneta *is Dead, by my means, for your sake; The way I did it ( if you please to receive me ) I will relate unto your self; it is now ten days that I have been in this Island, taken by one of these Thieves, that boasts himself to be the Captains Page, and keeps me locked up, not giving me the Liberty to walk, or look abroad: punishing me thus ( as he tells me ) for the love he bears me; but ( as I conjecture ) it is for fear lest some body should take me from him; yet for all this, some Angel directing me, as you passed by yesterday, I saw and knew you, and have now secretly sent you this Letter by an Old Woman; my Keeper charging her to present it to the fair* Grecian, *that is near the Captains Person; I beseech you, Sir, free me from this Thief, and receive your Handmaid: and if it be your pleasure, save my Life; considering wherein I offended you, Necessity constrain'd me; but that I have revenged you of your Enemy, was the free motion of my Soul, notwithstanding that you be so incensed against me, as that you are resolved not to pardon me; use me as you please, let me dye, so I may dye yours. For I esteem it much more noble, at your hands to receive Death, and funeral Rites according to the Custom of* Greece; *than to endure a Life more terrible then Death: and the love of a*

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Barbarian *more bitter then the hatred of an* Athenian. *Thus* Thesbe *and the Letter ſpake. Oh* Thesbe, Thesbe! *ſaid,* Knemon, *thou haſt received a juſt Judgment, and thy ſelf the Meſſenger that tells it to us, delivering us a Letter ( contains part of thy Misfortunes ) after thou art Dead; by this we know the Fury that revenged thy wickedneſs upon thee, whipt thee about the World, and never held her hand, till ſhe had brought thee before me, thy wronged Maſter ( though I lived in* Ægypt, *and made me a Spectator of thy Tradegy: But what new Stratagem hadſt thou againſt me? By theſe Letters that Fortune took out of thy hands, I cannot but ſuſpect thee yet, and I much fear that* Damœneta's *Death is but a thing deviſed, and put into their Mouths that told me it, and that thou art come thus far by Sea, to make me as Tragick a Spectacle now in* Ægypt, *as before at* Athens.

Why *Knemon,* ſaid *Theagenes,* ſtill ſo valiant! will you not yet leave fearing Spirits and Shadows, my error was but a *Deceptio viſus,* but I am no actor in this Scene; She is dead I warrant, never doubt it: but who is Author of this favour to thee, and has killed her to thy Hand, I cannot imagine; nor how, or when ſhe came down hither. I am not able further to reſolve you, (ſaid *Knemon*) but aſſuredly *Thyamis* is he that killed her: That which makes me believe it, is his ſword, we found dropt out of her Wound; for I know it to be his, by the Ivory Pommel cut in the figure of an Eagle, which is his Creſt: Cannot you tell

tell us ſaid *Theagenes*, when, or how, or for what cauſe he did this Murther? How ſhould I know? (replyed *Knemon*) for this Cave hath not made me Prophetical, like that of *Apollo* at *Delphos* or *Triphonius* his Den, from whence men come out inſpired with a divine fury: Preſently *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* fell a weeping, and cryed with one voice, Oh *Apollo*! O *Delphos*! this amazed *Knemon*, not being able to conceive why the names of *Apollo* and *Delphos* ſhould ſo much trouble them; Thus were they buſied.

Now *Thermutis* the page of *Thyamis*, that was hurt in the Battel, when he had recovered Land by Swimming, the night now growing Dark, he found a Boat Shipwrackt by the Fen-ſide, and entring it, plyed his Oares towards his Captains Iſland to ſee *Thesbe*, whom a few dayes before he had taken from the Merchant *Nauſicles*, as he was leading her in a narrow way that lyes along the Mountain ſide, where *Thermutis* lay in Ambuſh to Rob Paſſengers; and as *Thyamis* at the firſt noiſe and arrival of the Enemies, had ſent him to ſeek a Beaſt to Sacrifice to the Gods for Victory, *Thermutis* deſperately in love with this Woman, deſirous to keep her out of danger of the War, and to preſerve her for himſelf, ſecretly conveyed her into the Cave, and for fear and haſte left her at the Mouth thereof, where ſhe remained, not daring to ſtir; both frighted with the Alarm and the preſent Dangers, and not knowing the windings of the way that conducted to the

the Bottom; and thus *Thyamis* finding her at his entry, ſlew her: believing that he killed *Chariclea*. *Thermutis* therefore having eſcap'd the Battel, fled to find her in the Iſland, where arriving, he ran with all haſte towards the Tent of *Thyamis*, which was now but aſhes; and with much difficulty finding the Cave by a Stone that covered the entry, he lighted a few Reeds that were yet unconſumed and ran down, calling *Thesbe* (which name was all the Greek he had) but when he ſaw her ſtretch'd Dead upon the Earth, he was ſo aſtoniſht, as a while he had no Motion; at length hearing certains Sounds and Murmurs out of the hollows of the Cave, (for *Theagenes* and *Knemon* were yet diſcourſing) he ſuſpected thoſe to be the Murtherers of *Thesbe*, this confuſed his thoughts, not knowing what to reſolve or do; for the natural cruelty and barbarous humour of the Thief, his rage exaſperated by this accident fruſtrating him of the enjoying of his Love, incited him to run to the bottom and fall upon them he eſteemed the Authors of her Death; but wanting Arms, he was reclaimed to Moderation againſt his will: he thought it his beſt way at firſt to accoſt them as his Friends, but if he ſhould chance to find ſupply of Weapons, then to fall upon them as his Enemies. This being deſigned in his mind, he approached *Theagenes*, and look'd upon him with an Eye of Fury, diſcovering his ſecret purpoſe.

But

But when they perceived a naked Man coming upon them on the ſudden, hurt, and his Face all Bloody, they were diverſly affected at the ſight, *Chariclea* ran down as low as ſhe could; *Knemon* ſaid not a word, but retired himſelf ſome paces, though he knew *Thermutis*; but ſeeing him come ſo unexpected, he feared ſome Stratagem: but the Spectacle did not ſo much terrifie, as provoke *Theagenes*; who laid his hand upon his Sword, as if he would kill him, if his raſhneſs ſhould make him attempt any thing. Stay (ſaid he) or come upon thy Death and know the reaſon; I have held my hand, is becauſe I begin to know thy Perſon, though I doubt thy Meaning; *Thermutis* intreating Pardon for his intruſion, fell at the feet of *Theagenes* as ſuppliant, rather temporizing, and for fear of Danger, than having changed his mind to be revenged of them; and beſeeching *Knemon* to ſpeak for him, pleaded, they were tyed to ſave his life having never done them Injury, and the day before been there Companion, and now fled to them as his Friends. This moved *Knemon*, and made him come in and raiſe *Thermutis*, who was proſtrated on the Earth; and many times demanded of him what was become of *Thyamis*? *Thermutis* told all his Captains Fortune, how he had fought in the midſt of his Enemies, neither ſparing theirs nor his own life, and how by a commandment to take him alive, they forbare to hurt him though he ſlew them, and ſo he left him invironed, finding himſelf ſo wounded as

he

he could hardly ſwim to Land, and that for the preſent he was come into the cave to look for *Thesbe*; they ask'd him how he came to know *Thesbe*, or where he had got her? He told them, how he had taken her from the Merchants, how he fell in love with her, how for a while he concealed her in his Cabbin, and at the coming of the Enemy, put her into the Cave, where he now found her ſlain, but by whoſe hands he knew not, yet would be glad to be informed the Author and Occaſion of the Murther; *Knemon* deſirous to free himſelf of the ſuſpition, preſently told him *Thyamis* was the Murderer; and to confirm it, ſhewed him the Sword he had found beſides her: When *Thermutis* ſaw the Blade yet dropping Blood, and hot, and knew it to be his Captain's, fetching a deep ſigh, not able to imagine what ſhould move him to that Act, blinded and dumb with Grief, he left them, and returned to the Body, and falling upon it, laying his head in her boſom, he cried, Oh *Thesbe*! forgetting all other Words.

*Theagenes*, *Chariclea* and *Knemon* being now alone, began to ſtudy what courſe they were beſt to take, and made a ſhew as if they would conſult together; but the multitude of paſt Miſeries, the perplexity of preſent Calamities, and the incertitude of the future yet hanging over their heads, ſo confuſed their Spirits, that they did nothing but look one upon another, expecting who would firſt begin the Overture; that

Hope failing, they bowed down their Eyes, and again lifting them up, ſighed; ſo eaſing their ſad Hearts: At length *Knemon* ſtretched himſelf upon the Earth, *Theagenes* ſate down upon a Stone with *Chariclea* on his Knee; and a long time they put off Sleep, deſiring by ſome good Counſel to provide for their Affairs; but broke with Grief and Labour, though unwilling, they obeyed the Law of Nature, and from the extremity of Sorrow ſlided into the ſweetneſs of a Sleep, the reaſonable part of the Soul being forced to conſent to the neceſſity of the Body.

When Slumber had new ſeized upon them, and but even joyned their Eye-lids, and a little lightned them of their Burden, *Chariclea* that lay in the Boſom of *Theagenes*, dreamed that ſhe ſaw an ugly man come towards her, having his Hair all matted and Elfe-lock'd, looking like a Traytor, his Eyes ſunk in his Head, and his Hands bloody, who running at her with his Sword, ſtruck out her right Eye; ſhe preſently crying out, called *Theagenes*, and ſaid her Eye was gone; he preſently awaked, and deplored her Misfortune, as if he had dreamed ſo too; but ſhe feeling about with her hand for the Eye ſhe had loſt in her Sleep; and ſoon recollecting her ſelf, ſaid, I did but dream, I did but dream, *Theagenes*; my Eyes are ſafe: do not afflict your ſelf.

Theſe Words gave new Life to *Theagenes*: The Gods be thanked (ſaid he) that have preſerved thoſe Sun-Beams: But what was the Matter?

what Terror did invade you? Oh, ſaid ſhe, a wicked and ill-favoured man, not fearing your unconquered valour, with his Sword drawn inſulted over me, that had taken Sanctuary in your Boſom, and methought he ſtruck out my right Eye, and would it had been Truth, not a Dream: The Gods forbid, replied *Theagenes*; Why ſay you ſo? Becauſe, ſaid ſhe, it had been better for me to have loſt an Eye, than to have been put in ſuch a fear for you; for I doubt this Dream portends ſome ill to you, who are dearer to me than my Eyes, or Life it ſelf. No more of that, ſaid *Knemon* (for he had heard all, awaking with the firſt Cry of *Chariclea*) To me this Dream ſignifies quite another thing; tell me, Are your Parents living? *Chariclea* ſaid Yes: Then ſaid *Knemon*, Believe your Father to be dead. Thus I conjecture it; Our Parents are the Authors of our Life, and it is by their Means we ſee and enjoy this Light; therefore I hold it apt to compare our Father and Mother to our Eyes, the ſenſe capable of Light, and whereby we diſcern things viſible; and this is the meaning of your Dream. A heavy Sence, replied *Chariclea*; yet rather be this verified than the other. May your Tripos divine rightly, and I prove a falſe Prophet. The Event will crown my Divination, replyed *Knemon*, and ſo reſt you content.

But methinks we dream yet, that ſo much trouble our ſelves about imaginations, and omit to reſolve what we ſhould do whilſt this *Egyptian*

(meaning *Thermutis*) hath left us for a while, to mourn for his dead Miſtreſs: *Theagenes* catching his Word, prithee *Knemon*, ſaid he, ſince ſome Divine Power hath joyned thee to us, and made thee our companion in Miſery; firſt give us thy Advice, for thou knoweſt the Country, and underſtandeſt the Language; and we, that are never very apprehenſive, are at this inſtant ſo dulled with Calamity, as we have not underſtanding in our own Affairs.

*Knemon* pawſing a while, ſpake thus;

I know not which of us have greateſt ſhare in Misfortune; I have a Burden great enough; yet in regard you command me (as the eldeſt here, and moſt verſed in the World, to give my Opinion, this it is;

This Iſland as you ſee is laid waſte and deſerted, containing now no living creatures but our ſelves, within this Cave is great ſtore of Gold, Silver and Silks (for it is hardly to be imagined what quantity of rich Spoyls *Thyamis* hath taken both from us and others, and depoſited here) but for Corn and other Ammunition neceſſary to maintain Life, there is left no more but the bare Names; if therefore we ſtay here long, it is to be feared we ſhall periſh either by Famine, or the Enemy, that may return, or by our own Fellows, if they make Head again; for they are not ignorant where the Treaſure lieth, and are likely to come hither for ſupplies of Money, and then we cannot eſcape their Fury; or if they

they ſhould deal mildlier with us, yet we ſhould be obnoxious to their Petulancies, and ſuffer the Indignities of their barbarous humors; for Thieves are men that naturally keep no Faith, and leſs now than ever, having loſt their Captain, that could by his Authority bridle their Inſolencies; therefore we muſt leave the Iſland, and get away from it as out of a Net or Priſon; but firſt let us free our ſelves of *Thermutis*, under pretence of ſending him to try if he can hear any News of *Thyamis*; and when we are none but our ſelves, we ſhall more eaſily conſider and reſolve what we have to do: and it much concerns us to diſpatch away this inconſtant, quarrelſom and ill natur'd man, and that hath us in ſuſpition for the Death of *Thesbe*, and will not be at quiet in himſelf till he be revenged upon us if occaſion be preſented.

They approved his Counſel, and thought beſt to follow it: Then going forward to the Entry of the Cave, they perceived it was Day; and awaking *Thermutis*, whom they found in a dead Sleep; and he being a light and credulous man, they eaſily perſwaded him as they pleaſed; acquainting him (as he believed) with their Purpoſes; the Body of *Thesbe* they laid in a little Pit, and covered it inſtead of Earth, with Aſhes, the Ruines of their late Houſe, and performing the Ceremonies that Piety owes to the dead, as fully as the time would ſuffer, and for all Funeral Offerings make a Parentation of their Tears, they

ſent *Thermutis* to ſeek *Thyamis*. He had gone but a little way, when ſuddenly he turned back, and told them he would not go alone, nor object himſelf to the danger of being a Spy, unleſs *Knemon* would be a Partner with him: *Theagenes* perceiving *Knemon* to hang back for fear of the *Egyptian*, as might eaſily be judged by the Character he had made of *Thermutis*, wherein he had pictured his own Fear; What, ſaid *Theagenes*, ſo ſtrong in Counſel, and ſo weak in Execution! Take heed you do not make my ſuſpition of your Valour prove a Truth; revive, rouze your Spirits, Man, and at leaſt make a ſhew as if you were content to go along with him, leſt your refuſal make him ſuſpect our flight: Away, go with him; there's no danger, you have your Cloaths on, and a Sword by your ſide, why ſhould you fear to walk with a naked man, that hath no Weapon to offend you? And then taking your time, you may ſecretly forſake him, and come to us at an appointed place, which ſhall be ſome Neighbour-Town, if you know any ſuch, where the Inhabitants are civil men.

'Tis very well adviſ'd, ſaid *Knemon*; let us meet at *Chemmis*, a rich Town, well Peopled, and near hand, ſituate upon the skirts of *Nilus*, below the Banks, that defend it from the Surprizes and Incurſions of the Heardſmen; when you have paſt the Lake, it is but a hundred Furlongs thither, and you muſt go directly South: We ſhall hardly reach it, ſaid *Theagenes*, *Chariclea* hath not

not been uſed to ſo long Journeys; yet we will go and diſguiſe our ſelves like Beggars or poor Fortune-tellers that travel about the Countrey to charm an Alms from theſe hard People. Oh! you will make excellent Gypſies, ſaid *Knemon*; Out upon you, what black deformed Faces you have, eſpecially *Chariclea*, that hath lately loſt an Eye! and yet by your Habit you will be ſuch fine Mendicants, that ſure the Countrey People will think you wander about to beg Jewels, Gold, Plate, and not a poor Alms, or a Morſel of Bread. At this they could have been content to laugh; but their Mirth only extended to a Smile: Then taking a ſolemn oath never to abandon one another, confirming what they had determined, they diſpoſed themſelves accordingly.

*Knemon* and *Thermutis* paſſing the Lake whilſt it was yet early day, took their way through an intricate thick Wood, *Thermutis* went before, *Knemon* having entreated him, becauſe he was skilful in the ways, that were difficult; but indeed it was to ſecure his own Life, and to prepare occaſion to give him the ſlip: when they were now come into the thickeſt of the Wood, they met a Flock of Sheep, and killing the Bellweather, laid the Fleſh to roaſt upon the Fire which the Shepherds (that fled at ſight of them) had kindled for themſelves; neither would their Bellies let them be in quiet till the Meat was enough, but Hunger made them ſo fierce, as like Wolves or Tigers, they devoured it in great

Gobbets, only a little black'd with the Fire, the Blood running about their Mouths. When thus they had ſatisfied their Hunger, and quenched their Thirſt with Milk provided for the Shepherds, they held on their Journey.

Now it was time for *Knemon* to ſhew all his Cunning, for they were come to the top of a Hill, whence *Thermutis* ſhewed him a Town in the Bottom, where he imagined *Thyamis* to be a Priſoner, either in the Gaol, or in his Grave; for thither he heard that he was carried.

Whilſt he ſpake this, *Knemon* made as if his Belly aked, and told him he began to feel the crudities of the Meat, and that he feared the Milk he drank had curdled upon his Stomach, for he was in extream torment; therefore he intreated *Thermutis* that he would go on, and he would follow him; this he did once and again, and the third time, as if it had been real, and that he had overtaken him with much difficulty, inſomuch as the *Egyptian* gave Credit to his counterfeit Diſeaſe; and being now uſed to attend his coming, *Knemon* lengthned his Expectation, and ſtayed for altogether, running counter through the obſcureſt Paſſage of the Wood, and caſting about by the Hill ſide, fled with all poſſible ſpeed.

*Thermutis*

*Thermutis* paſſing the Hill-top expected *Knemen*, and the Night under whoſe favourable ſhaddow they might paſs into the Town; and learn the ſtate of *Thyamis*: often looking behind him to ſee if he did come, and Plotting in what manner he ſhould kill him; for he yet ſuſpected his conſent to *Thesbe*'s Death, and therefore meant to ſerve him in the ſame kind; and then, at his return promiſing himſelf to Sacrifice *Theagenes* to his revenge. But *Knemon* not appearing, and Night now growing Black, he fell aſleep: which was his laſt, the Iron Sleep of Death, bitten with an Aſpick; perhaps by the fatal pleaſure of the Gods, a death anſwerable to his life, ſtealing upon him as he had done upon others.

But *Knemon* after he had loſt ſight of *Thermutis*, never ſtaid to take his Breath till darkneſs arreſting his eyes, ſtopped his flight, and in the ſame place were the Night ſurpriz'd him, he hid and covered himſelf all over with leaves a great part of the Night, never ſhutting his eyes, but Sweating, and Fearing every noiſe and every breath of Wind, and every motion of the leaves to be *Thermutis*. If at any time ſleep preſt upon him, he dreamed that he was Flying, and awaking, looked behind his back for him, that was not now in caſe to follow: many fearful viſions ſtarted him and hindered his deſire, and putting him in greater terror than if *Thermutis* had come indeed; Finally he grew angry with the Night, and thought it the longeſt that ever was ſince the beginning of the World.

But

But when with infinite joy he perceived the firſt ſpring of Day, preſently he cut off his long Hair, which he had let grow after the faſhion of the Thieves, for fear thoſe he ſhould meet would either ſhun him, or ſuſpect him; for the Iſlanders among other courſes they take to appear terrible, let their Locks at full length hang dangling upon their Shoulders, not ignorant that long hair is an ornament in a Lover, but a horror in a Thief; having therefore left himſelf as much hair as the neater ſort of People uſed to wear, and leſs then the Heards-men, he haſted the neareſt way to *Chemmis*, the Town *Theagenes* had appointed him for meeting.

Being now near unto the river *Nilus*, ready to take Water for *Chemmis*, he ſaw an Old Man walking up and down upon the Shoar, as if he had been diſcourſing with the Stream; his white hair he wore long in faſhion of a Prophet, a great long Picked Beard, his Caſſock and his other Robes reſembling a Greek Habit. *Knemon* ſtood ſtill a while and looked upon him, but the Old Man paſſing by many times and not perceiving him, being wholly fixt upon his Meditation; *Knemon* ſtept in before him, and ſaluted him, bidding the Gods bleſs him. No ſaid the old Man, Fortune hath otherwiſe diſpoſed: *Knemon* wondring at his Anſwer, asked him, Are you a *Grecian*, Stranger, or of whence? Neither a *Grecian*, nor a Stranger, he replyed; but this Countryman, an *Ægyptian*: How come you then to wear theſe *Grecian*

*cian* Robes? (ſaid *Knemon*) Calamity (anſwered the Old Man) hath put me in this glorious Habit, and changed my ordinary Dreſs; *Knemon* admiring how Miſery ſhould make any Man go in richer Cloaths, and deſiring him to unfold the Riddle; Oh! ſaid the Old Man, To relate my Fortunes, would bring my ſelf and you into a Labyrinth, whence we ſhould not get out, and but load you with my burden; But, young Man, whither lies your journey? Or whence do you come? Or how is it you ſpeak Greek in *Ægypt*? This is ridiculous, ſaid *Knemon*, to enquire of my Affairs, and tell me nothing of your own, and I asked the firſt queſtion. Well, I am content to bear your Jeſt, ſaid the Old Man; for it appears you are a *Grecian*: and I believe that in this play of Fortune you have changed ſhapes as well as I; but ſince you ſeem taken with a curioſity to underſtand my Eſtate, I will ſatisfie you: for know I am big with grief, and if I had not light of you, perhaps I had expreſſed my ſelf to theſe Reeds. But firſt, let us leave this Shoar and River of *Nilus*, for this is not a convenient place for ſo long a Narration, the heights of this Bank lying open and expoſed to the Noon-Day-Sun, let us Ferry over to the Town we ſee upon the other Side; if happily ſome greater buſineſs doth not call you away, there I will bid you welcome, not in my own Houſe, but in the Houſe of a good Man that receives me as a Suppliant. There I will inform you, if you pleaſe, of my affairs,

fairs, and you ſhall recompence me with a relation of yours; Along then ſaid, *Knemon*, for I have buſineſs to the Town; I muſt there expect the coming of ſome Friends.

Then taking Boat (many Oars lying upon the River to tranſport Paſſengers for their Money) they paſſed over to the Town, and the Old Man brought *Knemon* to the Houſe where himſelf was a Gueſt; they found the Maſter of the Houſe from home; only his Daughter that was now Marriageable, entertained them, and every ſervant of the Houſe was officious to them; both their Miſtreſs and they obſerving the Old Man as if he had been her Father; for ſo it is likely they were commanded: one bruſhed the duſt off their Cloaths, brought water for their Feet, and waſhed and dryed them; another made their Beds Eaſie and Soft, another kindled the Fire, ſome cover'd the Table, others brought Water and a Towel for their Hands, others ſet Manchets upon the Board, and ſerved in the Fruits of the Seaſon, whereof their was Variety. *Knemon* wondring at their entertainment, Sure Father, ſaid he, we are come into the Houſe of *Jupiter* the Hoſpitable; they do us ſo much obſervance, and ſhew ſuch ſingular alacrity: This is no Gods Houſe, ſaid the old Man; but it belongs to one that is a true Adorer of the Gods, that worſhips *Jupiter* the Hoſpitable and Patron of the Suppliants. For Child, he is a Merchant and hath ſpent his life in Travel; ſeen many Cities and Nations, and ſtudied Men

and

and Manners, and having himſelf been a Pilgrim in the World, I take it to be his reaſon why he entertaineth others, and among the reſt, Me, that a few days ſince was a wanderer in theſe parts.

How came it to paſs, Father, ſaid *Knemon*, that you ſhould be compelled to wander abroad? Being deprived (replyed he) of my Children by Thieves, and though I know the Villains well enough, yet not having power to revenge my ſelf, I remain here hovering about them, and complaining like the poor Bird that hath her Neſt robb'd by a Serpent devouring her young before her Eyes, whilſt ſhe fears to come near, yet hath no power to fly away: for love and grief diſtract her, crying, ſhe flies about the Beſieger, and pours the ſorrow of a Parent into the ears to which nature hath taught no pity.

Oblige me (ſaid *Knemon*) with the knowledge of the circumſtance and time wherein you ſuffered this great conflict in your Spirits; Anon I will inform you, he replyed: now it is time to appeaſe our appetite and content our belly; which drawing us away how great ſoever the buſineſs be we have in agitation, is properly called pernitious by the admirable *Homer*. But firſt, following the precepts of the *Ægyptian* Wiſdom, let us offer the firſt fruits of our repaſt to the Gods; a cuſtom I ſhall never violate, and my grief how ſtrong ſoever it is, ſhall never prevail with me ſo far as to blot out of my memory the divine powers, and the honour I am bound to render them.

Then

Then pouring on the Earth clear water out of a Vial, I offer he ſaid, this effuſion to the Gods of *Ægypt* and of *Greece*, to *Apollo* of *Delphos*, and to *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* the beſt and nobleſt; therefore I think it lawful to number them amongſt the Gods: With this he wept, making a ſecond offering of his tears to ſorrow.

*Knemon* was amaz'd to hear theſe names, and began to take a ſtricter veiw of the Old Man: How ſay you Father, ſaid he, are *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* your Children? They are (replyed the Old Man) my Children born without a Mother, for the Gods have miraculouſly been pleaſed that I ſhould get them by accident, and be delivered of them not without the grief and paſſions of my Soul. My Love, though not my Nature, was a Father to them, ſo they eſteemed and called me; But tell me how came you to know them? I do not only know them, anſwered *Knemon*; but I am able to aſſure you they are in health and ſafe, Oh *Apollo!* and all other Gods, cryed the Old Man, inform me in what part of the world they live; I will eſteem thee my Preſerver and the Equal of my happieſt Stars; But what will you give me ſaid *Knemon?* For the preſent ſaid he, my thanks, a grateful heart, accounted the faireſt preſent a wiſe man can receive; I have known ſome would treaſure up this gift as their beſt riches, but if the Gods pleaſe I ſhall recover my own (as I have their promiſe it ſhall be ſhortly) I will reward you nobly, make you a rich Man: Said

*Knemon*,

*Knemon*, you promiſe things future and uncertain, I look for preſent pay: Let me know what it is you demand, ſaid the Old Man, do you ſee any thing you would have? If it be any part of my body, I will cut it off, and eſteem my ſelf the ſounder Man. It is only this, ſaid *Knemon*, that you will truly relate to me of whence they are, their Parents and their Fortunes: A great Donative! replyed the Old Man: There is no other comparable to it, though you had asked all the riches of the Earth and Sea, but you ſhall have it only firſt; let us take a little repaſt, for it will be a long time of imployment for us, both mine to relate, and yours to hear.

When they had now filled themſelves with Nuts, Figgs, new pulled Dates, and ſuch like Fruits, whereon the Old Man uſed to feed (for he never eat any thing that had life taken from it) they drank the pure Water; but *Knemon* pure Wine. After they had a while kept ſilence, Father you are not ignorant, ſaid *Knemon*, how good a companion *Bacchus* is, how much he delights in Entertainments, Verſe, and Stories; he hath now taken up his lodging in my Brain, and makes me extreamly covetous of the reward you promiſed me; and therefore, Father, it is now time you bring theſe perſons upon the Stage: I will, replyed the Old Man: and I wiſh with all my heart the honeſt *Nauſicles* had been with us, who hath often been earneſt with me to diſcourſe theſe paſſages; but I have ſtill put him off from

from time to time. Where is he? ſaid *Knemon*, hearing him name *Nauſicles*: He is gone a hunting, ſaid the Old Man: not to chaſe Beaſts, but wilder Creatures that are called Men and Heardſmen, but they are Thieves, and not without much difficulty to be taken, the pernicious Otters live in ſuch an Iſland of invincible Earth and Water: But how have they offended him? They have (ſaid the Old Man) robbed him of an *Athenian* Gentlewoman, named *Thesbe*; Oh ho! ſaid *Knemon*, and took himſelf in the manner, and ſo ſtopped his Speech: The Old Man asking him what was the matter? *Knemon* diverted him to another conſideration; I wonder ſaid *Knemon*, under the aſſurance of what forces he durſt fall upon theſe Robbers! the great, King replyed the Old Man, hath made *Oroondates* his Lieutenant of *Ægypt*, by whoſe command *Mitranes* Captain of the Garriſons is billeted in this town for our defence; and *Nauſicles* with a great ſum of Mony, hath procured him to lead his Horſe and Foot againſt the Iſlanders, being in an extream rage that they ſhould take from him this *Athenian* Woman; not only becauſe ſhe is his friend, and playeth curiouſly upon the Lute, but principally beeauſe, as he telleth me, he was to carry her to the King of *Æthiopia* to be near the *Queen*, to paſs her time, and teach her the faſhions and the language of the *Grecians*; the ſpite to loſe ſo great a remuneration as he expected, makes him now uſe all the Engines of his wit and power to re-

recover her, I my ſelf have been a Principal in perſwading and encouraging him, becauſe ſo (happily) I may come to find my Children.

Enough, ſaid *Knemon*, let us now leave talking of Herdſmen and Thieves, Lieutenants, Captains and Kings; for I proteſt you had almoſt inſenſibly ſtollen away my Mind to a new Matter, making a long Preface nothing to my purpoſe; therefore I pray you bring about your Oration to the Path you promiſed me; for methinks I ſee the *Pharian Proteus* revived in you, not that you turn your ſelf into as many commentitious Species, and fluxive Forms, appearing and vaniſhing, but that you would transform me, and change the Mould of my Imagination. I will recount the Truth unto you (ſaid the old man) without diſguiſes, whatſoever you are pleaſed to think of me; but firſt I will make you a brief Diſcovery of my own Fortune, becauſe theirs depends upon it.

The City of *Memphis* is my Countrey, my Fathers Name was *Calaſiris*, ſo is mine; my preſent condition is no better than a poor Pilgrim, that was ſometimes in that City honoured with the Charge of the Chief Prieſt; I had a Wife by the Inſtitutions of our Town, but I loſt her by the Law of Nature: After ſhe was departed from her mortal Body to eternal Reſt, for a while I lived and felt not Miſery, comforting my ſelf in my two Sons ſhe had left me; but in few years,

my better Stars having finiſhed their preſcribed Circle, the Face of my Affairs began to change, and *Saturn* with an ill Aſpect beheld our Houſe, threatning the Ruine of it, which I had wiſdom to foreſee, but no power to prevent; for any man may prediſcover the immutable Decrees of Fate; but no man can avoid them: only this good there is in Fore-ſight, that it rebates the Point, and takes off the edge of our Diſaſters, which, (Child) if they fall ſudden, are intolerable; but fore-ſeeing, we are prepared to receive them; otherwiſe Fear diſquieting the Soul, makes us bear them with impatience, but this Acquaintance renders them familiar to our Reaſon: My firſt Misfortune was this;

A *Thracian* Woman, in the perfect Flower of her Age, the faireſt, as I think, next to *Chariclea* in the world, naming her ſelf *Rhodopis*, I know not whence or how, but by the adverſe fate of thoſe that were acquainted with her, was brought to travel through *Egypt*, and with a petulant Confidence ſhewed her ſelf at *Memphis*, followed with a great Train of Maids and Men that ſerved her, her Carriages richly laded, and her ſelf exactly ſtudied in all the Charms and Allurements of a *Venus*; it was not poſſible for any man to ſee her, but he muſt be taken; ſuch an inevitable faſcination ſhot from her eyes: She often came into the Temple of the Goddeſs *Iſis* (whoſe Prieſt I was) and ſhewed great Devotion to the Goddeſs, being frequent in Sacrifices, making

Rich

Rich and Princely Offerings at our Altars; I bluſh to ſpeak it ( yet you ſhall know all ) her Beauty that I had often ſtood the aſſaults of, at length conquered me, and forced my Continency, which till then I had ſafely guarded all my Life: a great while the Eyes of my Soul reſiſted thoſe of my Body; but after a long fight I was conſtrained to yield, the Paſſion of a Lover preſſing upon me, and lying heavy as a Load of Chains; therefore I found this Woman to be the firſt Mover and beginning of thoſe Evils which hanged over me, ( a long while before diſcovered by my Art ) underſtanding there was fatal neceſſity in it, and that the Devil that troubled my Repoſe, had put on that Form and Shape to perſecute me; I reſolved howſoever not diſhonour my Prieſtly Function, wherein from a Child I had been bred, and rather die than prophane the Temples and Altars of the Gods; at length Reaſon obtaining the Empire of my Soul, to ſatisfie for the fatal offence I had committed, not actually ( which Heaven forbid ) but in thought only, I puniſh'd my Concupiſcence with voluntary Baniſhment, and left my Country of my own accord, as well to obey the force of Deſtiny, and ſuffer it to do with me what it pleaſed, as alſo to avoid the ſight of the execrable *Rhodopis*: For (Friend) I was afraid leſt Love laying ſiege to my Heart, (that was yet defended by Reaſon) ſhould at length take the Fortreſs, and make me commit ſome foul thing: But that which principally ex-

pell'd me, was, my Children, who (as the Gods by their Myſterious Wiſdom had revealed to me) were to fight a ſingle Combat fatally together; therefore to take from my Eyes the ſight of ſuch a lamentable Object (which I imagine the Sun himſelf will not behold, masking his Beams behind a Cloud) not to make a Father ſo unhappy as to ſtand by and ſee his Children murder one another, I abandoned my Country and my Fathers Houſe, not making any one privy to the Cauſe of my Departure, nor whither I was bound; pretending a Journey to the great City of *Thebes*, to ſee my Elder Son, who remained there with his Grandfather by the Mothers ſide, his Name was *Thyamis*.

Again *Knemon* ſtood wondring, as if the Name of *Thyamis* had ſtrook him, yet he forbare to ſpeak, impatient to hear out the Diſcourſe, which *Calaſiris* thus continued;

*Young man, I leave out my Journey, and the Paſſages thereof, as not pertinent to the Story you deſire; but having often heard that in* Greece *there was a City named* Delphos, *particularly dedicated to* Apollo, *yet that there was a common Temple, wherein alſo all the Gods were honoured, and a kind of Fellowſhip or Univerſity of Wiſe men, ſeparate from the Tumults of the Vulgar, I eſteem'd it would be the moſt proper and convenient retiring place for a* Prophet, *as a City deſtined to Sacred Ceremonies; then looſing out from the Gulf of* Criſſæum, *and arriving at* Cirrhus, *I was no ſooner Landed, but I haſted towards*

*wards* Delphos, *and coming near the Town, a Sound (doubtleſs Divine) preſently beat upon my Ear. Methought this City was the ſweeteſt place of Abode that ever I had ſeen, both for its own Beauty, and in regard Nature and Art had been in ſtrife to fortifie it; the Mountain* Parnaſſus *hangs over it, with his ſtretched ſides flanking in the Town, as with a Bulwark.*

You ſay true, ſaid *Knemon*, and like a man inſpired by *Apollo*; for my Father made the ſame Deſcription unto me of the ſituation of *Delphos*, when the Town of *Athens* ſent him thither Ambaſſador from the Eſtates of the *Amphictiones.*

*Then you are an* Athenian (ſaid *Calaſiris*) I am; *Your Name I pray you? Knemon*, he replied. Your Fortune? You ſhall know mine hereafter: But now follow your Diſcourſe: Content, replied *Calaſiris.*

*After I was come up to the Town, and that I had delighted my Eyes with the great Plains, fair Fields, Places of Exerciſe, Rivers, Springs, and the* Caſtalian *Fountain, where I purified my ſelf, I haſted to the Temple, following the Preſs of People that went thither, it being then the hour wherein the Propheteſs uſed to be inſpired, and ſpeak Oracles: Having entred the Temple, adored the God, and commended my Wiſhes in a ſhort Prayer, the* Prieſteſs, *whom they call* Pythia, *thus replyed;*

Wandring from fruitful *Nilus*, *thou doſt fly*,
Poor Voluntier, thy too ſtrong Deſtiny:
Stay, for black *Egypt* ſhortly I'le again
Reſtore thee; here till then, our Friend, remain.

*When ſhe had uttered this, I proſtrated upon my Face before the Altar, humbly praying* Apollo *to be propitious to me in all Affairs: All that were preſent greatly praiſed the God for having vouchſafed me ſo gracious an Anſwer at my firſt Arrival; and thenceforth the People honoured and obſerved me, wondring at my good Fortune, who they ſaid was the only man that ever* Apollo *had called Friend ſince one* Lycurgus *a* Lacedemonian; *and when they knew I deſired to dwell within the Cloyſter of the Temple, they permitted me, and decreed me a publick Allowance to defray my Charges. In ſum, there was no good thing wanting to my content; for either I was buſied to enquire the Reaſons of the Ceremonies, of the many and different Sacrifices both Strangers and the Inhabitants offer to the God, or elſe I paſt my time in Conference and Diſpute with the* Philoſophers *repairing thither in great numbers, as to a Colledge conſecrated to the Muſes, whereof* Apollo *that inſpires them, is the Maſter: at firſt they moved many Queſtions to me, ſome of one thing, ſome of another; one demanded in what manner we* Ægyptians *worſhiped our Gods? another asked me why we adore Creatures, and hold them Sacred and Divine? ſome enquired of the form and ſtructure of our* Pyramids?

*Many*

*Many were curious in queſtioning me about the Art of our Conduits and Water-works; and not to particularize, they left nothing unenquired that concerneth us; for the Singularities of* Ægypt *do marvellouſly take the Ears of* Greece.

*Finally, ſome of the graver ſort put Queſtions to me about* Nilus, *which were his Springs, and the peculiar Nature wherein that River differed from others, and why only thoſe Waters increaſe in Summer time; I told them what I knew, and had found written in our Sacred Books, which are not to be read nor underſtood by any but our Prophets, recounting to them that the Head and Source of* Nilus *riſeth from the Mountains of* Æthiopia, *in the fartheſt parts of* Lybia, *there where the Eaſtern Climate ends, and the Meridian takes beginning: It increaſes in the Summer (not as ſome imagine, becauſe the Winds named the* Eteſiæ, *blowing contrary to their Stream, make them regurgit and overflow; but in regard the ſame Winds riſing about the Summer Solſtice, violently chaſe and drive all the Clouds from North to South, that carried upon their ſwift Wings to the torrid Zone, are there ſtopped, and by the incredible vehemency of the circumfuſed heat, their motion is beaten back, and the humor that before was gathered and condenſed, then thaws, and deſtilling in great ſhowers, making* Nilus *ſo proud, that he no longer endures to be a River, but paſſing his Limits, covers* Ægypt *with his inundation like a Sea, making fruitful the Country as he paſſeth, this is the reaſon his Waters are ſo ſweet to drink, becauſe he receiveth them*

*from Heaven, and they are fine to bath in, not hot as when they fall, yet Milk warm as retaining part of their original; hence it comes that of all Rivers only, this exhales no vapours: which would neceſſarily follow by natural reaſon, if (as certain learned* Grecians *have conceived) the Tides had taken their increaſe from Snow melting and pouring off the Mountains.*

As I diſcourſed thus the Prieſt of *Apollo* my intimate Friend, named, *Charicles*, You ſpeak ſaid he, excellently well, and I aſſent to your opinion; for it is the ſame I heard of your Prieſts in the *Catadupes* of *Nilus*.

Were you ever there *Charicles*? ſaid I: I was, replyed he: I demanded if he had any buſineſs there? he anſwered, my adverſe Fortune at home made me travel thither, and was the cauſe of my felicity; I marvelling at his words, as implying contradiction: You will not wonder (he ſaid) when you hear all the paſſages which I will tell you when you pleaſe: We cannot have a better time, I ſaid: Be it now if you think good. Then *Charicles* taking me aſide, Know ſaid he, I have long wiſhed to give you the relation of my Fortunes, as having need of your aſſiſtance, wiſe *Calaſiris*; After I was Married, I was ſome years without Children: at length growing into years yet continuing earneſt in my Prayers to the Gods, they bleſſed me with Iſſue, and made me Father of a Daughter in the declining of my Age; but with ſad predictions, that her Birth ſhould be unfor-

fortunate: ſhe being now grown Marriageable, many Suitors were ambitious to be her Husband, I matched her to him that in my Judgment beſt deſerved her; but even upon her Marriage-Night in her Husbands Bed and Arms, the Miſerable dyed ſuffocated by Fire; either from Heaven, or ſcattered from the hand of ſome too careleſs Perſon: ſo Mourning and Tears took place of her Nuptial Bravery, and of the *Epithalamion* that was yet ſung from her Marriage-Chamber, ſhe was carryed to her Tomb; and the ſame Torches that were lighted at her Wedding, ſerv'd for her Funeral-Fire: nor did the divine Powers let this Tragedy end here; but added her Mother to the Scene of Death, Heart-broken for her Child. I having not conſtancy enough to ſupport theſe rigours of the Gods, would not yet exile my ſelf from Life (obeying the more probable Doctrine of Divines) but reſolved to forſake my Country, and no more to ſee the ſolitude and ſorrow of my Houſe; for it is a great eaſe to Miſery to remove the ſad Object from our Eyes: And having wandred many Countreys, at length I came into your *Ægypt*, and travelled to the *Catadupes*, to ſee the Cataracts and falls of *Nilus*: Here you have the reaſons of my Journey, but I deſire you ſhould know the Head, or rather Crown of the Narration.

As I was there walking the Streets, and buying ſome Rarities, whereof there was ſcarcity in *Greece* (for now time having digeſted my Sorrow, I long-

I longed to return into my Country ) a venerable black Man ( with a face full of Gravity, though he were but newly ſtepped out of his Youth ) came to me, and ſaluted me; telling me in broken Greek, that he deſired to have ſome conference with me; I obeying his deſire, he carried me into a Temple hard by; and ſaid, I ſaw you buying ſome *Indian* and *Æthiopian* Herbs and Roots, but if you will have them ſincere and without all Sophiſtication, buy of me; With all my Heart ſaid I: Pray you ſhew them; But take heed, ſaid he, you be not too wary a Buyer: Look you, ſaid I, you be not too dear a Seller.

Then drawing out a little Cabbinet that he carried under his Arm, he opened it; and ſhewed me certain Gems of an ineſtimable value; there were Pearls of the bigneſs of a Haſel-Nut, exactly round, and fair without a Flaw; Emeralds, and Jacinths; the one ſhewing like the green Corn in the Spring time, ſhining in their Poliſh as if oyled, the other imitating the colour of the Sea-ſhore under a high bending Rock, dying all below it in a purple Colour. In fine, of all the Stones together, there was a mixt and various Water infinitely pleaſing and delightful to the Eye: When I had well conſidered them, Friend, ſaid I, you muſt ſeek you other kind of Chapmen than I am, for all my wealth will not be great enough to purchaſe me the leaſt of theſe. If you have not means to buy them, ſaid he,

yet

yet I hope you have power to receive them as a gift: That's true, I replyed, I think my power were ſufficient to receive them; but I cannot imagine what ſhould induce you thus to mock me: I mock not, he replyed, but what I do is ſerious: and I proteſt unto you by the power that is Patron of this Temple, I will give you all theſe provided you will receive with this a richer gift. At this I fell a laughing; and he demanding the cauſe, I told him it ſeemed to me a ridiculous thing, that offering me ſuch Riches, he would yet promiſe a Reward for receiving of them of far richer Value; Believe me, replyed he, but let me take your Oath withal that you will nobly uſe this gift, and as I ſhall inſtruct you. A while I ſtood in doubt, yet I did ſwear, won with the hope of ſuch a promiſe; but when I had taken my Oath in the form he gave it, he took me along with him, and ſhewed me a Maid endowed with an incomparable Form and Grace, as he ſaid, but ſeven Years old; but to me ſhe ſeemed almoſt marriageable; ſo much doth the excellency of a Face add to the lowneſs of a Stature. My eyes dazling at this wonder, I ſtood amazed and ſpeechleſs (partly becauſe I was ignorant of what he meant to do; but principally out of an inſatiable deſire of beholding the young Lady) till he awaked me with theſe words.

Stranger, This Maid thou ſeeſt, for ſome cauſes thou ſhalt underſtand hereafter, was expoſed by her Mother in her ſwathing-Bands; and left to the

the uncertainty of Fortune. I lighting by chance upon her, took her up; for I had been Wicked and a Villain, if I had ſuffered a Soul to float in ſo much danger, that had once entred a humane Body: for this is one of the Precepts of our *Gymnoſophiſts*, whoſe Scholar, though unworthy, I have been. But that which moſt moved my Charity was a kind of Divinity that I ſaw ſhining in the Infants Eyes, whilſt it earneſtly looked upon me; and though dumb, begged Pity ſweetly: With her was laid forth this heap of Pretious Stones I lately ſhewed you; and a Silk-Mantle wherein was ſewed in Gold in her Country Characters the Relation of her ſad Fortune: Nature (as I think) having made her Mother furniſh the Child with theſe Additions, whereby one day ſhe might be known: When I read the Scrowl, I knew of whence, and who ſhe was, and carried her from beſides the City far into the Country, and gave her to a Shepherd to be brought up, threatning to kill him if he told how he came by her: The things that were expoſed with her, I retained, leſt the Child ſhould be made away for them; thus at firſt I did conceal her.

But as ſhe grew in Years, ſhe grew in Beauty and Perfection; and ſure a Beauty (though hidden in the Center of the Earth will be diſcovered;) therefore fearing ſhe would be known, and both ſhe and I dye for it, I laboured to be ſent Ambaſſadour to the Lieutenant of *Ægypt*, and coming

coming hither brought her with me, desiring to settle her Estate; the Governour hath sent me word I shall have Audience to day, and he shall now hear the reasons of my Embassage. Therefore now I recommend the Child to you, and to the Gods that have so disposed of her, under the conditions of your Oath, being always to maintain her Liberty, and to match her to a Man as free as you receive her from my Hands; or to speak better, from her sad Mothers, that exposed her; I am confident you will accomplish all your promises confirmed unto me by the Religion of your Vow, and the Candor of your Manners; which since your being in these parts, I have curiously observed, and know them to be worthy of a *Grecian*. This is all I have to say to you for the present, my Legating Affairs now calling me away; but to Morrow meet me in the Temple of *Isis*, and there I will more plainly, and particularly inform you of the Secrets that concern the Maid.

I was punctual in observing his Commands; and taking the Maid, I secretly conveyed her to my lodging, where I imployed the whole day to entertain her the most honourably and respectively I could; studying to win her Heart with all sweet ways, and rendring great thanks to the Gods for the Exchange of Children they had pleased to make me; from that hour esteeming and naming her my Daughter.

Next Morning early I came to the Temple of *Iſis*, as I had promiſed the Stranger; and after I had walked there a long time, he not appearing, I went to the Governors Houſe, and demanded if any one had ſeen the *Æthiopian* Ambaſſador? Preſently one told me that he departed, or rather was expelled laſt Evening before Sun-ſet, the Governour threatning he ſhould loſe his Head, if immediatly he did not quit his Frontiers; informing me alſo the Cauſe: That delivering his Embaſſage, he commanded the *Ægyptian* to forbear to dig the Emerald Mines, as appertaining to the King of *Æthiopia*; I returned to my Lodging ſad and penſive, as one that had hard Fortune, being not able to get any knowledge of the Child, who, or of whence, or of what Parents ſhe was born. It is no marvel, ſaid *Knemon*, interrupting him, for I my ſelf am mightily troubled that I can hear no more; but yet I hope I may. You ſhall, replied *Calaſiris*; but now I will follow the Diſcourſe *Charicles* then made me.

After, ſaid he, that I was returned to my Lodging, the little Maid came to meet me, uſing Action for Words, having not yet learned to ſpeak any *Greek*, ſhe ſaluted me by giving me her hand, and her Eyes ſpake that ſhe received contentment in my preſence. I was amazed; ſhe would leap for Joy, look me in the Face, and obſerving the Reſpect and Love I bare her, ſhe paid me with the honour and reverence of a Natural Child, I therefore reſolved to ſtay no longer in the Town

of

of *Catadupes*, fearing ſome malevolent Fortune in a ſtrange Countrey, might deprive me of this other Daughter; and taking Boat, we rowed down *Nilus* to the Sea, whence I ſailed home; where to this inſtant I have kept and cheriſhed this Child as tenderly as if Nature, not Accident, had beſtowed her on me, giving her my own Name, and my Content depending only upon hers; ſo prodigal hath Heaven been of Graces to her, that ſhe anticipated my Wiſhes; for ſpeedily ſhe attained to the Greek Tongue, in ſuch an inſtant ſhe came to the Spring of her Age, like a fruitful and noble Plant, blooming early, and with wonder; in Beauty ſhe had no Equal; but all mens Eyes, both *Grecians* and *Strangers* were fixed on her; for in what place ſoever ſhe appeared, either in the Temples, at the Theaters, or any other publick Meetings, as if ſhe had been the Statue of ſome Goddeſs newly made, no man could think or look upon any thing elſe.

But though ſhe is no leſs than I have pictured her unto you, yet ſhe cruelly afflicts my Heart, denouncing open War to Marriage, reſolving to ſpend all her Life in the ſtate of Virginity, and as a follower of *Diana*, loves Hunting, and practiſeth her Bow and Arrows, whilſt my Life grows bitter to me, being fruſtrated of my Hope to match her to my Siſters Son, a civil and well-bred Gentleman, endowed with many excellent good Qualities; but in vain we court her, ſhe hath ſo hard an Opinion of Marriage, that neither by

by Service, Prayers, or Promiſes ſhe can be perſwaded; but, which adds to my Grief, ſhe uſeth my own Weapons againſt me, employing the Rhethorick I have taught her, to find Arguments to confute mine, and prove that ſhe hath choſen the beſt kind of Life, elevating a Virgins Life with Divine Praiſes, and placing it near to the immortal Gods, calling it pure, incorruptible, and uncontaminate, but extreamly undervaluing and deteſting *Love*, *Venus*, and all *Nuptial Pomps* and *Ceremonies*: Now this it is wherein I implore your Aſſiſtance; and taking the offer of this Occaſion, have made you ſo tedious, but neceſſary a Diſcourſe: Do me this Favour, good *Calaſiris*, to ſeek ſome means out of the Secrets of your Wiſdom, be it by Incantation, Words, or Examples, to make her know her Nature, why ſhe was born a Woman: I know, if you pleaſe, you can eaſily perſwade her; ſhe hath no averſion from holding conference with Men, but hath been ever bred amongſt them, and lives now in the ſame Houſe with you here within the Walls and Cloyſter of the Temple: Neglect not my Intreaties, I beſeech you, and permit me not without Children, Comfort or Succeſſor, to live grieved in my old Age: By our *Apollo*, and your *Tutelar Gods* of *Ægypt*, I conjure you. At theſe Words (Friend *Knemon*) I could not refrain weeping, becauſe *Charicles* made this Suit to me with Tears, the beſt Aſſiſtance in my power I promiſed him.

Whilſt

Whilſt we were deliberating upon the Matter, one comes in runing, and tells us, the General of the *Æneans* was at the Temple Gates, and asked for the High Prieſt, to begin the Sacrifice. I demanded of *Charicles* who theſe *Æneans* were, and what the Sacrifice was they celebrated? The *Æneans*, he replied, are a certain People of *Theſſaly*, the nobleſt and trueſt *Grecians* of that Country, deſcended from the *Greek Deucalion*, and inhabit along the Gulf of *Melia*, where they have their Capital or Metropolitan City, named *Hipata*, as they will have it, becauſe it commends the reſt; but as others eſteem, it hath that Name, becauſe it is ſituate under the Mount *Oeta*; now they ſend this ſacred Embaſſage every fourth Year, at the time when the *Phthian* Games were celebrated (and this as you know is the time) wherein they do honour to *Neoptolemus*, the Son of *Achilles*, ſlain traiterouſly at the very Altar of *Apollo*, by *Oreſtes* the Son of *Agamemnon*; and this Embaſſage is at this preſent celebrated with more Solemnity than in precedent times; foraſmuch as their General boaſts himſelf to be deſcended of *Achilles*, whom my Fortune being to encounter the other day, methought there ſhined in the perſon of that young man ſome peculiar Graces worthy of a Deſcendant from ſuch an Anceſtor, of ſuch a Form and Goodlineſs of Stature, as it confirms him to be derived from a Goddeſs; but I wondring how he being of an *Ænean* Family, could draw his Line from

*Achilles*, (for the *Ægyptian Homer*'s Poesie shews us that *Achilles* was a *Phthiot*) *Charicles* answerred, This young Gentleman, and the other *Æneans* affirm this *Heros* to have been born in their Country, and say that *Thetis* went out of the Gulf of *Mela* when she was matched to *Peleus*, and that all the Coast there was anciently called *Phthia*, and that all others are Liars that challenge the Glory to have this Demi-God their Countriman; but this General draws his Pedigree from the *Æcides* another way, producing *Menesthius* the Son of *Sperchius* and of *Polidora*, the Daughter of *Peleus*, for one of his Ancestors, that was one of the chief Captains with *Achilles* in the Expedition against *Troy*, and for the proximity of his Blood with *Achilles*, commanded the first Squadron of the *Myrmidons*, and to tie himself on all parts to the Race of *Achilles*, he brings for an Argument this Parentation sent to *Neoptolemus*, wherein (as he saith) all the *Thessalians* yield the first place to the *Æneans*, confessing thereby they are the neerest allied unto him: I do not envy them, *Charicles*, said I, whether they arrogate this Honour, or claim it as their Right; but I pray you commend the Captain of this Embassage to be admitted: for I have an incredible longing to behold him.

*Charicles* making the Sign, one called him in, and truly methought I saw something of *Achilles* in him, such a Face, such a Comportment, holding his Head upright, his Hair combed back, his

his Noſtrils freely ſucking in, and breathing out the Air, a Sign of Courage, and ſtrong ſpirits, his Eyes growing to a Brown, his Aſpect fierce, yet amiable, like a Sea new calmed.

After he had ſaluted us according to the Cuſtom, and we him; he told us it was time to offer Sacrifice to the God, that we might have day enough to finiſh the Obſequies and other Funeral Pomp. Be it ſo, ſaid *Charicles*; and riſing, he told me in my ear, This day you ſhall ſee *Chariclea*; for the manner is, that ſhe, being the Prieſteſs of *Apollo*, ſhould aſſiſt at the Proceſſion, and Funeral Ceremonies of *Neopotolemus*; but *Knemon*, I had ſeen the Maid before, for ſhe had often ſacrificed with me, and many times made Propoſitions to me of things Divine; yet I held my tongue, expecting the future: and *Charicles* and I went together to the Temple; for all things appertaining to the Sacrifice were now prepared by the *Theſſalians*: When we approached the Altar, and the Chief Prieſt had made his Prayer, and the young Gentleman begun the Sacrifice, the *Prieſteſs* of *Apollo* from the moſt holy and ſecret part of the Temple pronounced this Oracle;

*Her Name that Grace begins, and Glory ends,*
*And his that from a Deity deſcends,*
*Sing* Delphians; *theſe two ſhall ( ſayling from*
*My Temple ) to a Sun-burnt Climate, come,*
*And as their Virtues Coronation, there,*
*Loos'd from black Temples, ſhall white Garlands wear.*

When the God, by the Mouth of his Religious, had ſpoke this Oracle, all the Aſſiſtants were confuſed, not being able to interpret it; for ſome ſcrewed it to one Sence, ſome explicated it in another; and every one made a Conjecture conformable to his own Deſire; but not any could touch upon the true meaning, Oracles and Dreams being commonly judged by the Event: So the *Delphians* amazed and aſtoniſhed, departed to ſee the Magnificent Funeral Shew, neglecting to ſearch more curiouſly the Truth hidden in this Oracle.

THE

# THE ÆTHIOPIAN HISTORY.

## The Third Book.

BUT after the Proceſſion was ended; I hope, Father, it is not ended yet, ſaid *Knemon*; for you have not yet made me a Spectator of the Ceremonies, but only told me of them, and poſſeſt me with an incredible longing, making me run to get a ſight, and then like a man that cometh when the Play is done, I have ſeen the Theater open and ſhut in the ſame inſtant. Oh *Knemon!* ſaid *Calaſiris*, I would not draw you from the purpoſe, nor trouble you with digreſſions, but lead you on to the principal Subject of my diſcourſe, and your firſt demand; but becauſe you

long to know something by the By ( a sufficient Testimony that you are an *Athenian* ) I will make you a brief Description of the Celebration, both for its own Excellency, and things depending thereupon.

First, there passed along a Hecatomb, which was a Hundred Oxen led by Slaughter-Men in a Rustick habit; they had on white Frocks girt about their wastes, their right Arms and Elbows bare to their Paps, and shaking Axes in their hands: all the Oxen were Cole Black, playing with their Heads a little raised, and their Necks bending in the Middle, their Horns broad and equal, not wreathed at all; some had them gilded, some crowned with Chaplets of Flowers, their deep Dewlaps hanging down to their Knees; they were followed with different Troops of many other kind of Victims; every Species being separate, and martialled in fair order, with Flutes, and Hoboys: playing the tune of a Mystique Ode sung as an Anthem to the Sacrifice: These Troops and their Leaders were followed with two Bands of *Thessalian* Ladies, all fair, and in rich long Robes, their Hair hanging loose; those that were in the first Bond, carried little Baskets full of Fruit and Flowers, the others had little Boxes filled with Comfits and sweet Odours, that as they past perfumed the Streets: Nor did they use their hands to these, but carried them upon their heads, and held hands, that they might the freelier dance and march together; these of the first Figure, gave

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the Tone and Cadence to the ſecond; for they were to ſing a Hymn, and to dance to it; and this Hymn contained nothing but the Praiſes of *Thetis* and *Peleus*, of their Son *Achilles*, and of his Son *Neoptolemus*. Good Father, ſaid *Knemon*, do not offer again to deprive me of ſo ſweet a Paſſage, but let me hear this Hymn, unleſs you will make me a beholder of this Solemnity, only ſo far as my Eyes will reach, and ſuffer me to receive no pleaſure by Ear. Since you are ſo deſirous of the Song (replyed *Calaſiris*) you ſhall hear it.

*I* Thetis, *fair hair'd* Thetis *ſing*,
*That did from deathleſs* Nereus *ſpring*;
*Whom* Jove *to* Peleus *match'd our bright*
*Beam'd* Venus, *and our watery Light.*
*That* (*Mother of our* Mars) *did bear*
Achilles *raging with his Spear*;
*Our Thunderbolt, to whoſe fam'd worth*
Pyrrha Neoptolemus *brought forth*;
Troy's *Fate, the* Greeks *Peace, be to us*
*Propitious* Neoptolemus;
*Whom our bleſt* Pythique *Soil interrs*,
*Receive the Hymns our Zeal prefers*;
*All woe from this Town baniſhing*,
*I* Thetis, *fair hair'd* Thetis *Sing.*

As far as I remember, *Knemon*, the Song was this; but the meaſure of their Dance had ſuch Correſpondence with the Muſick, and their Feet

did ſo beat the Tune, as the Eye neglecting what it ſaw, ſuffered the Soul to be charmed through the Ear; the People following the March of the Maids dance, as if they had been attracted by their voices, till a Troop of Horſe, all young Gentlemen, but beyond all, their Captain did preſent a ſhew that gave the Eye precedency of all the Ears Delights; they were fifty Horſe divided into two Troops of five and twenty, marching five and five a Breaſt; the Captain of the ſacred Embaſſage riding in the midſt; they had all Purple Buskins tyed with Ribbons, and turned down to their Ankles, their Robes were white, bordered about with azure purſles, and faſtned at their Breſts with Buttons of Gold; they were Mounted on *Theſſalian* Horſes, whoſe fair Shapes and Spirit witneſſed the ſweetneſs of the Soil that paſtured them, and ſeemed as if they ſcorned the command of the Bit; making it all a foam: but yet, as if they obeyed the Riders powerful Soul, they would come off and on, make ſtops and turnings as he pleaſed: They had all fair Capariſons and Bridles, the one part Silver, the other Silver gilt; ſo curiouſly wrought as it appeared they had a ſtrife in point of Glory.

But (*Knemon*) all theſe Gallants the Beholders eyes paſſed by and ſlighted, being only fixt upon their Captain ( my charge, *Theagenes* ) that like a Lightning did obſcure all that which ſhined before; ſo did he ſtrike our Sences, being an excellent Horſeman, in his Armour, and ſhaking in his hand

hand an oaken Spear with a point of Steel, he wore his Beaver up, discovering the perfect Beauty of his Face; his Bases were Purple imbroidered with Gold in Figures of the Battel betwixt the *Centaurs* and the *Lapiths*. The Button that fastned it before was Amber, wherein was the Image of *Pallas*, bearing in her Hand *Medusa's* Head; the wind (that seemed to be for him) made an addition to his Grace; for it sweetly breathing, played with the Curls of his Hair, and made his Bases flow upon the Sides and Buttocks of his Horse; you would have thought the Horse had been sensible of the perfections of his Rider, he did rein so proudly, raising his Crest, and pricking his Ears, rolling his Fiery Eyes, carrying and being carryed with like Pride; when his Master slack'd the Bridle, he gallop'd on so finely, as he only touched the Earth with the Tips of his Hoofs, tempering the fierceness of his Motion, so as he did not the least disorder the Ranks, to the astonishment of the Beholders, that gave the noblest Attribute of Form and Spirit to the young General; the simpler Women had not so much discretion as to couch their passions, but threw Flowers and Nosegays at him, to get the happiness of a look, or salutation from him: for the unanimous consent of all their Judgments, was, that no humane thing could shew more Beauty then *Theagenes*.

*But when Rose-cheek'd* Aurora *did appear* (*as Homer* says) and that the fair and wise *Chariclea* came

came out of the Temple of *Diana*, then at length we knew *Theagenes* might be conquered, but ſo conquered, as the beſt native lovelineſs of Womens form, compared with Mans, is the better loadſtone, and exceeds it in the power of Attraction; ſhe rid in a Chariot drawn by two Milk-White Bulls, wearing a long Robe of Purple to her Feet, imbroidered with Beams of Gold; ſhe had on a Girdle wherein the Workman had incloſed all his Art, neither ever before, nor ever after being able to contrive the like; it was two Serpents that ſeemed to have tyed their Tayls in a knot at the Maids back, and had wreathed their necks in another at her Breaſt, ſlipping their heads out of the knot, and letting them hang on either ſide like Pendants; you would have ſaid theſe Serpents did not ſeem to creep, but did creep indeed, not with a terrible Aſpect, but as if they had languiſhed in a ſlumber, deſiring to reſt ſo near the Boſom of the Maid; the Matter they were formed of was Gold, the Colour Blew, but the Workman had enamelled it with Black, that Blue and Black mixt with Yellow, might preſent the native variety of the Serpents pointed Scales, her flaxen Hair was neither wholly platted, nor quite looſe; the greater part of it at full length hanged down upon her ſhoulders, her Topping and Hair before was crowned with a wreath of the fineſt Lawrel, this defending it againſt the Wind, would not ſuffer it to be blown out of the handſom and well becoming Order it was laid

laid in; in her left hand ſhe bore a Golden Bow, and over her right Shoulder had a Quiver hanging in a Scarf; in her other hand ſhe bore a Torch of Virgins Wax burning, but yet her Eyes rendred a Light far greater.

The very ſame *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* (cryed *Knemon*) Where are they for the God's ſake? ſaid *Calaſiris*, thinking *Knemon* had ſeen them; but he replyed, No Father, I do not ſee them: but methought I did, though they were abſent; you have deſcribed unto me ſo properly and directly ſuch as I ſaw them: I know not ſaid *Calaſiris*, if you ſaw them, ſuch as *Greece* and the Sun that day beheld them, ſo conſpicuous, ſo bleſſed, as his ſeemed the height of Man's Felicity, and hers of Women: no Mortal thing was eſteemed to be like them, only our Countrymen did more admire *Theagenes*, and the *Theſſalians* the fair *Chariclea*; for the ſight of a new thing doth far more raviſh us than what we uſually behold; but O ſweet deception! with how much joy did you tranſport me when I hoped you ſaw, and would ſhew me my Souls beloved Children; but you do nothing elſe but mock me; for though at the beginning of my Diſcourſe, you promiſed me they would come immediatly, and I ſhould ſee them; and in recompence before hand, I have made you this Narration, yet now it grows Night, and they appear not; Let not that trouble you, ſaid *Knemon*, for take my Word they will be here, though perhaps ſome hindrance

drance upon the way may intervene and make them come later than the appointed hour; yet if they were here, you ſhould not ſee them, till I had received my whole Reward. Therefore if you haſten to their preſence, perform your promiſe, and lead the Diſcourſe you have begun, to an end.

I do both ſhun (reply'd *Calaſiris*) the diſcourſe that may bring my ſorrows freſh into my memory, and I alſo doubt it that my long talking had been tedious to you; but ſince you are ſo covetous of hearing, let us begin where we left: Having firſt lighted a Lamp, and made our offerings to the Divinities of the Night, and performed our uſual Ceremonies to them, we may go on with our Hiſtory, without being troubled with *Phantaſms*. Preſently a Servant at his command, brought in a Lamp burning, and he pouring out a little of the Oyl upon the Earth, made his Libation, invoking all the Gods; beſeeching a Night of Happy Dreams, conjuring them with all the Power of Prayers, that his beloved *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, might appear to him in his Sleep.

Now *Knemon*, after the Proceſſion thus paſſing had gone round about the Sepulcher of *Neoptolemus*, and the troop of Horſe had thrice wheeled about it, the Women began to fill the Air with funeral Cryes, and the men with a wild Howling: then the Oxen, Sheep, and Goats, (at a Signal given) were immediately Sacrificed

ſiced, as if one blow had cut all their Throats. Laſtly, all theſe Beaſts being laid upon a great Altar, and ſix hundred Billets under them, they Prayed the Prieſt of *Apollo* to begin the Sacrifice, and give Fire to the Wood; *Charicles* reply'd, the Sacrifice did only belong to him, but the Firing of the Altar, to the Captain of the Sacred Legation, receiving the Torch at the Hands of the Prieſteſs of *Diana*, for ſo it was eſtabliſhe d inthe Ceremonial. This he ſaid, and began to make the offering, while *Theagenes* took the Torch from the hand of *Chariclea*; ſure *Knemon*, that the Soul is a divine thing, and allied to the ſuperior nature, we know by its Operations and Functions; aſſoon as theſe two beheld each other their Souls as if acquainted at firſt ſight, preſſed to meet their equals in worth and Beauty, at firſt they remained amazed and without motion at length, though ſlowly, *Charicles* gave, and he received the Torch; ſo fixing their Eyes on one another as if they had been calling to remembrance where they had met before, then they ſmiled, but ſo ſtealingly, as could hardly be perceived, but a little in their Eyes, and as aſhamed they hid away the Motions of Joy with Bluſhes; and again, when Affection (as I imagine) had ingaged their Hearts, they grew pale. To conclude, in a little ſpace, a thouſand changes wandred in their Faces, both in their Colour and their Eyes, deciphering Trouble in their Sorrows.

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The Vulgar knew not this, being according to their Imployment, buſied and intentive upon other matters; *Charicles* obſerved it not, being hindred with making the accuſtomed Prayers and Invocations; but I (ever after the Oracle was pronounced to *Theagenes*, ſacrificing in the Temple) did nothing elſe but note all the Actions of this young Couple, conjecturing by their Names that it was meant of them; *Chariclea* ſignifying in your Language, Grace and Glory, and *Theagenes* born of a Goddeſs, yet I did not hitherto exactly underſtand what the later part of the Oracle intended. But after (though long firſt, and as it were by force) *Theagenes* was parted from *Chariclea*, he fired the Altar, and ſo at length the Pomp brake up; the *Theſſalians* going to Feaſt, the reſt of the People every one departing to their Houſes, and *Chariclea* covering her ſelf in her white Mantle, accompanied with ſome few Ladies, her Familiars, returned to her Lodging, within the Verge of the Temple; for ſhe dwelt not with her ſuppoſed Father, ſeparating her ſelf from him, leſt he ſhould have too much opportunity to perſwade her to a Marriage.

This I had ſeen, and the reſt that I imagined making me ſtill more inquiſitive, I chanc'd to meet with *Charicles*; he asked me, Haſt thou ſeen the Light of mine, and all the eyes of *Delphos*, *Chariclea*? This is not the firſt time I have ſeen her, I replyed, but often before as often as the People were aſſembled in the Temple, and that not as

paſſing

paſſing by, but ſhe hath many times Sacrificed together with me; and when at any time ſhe doubted of Divine or Humane things, ſhe hath put Queſtions to me, and been inſtructed by me. But how did ſhe ſhew to day? ſaid *Charitles*: Did ſhe add any ornament to the Ceremony? Would you have me tell you how the Moon excells the Stars? ſaid I: But ſome commended the Young *Theſſalian*, ſaid *Charicles*, and gave him the ſecond place; yes, and the third too, I replyed; but the Crown and Eye of all the Pomp was really acknowledged to be your Daughter: this pleaſed *Charicles* at the Heart, and I by ſpeaking the truth, did prepare way to my Aim, being only to make the man confident in me; who ſmiling, told me, he was then going to her and that if it pleaſed me I ſhould go along with him to viſit her, and know if the great preſs and tumult of the people had not troubled her, I was glad of the offer, yet I ſeemed to neglect ſome other buſineſs to attend him.

When we were come to the Lodgings where ſhe had retired her ſelf, we entred her Chamber, and found her languiſhing upon her Bed, not able to reſt, Love bathing in the Moiſture of her Eyes, ſhe imbracing her Father as ſhe was accuſtomed, and he asking her how ſhe did? ſhe ſaid, her Head aked; and that ſhe would willingly take a little reſt. At this, *Charicles* troubled, went with me out of the Chamber, commanding her Attendants to make no Noiſe; and when

when we were without the Doors, Oh good *Calaſiris*, ſaid he, what doth this mean? What indiſpoſition has ſeized on my Child? You need not wonder, I replyed, if in ſo great a Multitude of People as attended the Proceſſion, ſhe hath perhaps attracted the Poiſon of ſome envious Eye; *Charicles* ſmiling at theſe words, as in deriſion, do you alſo (ſaid he) believe with the Vulgar, that there is any Faſcination or Bewitching by the Eye? I do believe it, I replyed, as an Opinion grounded upon truth; and thus I do conceive it, this Air circumfuſed on every ſide about us, penetrating by our Eyes, Noſtrils, Mouths and other Paſſages and Pores of our Body, and bringing in with it the Exterior Qualities wherewith it is infected, ſuch as it flowes unto us, ſuch impreſſion it make in us; therefore when any one beholds a rare Creature with Envy, he preſently fills the Circumference of the Air with that infeſting quality, and breaths into his Neighbouring object a Spirit full of Bitterneſs, which being thin and ſubtil, peirceth to the Bones and Marrow; and thus hath Envy been to many the cauſe of a Sickneſs, whoſe proper Name is *Faſcination*; Moreover, conſider *Charicles*, how many have got ſore Eyes and caught the infection of the Plague, that never came near the Diſeaſed Perſons, never lay in their Beds, nor eat or drank, or had any thing common with them but the Air: amongſt other things that might perſwade you, the Original of Love may be a ſpe-

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cial Argument proceeding and occaſioned from the object of the ſight, drawing the paſſion through the Eyes into the Soul; and it is conſonant to reaſon, for the Eye being the moſt ſharp and fervent of all our pores and ſenſes, and capable of moſt changes, it receiveth eaſieſt all affections that are preſented to it, attracting with inflamed Spirits the flowings of Love.

But if it be required, I can produce you an Example out of our ſacred Books, where they treat of the nature of living Creatures; the little Bird they call the *Loriot*, cureth thoſe that have the Jaundice: who if any one looks upon her that is troubled with that Diſeaſe, cloſing her Eyes ſhe flies away from him, not as ſome ſay, envying to give him help, but in regard that beholding him, ſhe naturally calls and attracts the Fluxive diſeaſe unto her ſelf, and therefore ſhe declines their ſight as her own Heart. I doubt not but you have heard how the Serpent named the *Baſilisk*, only by her Eyes and Breath dries away and poiſons every obvious thing; neither is it a wonder if ſome do faſcinate thoſe they wiſh well to, and love deareſt, for being by nature envious, they do not what they would, but what their natural infirmity move them to.

*Charicles* pawſing a while, In conſideration of theſe words you have ſaid, he diſſolved this controverſy with moſt wiſe and probable Arguments, but would the Gods were pleaſed this that troubles her were Love; for then I ſhould eſteem her

to be in perfect health, not sick, and you know that to this end I have implored your assistance: but at this present nothing less is to be feared than an accident of affection, she shunning love, and hating as a crime the Nuptial Bed: sure some envious Eye hath bewitch'd her, and I doubt not but you have power and will to break the charm: I know you love me, and I am confident your wisdom hath acquired a knowledge in all things of the World: I promised him I would do my best according as I found her Malady.

We thus discoursing, there came a Man to us in terrible haste, why *Signiors* said he, how happens it you are so slow as if you were summoned to a Battel, not invited to a Feast prepared by the noble *Theagenes*, in Honour of the Demi-Deity *Neoptolemeus*? Away, and do not make them stay for you: All the other Guests are come already: Then *Charicles* whispering me in the Ear, Here is one (said he) that invites us with a Bastinado! What a brave fellow is *Bacchus*? But let us go, for it is to be feared he will beat us if we tarry any longer. You are a merry a Man, said I, but let us away. When we were come thither, *Theagenes* placed *Charicles* next himself, and did me some honour for his sake; But why should I trouble you with the recital of the Particulars at this Feast, the Masque of the Ladies, the Musique, the *Pyrrhique* Dance of the young Gentleman in Armour, and other Entertainments wherewith *Theagenes* graced his Feast that was great,

great, and the Cover often changed and new furnished with several Services of the most Exquisite Dainties; but I will give you an account of that will best please you to hear, and me to relate.

*Theagenes* put on a Face of chearfulness, forcing himself to entertain the Company with all humanity and free discourse; but I found him presently which way he tended, when sometimes he would roul his Eyes and lift them up, sometimes fetch a deep Sigh upon the sudden, then sadly fix his Eyes upon the Earth, and presently resume a Countenance and Shew of Mirth as if he had been guilty of an Error and corrected it, and presently fall again into new changes: for the Spirit of a Man that is in Love, is like to his that is in Drink; so Flexible, so Uncertain, both alike, Floating in a humid Passion; therefore a Lover is apt and prone to be Drunk, and a Drunken Man to be in Love; but after his sad promises grew more frequent, and his Looks more constantly Sad, all the Company took notice that he was not well, insomuch as the good *Charicles* that pierced no deeper than the change and trouble of his Countenance, said to me softly in my Ear, Some envious Eye hath also beheld this Gentleman. I think it to be the same that did behold *Chariclea*, the very same by *Isis*: I replyed, you judge aright, and with great appearance of Reason; he being the fairest next to her in all the glorious Show; Thus we two whispered, and

when the Goblets were to go about, *Theagenes* drank to us although against his will, only to bid us welcome; But when it came to me, I telling him I was his Humble Servant, and would receive the Favour not the Wine, he looked upon me with sharp and fiery Eyes, thinking himself slighted; which *Charicles* perceiving, told him I drank no Wine, nor eat any thing that had been a Sensitive Creature; He demanded the cause; *Charicles* replyed, he is an *Ægyptian*, a *Nemphian*, and the Priest of *Isis*: *Theagenes* understanding I was an *Ægyptian*, and the Chief Priest, felt his Soul ravished with a present joy, as they that by Fortune find a treasure in their way; and presently setting himself upright, he called for Water, and drinking it to me, said, at least-wise, Sir, be pleased to pledge me in this Beveridge; you affect, and let this Table be the Witness of a Tye of Friendship made betwixt us: Be it so noblest *Theagenes*, I replyed, it is long since contracted on my part; and so I took the Cup and pledged him; presently they took away, and we did rise from the Table, every one preparing to go home; and *Theagenes* imbracing me with the deerest protestations of affection.

Being returned to my Lodging, I went to Bed and spent most part of the Night, not having power to close my Eyes, but tumbling and tossing with the care I conceived for the young Couple, and sifting out what the last part of the Oracle should mean; it now growing Midnight, I saw

saw *Apollo* and *Diana*, as I thought (if I did think, and did not rather truly see them) and he delivered to me *Theagenes*, the *Chariclea*; telling me it was time I should return into my Country, for so the Laws of Destiny had ordained. Go therefore, said they, and make these two thou hast received thy Companions, adopting them thy Children, and lead them out of the Land of *Ægypt*, where and how the Gods shall please: Having said this, they departed, making me know it was not the vision of a Dream, but a true Apparition. I had now got out the whole meaning of the Oracle, yet still I doubted to what People or what Country I should lead them; But how do you know Father, said *Knemon*, that it was not a Dream, but a real Vision? even so Son (he replyed) as the wise *Homer* gives it us as in a Riddle: though many slight *Enigma's*; It is a passage where he speaks of *Neptune*.

*For I his Feet and Thighs together spi'd,*
*Cutting the thin Ayr, with an easie slide:*
*The Gods may thus be truly seen and known.*

I confess, said *Knemon*, I am of the number of those many you speak of; and happily you have cited this Verse, to see how I understand it, which is in no deeper sence than the vulgar Interpretation made unto me when I first learned the Signification of Words; I am altogether Ignorant what secret of *Theology* may be Couched in it.

Then *Calaſiris* conſidering a little, and collecting all the forces of his Underſtanding, as being to ſpeak of a high Myſtery; When the Gods (ſaid he) and Divine Spirits pleaſe either to come to, or go from us, they take the ſimilitude ſeldom of Beaſts or other Creatures; but many times they cloath their Divinity with the form of Men, to be known to our fancy in the likeneſs of our ſelves, that we may rather take it for the viſion of a Dream: But though prophane Perſons know them not, yet they cannot eſcape from a wiſe Mans diſcovery, but may be deciphered by their Eyes, when they hold always fixt, and never move their Eye-lids, yet by their going they may be better known; for their pace is not made by ſtepping or tranſpoſition of the Feet, but by a certain aery violence and quick even Motion, that they rather ſail or cut, than paſs the Air. This is the reaſon why the *Ægyptians* make the *Statua's* of their Gods joyning their Feet, and as it were uniting them together; which *Homer* knowing, as being an *Ægyptian*, and inſtructed in our Sacred Doctrine, involvedly inſerted this Myſtery in his Verſes, leaving it for thoſe that could, to underſtand him. Of *Phallas*, he ſayes,

*Her ſharp Eyes ſparkled as ſhe look'd like Fire.*

*And*

And as before of *Neptune*,

*His Feet and Thighs together I eſpy'd,*
*Cutting the thin Ayr with an eaſie Slide.*

As Sailing inſtead of Going, for this is the meaning of an eaſie Slide; not as ſome wrongly interpret him, that to know the Gods was eaſie Divine. Sir, ſaid *Knemon*, You have initiated me in a great Myſtery: But having obſerved you many times in this Diſcourſe to have called *Homer* an *Ægyptian*, not being able to believe you; yet admiring what ſhould be your reaſon, I beſeech you not to paſs this undiſcuſſed. Though it be, *Knemon*, ſaid *Calaſiris*, a thing far from our intended Subject to diſpute this now, yet I will briefly touch it.

Many Countries challenge *Homer*, and every Country is a Wiſe Mans own, but the truth is, he was my Countryman, an *Ægyptian*, born in the hundred-gated *Thebes*, as himſelf names it; his eſteemed Father was the High Prieſt of that City, but his true Father *Mercury*; but the Prieſt was his ſuppoſed Father inaſmuch as his Wife ſleeping in the Temple at the Celebration of certain Ceremonies of our Country, the God lay with her, and got her with Child of *Homer*, who from his Mother Womb brought

forth a Mark of her Illegitimate Copulation; For one of his Thighs had upon it a great quantity of long Hair; and afterwards in his Travels through the World, and especially amongst the Greeks singing his Poesy, they gave him the name of *Homer*; not that it was his own Name, or the Cities, or Nations whence he was, but those that knew that privy Mark, gave him that Sirname, signifying, a Thigh: But what was his reason (Father) to conceal his Country? (said *Knemon*) Because, replyed *Calasiris*, either he was ashamed to be known for a Fugitive, for his Father had expelled him his House, when his Name was to be inrolled amongst the young Initiates that took Orders, because in the search he was found to have a mark of Bastardy; or else he did this wisely, that concealing his true City, he might challenge every City of the World for his: This you have said shews like a Truth, said *Knemon*, when I consider his Mystical Poems, that have a mixture for all sweetness and pleasure out of the excellency of Nature; and sure, they would not so excell all others if some Divinity had not been the Ground of such Perfection.

But after you had known the Gods following the mark that *Homer* gave you, what was the Sequel I beseech you?

Answerable to the promise (Friend *Knemon*.) The rest of the night I could take no Sleep, but

but lay considering and canvasing such thoughts as Night suggests. It rejoyced me that the Gods would effect my business, which as then I thought not of, and that I should expect to return into my Country; but it grieved me to think that *Charicles* should be deprived of his Daughter, and it troubled me the more, because I knew not what course to take, or how to steal away the two young Lovers; I feared our flight would not be secret, but that some accident would discover us: Then I doubted of the way, whether we should go by Sea or Land. Finally a storm of Cogitations tossed my Spirits, and I lay waking till the Morning.

It was hardly day, but I heard one knocking at the Gates, and the voice of a Page that called: One of my Servants demanded who he was that knocked so rudely, and his Business: The Page wished him to tell his Master *Theagenes*, the *Thessalian* would attend him; I was very glad of this News of *Theagenes*, and commanded my Man to wait of him in, making accompt that occasion offered it self of its own accord to deliver me of the care that troubled my thoughts, for I perswaded my self that he having heard at the Feast that I was an *Egyptian*, and a Prophet; came to me to demand my succor in his Love; being as I imagine in the same error that many fall into, who believe the wisdom of the

*Egyptians*

*Egyptians* be one; and the ſame thing wherein they much deceive themſelves; for there is one knowledge vulgar, and as I may term it, creeping on the Earth, the ſervant of Images, and buſied about dead Bodies, believing in the power of Herbs and Incantations, not tending to any good end it ſelf, nor conducting thoſe that uſe it, But lameing moſt its Precepts, and implying contradictions; the effects it produceth are ſmall and baſe, as to give Viſions of things that are not, as if they were, to fruſtate Men of their hopes; being an Art that is the Inventreſs of deteſtable things, and the Miniſter of profuſed foul pleaſures: But Son, there is another, that is real Wiſdom, and from which this Adulterate hath degenerated, and as a Baſtard falſly aſſumed the Name; whereof, we that are Prieſts, and all that deſcend of the Prophetick Line, do make Profeſſion, and are bred in; it elevates its ſelf in contemplation of Celeſtial things, converſeth always with the Gods, and participates of the Divinity; ſearching the Motions of the Stars, and delighting to fore-know the Future; making a Man a ſtranger to terreſtrial evils and vices, and conducting to the profit of humane Society; this was it that made me leave my Country for a time, to ſhun if it were poſſible the miſeries that I preſaged to my ſelf, and not to behold the Bloody Duel of my Sons. But I leave all to the Gods, and Deſtinies

ſtinies, in whoſe power it is, whether theſe Misfortunes ſhall or ſhall not happen, and that have not impoſed this Baniſhment upon me only for the cauſe that I have told you, but principally, that I ſhould meet *Chariclea*; by what means you ſhall know hereafter. Now let us return to *Theagenes*.

When he was come into my Chamber, and we had ſaluted, I made him ſit down by me upon my Bed, and queſtioned him what Neceſſity had brought him ſo early to me? But after he had held his hand upon his Face; I am infinitely troubled (he replied) but I bluſh to diſcover it, and ſo held his peace: Preſently I apprehended it was time for me to lie, and to divine what I already knew; therefore looking in his Face, and ſmiling; Though you fear (I ſaid) to expreſs your ſelf to me, yet nothing can be concealed to the Gods, and to our Wiſdom; then raiſing my ſelf a little, and counting upon my Fingers, ſhaking my Locks as thoſe that are poſſeſt with a Prophetick Spirit, I ſaid, *My Son, you love*: He ſtarted at this Oracle; but when I had added *Chariclea*, then eſteeming my knowledge to be inſpired, he would have fallen down and adored me; but I not ſuffering him, he embraced me, and often kiſſed my Hand, rendring Thanks to Heaven that he had not been deceived in his Hopes, and praying me to ſave his Life that would be but ſhort if he had not preſent help, ſo great was his Affliction, and ſo violent his Flame, being

being the first Wound that Love had given him, until the Beauty of *Chariclea* had unsouled and conquered him, and that not in regard of any natural Strength or Weakness; but that he had never till now seen a Woman worthy of his *Love*. At these words he wept, witnessing, that he was overcome not by his own weakness, but by her inevitable Force: I comforted him the best I could, wishing him only to take his wonted courage; and since he had recourse to me, he should find *Chariclea's* Beauty had not the strength to prevail against our Wisdom; for though, said I, she be very refractory, despising *Love*, not enduring to hear *Venus* named, and not without much difficulty to be drawn to submit to the Laws of Marriage; yet for your sake I will try all ways, and you shall see Art conquer Nature; be you only confident, and fail not to obey my necessary Commands: He promised to follow my Directions, though I should bid him march upon the Points of Swords.

As he was thus praying and conjuring, promising me all his Estate for a Reward, one came from *Charicles*, and told me his Master desired to speak with me; he is but over the way (he said) in the Temple of *Apollo*, where he sings a Hymn to the God to appease him, because he hath I know not how, been troubled in his Sleep to Night: I rose, and sending away *Theagenes*, made haste to the Temple, where I found *Charicles* sitting in a Chair exceeding sad, and often sighing;

I de-

I demanded what Affliction made him ſo deſolate? Alas, he replied, all this laſt Night I have been troubled with fearful Dreams, and to make my Grief the greater, I hear my Daughter is ſtill ſick, and lain waking; and it afflicts me that her Sickneſs falls in an unhappy time, becauſe to Morrow is the Day prefixed, wherein the Prieſteſs of *Diana* ought to give a Torch of Virgin-Wax to the Champions that run Armed, and to render them the Prize of the Victory; ſo that one of the two Evils muſt neceſſarily happen, that aſſiſting at that Ceremony, her Malady will be augmented, or that her Abſence will violate the Cuſtoms of the ſacred Games: therefore if this could not be done before, at leaſt apply ſome Remedy unto her, and you ſhall do a moſt charitable Office; which ſhall expreſs your Friendſhip to me, and your Honour to the Gods: I know if you pleaſe, you can eaſily uncharm her; for the Prophets of your Country can perform the greateſt undertakings. I confeſſed I had been a little ſlow, and putting it upon him as I had done upon *Theagenes*, I deſired only the ſpace of a Day, and I would in that time compoſe a Medicament ſhould heal her: But let us, ſaid I, now go to the Virgin, and conſider her more attentively, and comfort her the beſt that poſſible we can; and *Charicles*, it would be convenient you ſhould diſcourſe with her of me, and make me better known to her by your Commendations, that making me more familiar, and in greater eſteem

with

with her, ſhe may have the greater Faith in my Receipts. Be it ſo, he replied.

When we were come to *Chariclea* (why ſhould I uſe many Words?) we found her engaged deeply to affection, the Roſes and Lillies of her Cheeks were faded, and the Water of her fair Eyes had extinguiſhed the Fire that uſed to ſparkle in them; yet aſſoon as ſhe perceived us, ſhe did her beſt to compoſe her ſelf, and endeavoured to call back the accuſtomed Lovelineſs and Graces of her Beauty; *Charicles* kiſſing and embracing her, not omitting any Ceremony that endears Reſpect and Love. O Child! O Daughter! ſaid he, can you conceal the Evil that torments you from your Father? and being faſcinated, do you make it a Secret, as if you had done wrong, and not received an injury from the Eyes that have ſo maliciouſly beheld you? But reſume your Spirits; I have entreated the wiſe *Calaſiris* that you ſee here with me, to undertake your Cure, and he is able to perform it; for he (if ever any) excelleth in divine Knowledge, as being by deſcent a *Prophet*, and which is more, our eſpecial Friend; therefore you ſhall do wiſely to commit your ſelf wholly to his diſpoſing, whether he ſhall pleaſe to uſe incantation, or heal you by any other means: But I need not uſe perſwaſions ſince you naturally honour and affect the company of Learned men. *Chariclea* replied not, but only bowed her head in ſign of conſent to her Fathers Counſel.

ſel. This done, we retired our ſelves; *Charicles* renewing his Suit to me, that I would remember my Promiſe, and bethink me of a way to induce *Chariclea* to a milder Conſtruction of Men and Marriage. Thus I brought him off, and left him joyful, giving him my Word his Deſire ſhould ſhortly be accompliſhed.

THE

# THE ÆTHIOPIAN HISTORY.

## The Fourth Book.

THE next day the *Pythian* Games ended; but the Passion and Strife of the young Men grew more violent under the Empire of *Cupid*, who was their Judge, and by two Champions of his, intended ( as I believe ) to shew the World his Combate is the greatest. Thus it happened:

All *Greece* were lookers on, the *Amphyctiones* were the Judges, that is, the Deputies of every Communalty of *Greece*. After all the other Contentions were concluded with Magnificence, as Chariot-Races, Wrastling, and Quoiting of the Sledge,

Sledge, at length the Herald cried, *Let the Armed Men ſtand forth*; and preſently at the further end of the Liſts we ſaw *Chariclea* ſhining; for ſhe was come, if not willingly, yet to obſerve the Cuſtom of the Countrey, or rather in my opinion hoping to ſee *Theagenes*; in her left hand ſhe bare a burning Torch of Virgin-Wax, and in her other held forth a Branch of Palm: She no ſooner appeared, but ſhe turned all the Eyes of the Theater upon her; but I believe not any Eye out-ſtripp'd that of *Theagenes*; for the Eye of a Lover is ſwift to ſpy out her that is deſired; and he having before heard of the Ceremony, had all his Spirits ſet to watch her coming; and when he ſaw her, he was not able to contain himſelf, but ſpake ſoftly in my Ear; for he had placed himſelf next to me of purpoſe, *That is ſhe, it is Chariclea*: I bid him hold his peace, and be at quiet.

At the Cry of the Herald, one preſented himſelf in light Armor, of goodly Shape, by his Carriage appearing already as a Conqueror, and promiſing to himſelf the Prize and Victory, as having many times been Crowned in the ſame Courſe; and at that time having none to oppoſe him, as *Antagoniſt*; which cauſed the *Amphyctiones* to return him back, the Law not permitting him to enjoy the Crown that had not endured the Conflict: But he intreated the Herald might demand, if any Man would run: The Judges commanded it ſhould be ſo; and the Herald

made Proclamation, If any would run, he should come forth into the Lists. *Hearke* (said *Theagenes* to me) *That Man calls me.* I asking him what his meaning was: *It shall be so, Father,* he said; *for never shall any Man in my presence, and I looking on, bare away the Reward of Victory from the hand of Chariclea:* But, said I, you do not apprehend nor weigh the Danger and Ignominy that attends the Conquered: *Why, Father, who is he* (replied *Theagenes*) *that will so fervently contend to see and approach* Chariclea, *as to outstrip me? or to whom will her Looks give wings, and make him fly in the Ayr like me? Do not you know that Painters draw Love winged, signifying as in a Riddle, the agility of those that he surprizes? and if a man might boast himself, there is this day none that can glory to have over-run me.*

At these Words he suddenly rose, and stepp'd forth into the Lists, to make his Name be published, and the Place of his Birth; and so being engaged for the Course, he put on compleat Armor, and stood to the Barriers, so boyling with desire to run, that his impatience would hardly permit him to attend the Sound of the Trumpet: The Spectale was pleasing and conspicuous; for you would have said it had been *Achilles*, as *Homer* paints him fighting upon the Shore of the River *Scamander.*

This unexpected Champion moved all *Greece*, and they did wish the Victory to *Theagenes*, as passi-

passionately as if every one had run in his own Person; for Beauty hath a strong power to work upon the good wills of the Beholders: But above all, *Chariclea* was most troubled; and having set my self to observe her, I perceived she often changed her colour; for after the Herald had pronounced so loud as all might hear the Combatants Names, *Ormenus* the *Arcadian*, and *Theagenes* the *Thessalian*, the Barriers were opened, and the Course began so swiftly as mens dazled Eyes could hardly overtake them: Every Spectator, to whom the Event was yet in suspence, found himself full of care; but I especially that had resolved with my self to be as careful of him as of my own Son. No marvel, said *Knemon*, if those that were present found themselves troubled; for at this hour I fear for *Theagenes*, and do entreat you if he had the Victory, to keep me no longer without the knowledge. When now (*Knemon*) they had finished half their Course, he looking back, and frowning to see *Ormenus* run so near him, lifting up his Buckler and his Head, and fixing his Eyes wholly upon *Chariclea*, he shot to her as an Arrow to the Mark, and so far out-stript the *Arcadian*, as he left him many paces behind. The Space was after measured: so running to *Chariclea* of purpose, fell upon her bosom, as if it had not been in his power to stop himself; and taking the Branch of Palm, I perceived him kiss her hand.

I am glad with all my heart (ſaid *Knemon*) that he hath won the Crown and ſtoln a Kiſs; but I pray you what follows? How (ſaid *Calaſiris*) will you never be ſatisfied with hearing? have you not yet a mind to ſleep, being the Night is ſpent ſo far? Is not my Diſcourſe yet tedious? No Father (ſaid *Knemon*) I could chide *Homer*, who tells us we may ſurfeit of all things, even of *Love*; which in my Opinion admitteth no Satiety, neither in the enjoying nor diſcourſe: And who is he, unleſs he have a heart of Adamant or Iron, that would not receive Content to hear the Loves of *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, though the Story ſhould laſt a year? therefore continue it I beſeech you.

*Theagenes* (*Knemon*) was then crowned, proclaimed the Conqueror, and conducted with the glad Acclamations of the People; but *Chariclea* was then quite vanquiſhed, and her Heart more fettered in Affection than before; having the ſecond time beheld *Theagines*; for the interchanged Eyes of Lovers is a renewing of their Paſſions, and their Looks inflame their Minds, as Fire approaching to its Matter; the Maid returning home, had as ill or worſe a Night than ever; and I again was not able to cloſe my Eyes, inceſſantly plotting how we ſhould conceal our Flight, and into what Countrey the *God* would bring the two young Lovers; I conjectured we were to take our flight by Sea, gathering it out of theſe Words of the Oracle,

—*They*

*——They two shall, sayling from*
*My Temple, to a Sun-burn'd Climate come.*

But to what part of the Earth I understood not; and I saw no other means to come to the knowledge of it, unless I could get the *Fascia* that was exposed with *Chariclea*, wherein *Charicles* had told me he conceived the Discourse of her Fortune to be writ; for out of these Characters I doubted not but to get out her Country, and her Parents, which I began now to suspect, and that the Gods would send her back to them.

Next Morning, coming to *Chariclea*'s Chamber, I found others of her Friends weeping, but *Charicles* most bitterly: I asked him, what the Matter was? O *Calasiris!* said he, The Sickness of my Daughter still more and more increases, and this Night she hath rested more unquietly than before. Get you away, said I, and command the rest out of the Chamber, only let some one bring a little Lawrel, Fire and Incense, and let none trouble me before I call. *Charicles* commanded it should be so; and it was done accordingly.

Now being alone with her, I began to play my part, as a Mountebank upon a Stage; I put the Incense in the Fire, and made as if I muttered certain Prayers betwixt my Lips; I

carried the Lawrel up and down from the head to the foot of *Charicles*, and gaping over her like a ſleepy man, at length I made an end of my Pageantry; ſhe often moved her Head, and ſmiled to her ſelf, as if ſhe would tell me I was ignorant of the Cauſe of her Diſeaſe: Therefore ſitting nearer to her, Daughter, ſaid I, chear your Spirits, for yours is a common Infirmity, and the Cure eaſie; no doubt but you were faſcinated when you aſſiſted at the Proceſſion; but eſpecially when you gave the Palm to the Conqueror: I ſuſpect him that hath bewitched you, to be *Theagenes*; for I ſaw he looked fixedly upon you, and his Eyes were ſawcy with you. She replied, whether he charmed me ſo or not, well may he do; but do you know what Countryman he is, or of what Family; for I ſaw many look upon him, admiring him with a kind of an aſtoniſhment. Did not the Herald tell you that he was a *Theſſalian* (I replied) when he proclaimed his Name? and he himſelf glories to be deſcended of *Achilles*; and doubtleſs he was his Anceſtor; for he has the Stature, Form and generous Comportment of *Achilles*, only he is not ſo proud and arrogant as he; but he allays and tempers the fierceneſs of his Spirits with a mixture of much ſweetneſs; yet though he be thus excellent, I wiſh him more pain than he hath made you ſuffer by the Witchcraft of his envious Eyes.

I thank

I thank you, Father, ( she replied ) that you have compassion of my Misery; but why do you vainly wish him ill that hath done us no wrong; for I am not fascinated? sure mine is some other Sickness.

Why therefore do you conceal it (Daughter) said I, and not rather open your Infirmity with confidence, that you may receive help with speed? Am not I your Father in years, more in well-wishing? Am not I your Father's Friend, professing the same Studies, which the more indears me to him? Express your Grief, I will be faithful to you: If you will not believe my Word, you shall have my Oath: Speak boldly, and let not your Pain gather strength by your silence; for every Malady that is presently known, is easily remedied; but old Wounds are almost incurable; for Secresie is a nourishment to Diseases, whilst those that are unconceal'd, may be sure to have some help.

At these Words she pausing a little, and by her Face assuring me of much Confusion in her Thoughts; Give me time this day, she said, and then you shall know it, if already you do not, since you are a Master in the Art of Prophecy. I rose and left her; willing to give her leisure to moderate her Fears, and to contrive in what manner to express that she was ashamed to tell me. *Charicles* came running to meet me, and asked me, what I thought of his Child? O well, well; I replied: To morrow she will be delivered

of the Burthen that afflicts her, and there will be a beginning of ſomething that will give you great content. In the mean time it will do no harm if you ſend for a Phyſician. This ſaid, I made haſte away, leſt he ſhould interrogate me further.

I was gone but a little from the Houſe when I perceived *Theagenes* walking in the Cloiſter of the Temple, and diſcourſing with himſelf, as if he were highly contented only to look upon the Lodging of *Chariclea*: I turning a little out of the way, paſſed by as if I had not ſeen him; but he called to me; Save you *Calaſiris!* a Word with you; I ſtaid for you: Preſently I turning back, Lord! ſaid I, is the fair *Theagenes* here, and I not ſee him? How can he be fair, replied *Theagenes*, that pleaſes not *Chariclea*? I making my ſelf to frown, as if I were angry with him, Will you never leave, ſaid I, to diſparage me and my Art, by which ſhe is taken and compelled to love you, deſiring to have the happineſs to ſee you. What ſay you Father, he replied, would *Chariclea* ſee me? why then do you not carry me to her? and therewith he ſtarted forward; but I catching him by the Veſt, Stay, ſaid I, though you have the Crown for running, this is not a buſineſs to fall upon it like a Prey; nor is it eaſie to be compaſſed, or expoſed to him that will venture for it; but it requires deep Conſultation and great Preparatives to ſecure the doing. Do you not know that the Maids Father is one of the prin-

principal Men of *Delphos*? Do you not fear the Law, that pronounces Death upon Offenders in this kind?

'Tis no matter, he replied, Let me die ſo I may enjoy *Chariclea*; yet, if you pleaſe, let us make Suit to her Father that he will beſtow her on me for my Wife; my Affinity will be no Diſgrace to *Chariclea*'s.

We ſhall never obtain it, ſaid I; not that any thing can be reprehended or thought defective in you; but in reſpect *Charicles* hath deſtined her to his Siſters Son: He ſhall repent it whoſoever he be (ſaid *Theagenes*) for no other man ſhall ever make *Chariclea* his Bride, and I alive, having this Hand and Sword.

Away, away (ſaid I) there ſhall be no ſuch need; only be ruled by me, and do as I command you: for this time depart, and take heed you be not ſeen often in my Company, but meet me ever alone, and without Noiſe: immediatly he went away ſomething ſad.

*Charicles* met me the next Morning, and aſſoon as he perceived me, ran and caught me in his Arms, printing many Kiſſes on my Head, crying out, Of ſuch power is Wiſdom, of ſuch power is Friendſhip! the great Work is finiſhed, the impregnable is now taken, and the invincible is vanquiſhed; *Chariclea* is in Love.

Then I began to take ſtate upon me, looking ſuperfiliouſly, and walking gravely; There was no

no difficulty (said I) but that she could not hold out the first Assault; and yet I planted no great Engines against her: But *Charicles*, how come you to know she loves?

Following your Counsel (he replied:) for having sent for our principal and most approved Physitians, I brought them in to see her; promising them all my Patrimony for their Fees, if they could cure her: They asked her where her Pain held her most? but she turning from them, pronounced this Verse of *Homer*;

*Achilles the most Valiant of the* Greeks.

Then the prudent Physitian *Acestimus* (perhaps you know the man) caught hold of her Wrist, and felt her Pulse, judging thereby (as I imagine) the motion of her Heart; and after he had felt the Artery a good while, taking an exact and curious observation of her, *Charicles* (said he) you have sent for us in vain; Physick can do her no good.

O Gods! I cried, what do you say? must then my Daughter perish? Is there no hope of her Recovery?

Do not afflict your self, replied he, but hear me; and taking me aside from *Chariclea* and the rest, Our Art (said he) professeth the Cure of a distempered Body, and sometimes of the Soul; but that is only when it suffers and feels the indisposition of the Body, and that being healed,

healed, the Soul again Recovers, and is well: It is true, your Daughter is diſtempered, but not in her Body; Her Head aches not, no Feaver inflames her Blood, her Body ſuffers not by Sickneſs, neither in any part nor in the whole. I intreating him if he underſtood the Nature of her Diſeaſe, to let me know it: There is no Child, ſaid he, but may know it is a Paſſion of the Mind, and evidently the Diſeaſe that we call Love; do you not ſee that her Eyes are ſwelled, her Countenance diſcompoſed, Her Colour pale; yet ſhe complained not of any Pain in her Heart; add that her mind wanders; what falls into her thoughts ſhe ſpeaks, and cauſeleſs cares do trouble her repoſe. In ſhort, *Chericles* you muſt find out the Man whom ſhe deſires; having ſaid this, ſhe left me.

But I made all the haſte I could, to meet you my Preſerver and good *Genius*; whom both ſhe and I acknowledge to have the only power to do us good, for after I had long intreated her to tell me, what it was that troubled her; ſhe replyed, no more but that ſhe her ſelf was Ignorant, only *Calaſiris* knew a remedy for her: and ſhe Prayed me that I would ſend you to her, whence principally I conjectured ſhe was gained by the Secrets of your Wiſdom; but (ſaid I, to him) as you tell me ſhe Loves; can you tell me whom ſhe Loves? No, by *Apollo*, replyed he: For how, or whence ſhould I know that?

that? But I would give my Estate, that it were *Alcamenes* my Sisters Son; whom long since in my mind, I had designed for her Husband. I wished him that he should make a Tryal; Bring the Young Man, and shew him to her: he commended my Counsel, and presently went about it.

Not long after, he came and found me, when the Exchange was full; I have (said he) a thing to Communicate to you, that greatly troubles and afflicts me: I fear my Daughter is out of her Wits, she hath such Strange and Extraordinary Fancies. I brought my Nephew, *Alcamenes*, as you wished me; and shewed him to her in his Richest Habit: But she as if she had seen *Meduſa*'s Head, or something more formidable with a loud shrill Voice, cryed out, and turned her Face to the other side of the Chamber; putting her hands like a Cord about her Neck, threatning and swearing she would kill her self, unless I presently would take him away out of her Sight; but assoon as she could speak it, we retir'd our selves: For what should we do, seeing such a strange Absurdity? Therefore again, I am become a Suiter to you, that you will not suffer her to perish, nor me to be frustrated of my Expectation; O *Charicles!* (said I) now you have hit it, the Maid is Mad: For she is possessed and agitated by the Spirits that I have put into her, which are not of the meanest sort; but a thing that was necessarily to be done

done to force her Inclination, and make her to have a mind to that which by nature and breeding she abhorred; but sure some God opposes my Design, and countermines my Work: And therefore of Necessity, you must shew me the Mantle that was Exposed with her, which you told me you received with the rest of her things; for I much fear, that some Enemy hath poisoned it with a Charm to make her out of Love with Love; to the end that detesting Marriage, she might wear out all her life time, without the Blessing to be a Mother. *Charicles* approving my conjectures, presently brought me the Mantle; But I said, he must give me a little time to be private: he did so; and assoon as he was gone, I began without the least delay to read what was sewed in the Mantle; being formed in *Æthiopian* Characters, not vulgar, or such as the Common People use, but Royal; such as are proper only to their Princes, bearing a resemblance to those we *Ægyptians* call the Sacred or Priestly Characters; reading it, I found the Scrowl contained these Words: *I* Persina, *Queen of the* Æthiopians, *draw this lamentable Complaint for the last Present I can give to her, whom I know not how to name, and whom I can call Daughter only by the pains of Child-birth.*

I was amazed (*Knemon*) when I read *Persina*'s name, yet I persisted to read the rest, which was this;

The

The Sun who is Author of our Blood, be my Witneſs; O my Child! It is not for any Spot of Sin that I have expoſed you in your Cradle, and concealed you from your Father *Hidaſpes:* yet if you ſhall eſcape and live, thus far Daughter, let me excuſe me to you, and to him that ſhall find you, if the Gods make any one ſo happy; Be it alſo known to all ſorts of People, the cauſe that forced your Mothers Heart to leave you to the Mercy of Fortune; Our Anceſtors of the Gods are *Sol*, and *Bacchus*; of the Demi-Gods, *Perſius* and *Andromeda*, and after them *Memnon*; thoſe that from time to time have builded and enlarged the Palace of the Kings of *Æthiopia*, have enriched it with diverſe Pictures, excellent Pieces taken from the Actions and Battels they have performed, and have put their Statua's in the Galleries and Gardens with Tabels, preſenting to the Life the valorous performances both of the Gods and Men; and my own Chamber was hanged about with ſeveral Pieces of the Loves of *Andromeda* and *Perſeus*. I had been ten Years marry'd to *Hydaſpes*, without any fruit of Wedlock, yet it happened, that from a certain hour, I found my ſelf with Child; all the time till my down-lying, there were Publick Feaſts, and Sacrifices of Thankſgiving to the Gods; the King hoping for a Succeſſor to ſucceed him in his Throne: But when I brought forth thee a White Child, an unuſual Colour to the *Ethiopians*; I my ſelf

ſelf knew the cauſe; the Picture of *Andromeda* naked was before my Eyes (for then *Perſius* had newly brought her down from the Rock) Her Face being Apparelled in her ſweeteſt looks, as freed from being devoured by the Sea-Monſter. A Beauty like hers in that Table, it was my hard Fortune to conceive thee; wherefore to deliver my Dignity and Perſon from an Ignominious Death, aſſuring my ſelf thy colour would convince me of Adultery, and no Man believe me when I ſhould ſpeak the Truth of ſuch an Accident; I reſolved from the hour of your Birth, to commit you to the uncertainty of Fortune, which I imagined you your ſelf would rather wiſh than a certain Death, or the name of Illegitimate.

And ſo faining to my Husband you were born Dead, I ſecretly expoſed you, laying with you in your Cradle my beſt Jewels for a Reward to his Piety, that ſhould preſerve you, and covering you, with this Mantle, in which I have Printed with my Blood and Tears the Miſerable Relation of your Fortune and my own, that have been ſo unhappy a Mother in my firſt down-lying. But my ſweet Child, and that muſt be mine but for a little time; if you ſurvive, remember your great Birth, be jealous of the Honour of your Chaſtity, the only beſt Character of a Ladies Virtue and Spirit; imitate your Anceſtors, and following their Example, make the World

World know the Glory of your Illuſtrious Blood; particularly, remember among the Jewels I have laid forth with you, to look for a certain Ring, and keep it to your ſelf; your Father gave it me upon my Wedding Day; his Arms are herein engrav'd, the Stone is named a *Pantarbe*, conſecrated in the Collet: I uſe this way of writing, to advertiſe you hereof, ſince the Gods have denyed us any other means to ſpeak together; this may prove dumb and unprofitable unto you; it may alſo inform you, and do you ſervice; for the events of Fortune are not in the compaſs of Mans knowledge: finally, theſe Characters I have ſtained in this Mantle; O Daughter! Fair in pain; whoſe Beauty is my unjuſt Accuſer; if it happen to you, be preſerved by theſe Tokens, you will be known; if not (which Heaven keep from my knowledge) let the water of theſe Gems preſent your Mothers Funeral Tears.

When I had read this to an end, then *Knemon* I knew, not without being raviſhed with admiration, the Ordinance of the Gods, and my Soul felt a new Motion, that made Tears ſpring from my Eyes mixed with joy and ſorrow, infinitely contented to have found what I deſired; namely, the reſolution of the Oracle, but exceeding troubled that I could have no perfect knowledge of the future; complaining to my ſelf of the miſerable condition of Mans Fortune, nothing but inſtability; whereof *Characlea* appeared

to

to me a ſingular example. I wandered in a maze of thoughts, conſidering who her true Parents were, who her ſuppoſed, how far ſhe was diſtanced from her Country; having loſt her own, and being only known by a feign'd Name. To conclude, I ſtood a great while in a dull fear, having cauſe to pity and deplore her paſſed miſeries, and not daring to ſay her fortune ſhould be happy in the future; till at length collecting my reaſon, I reſolved the deſign I had undertaken, ſhould go on without delay; and coming to *Chariclea*, I found her alone, wearied with the Fight betwixt the forces of her Spirits, and the powers of Love, that made her fair Body the Field and Seat of War, which her Soul ſtriving to make good, did but the more afflict her, being not able to reſiſt the fury of the aſſailant; then I commanded thoſe that were without to wait till they were called, and not to trouble me, as if I had certain Prayers and Invocations to make for the Maids health. Now *Chariclea* (ſaid I) you have time to perform your yeſterdays promiſe, to diſcover to me what it is torments you, and no longer to conceal it from your true friend, whom it lyeth not in your power to hinder of the knowledge, though you ſhould live and dye obſtinate in your ſilence. At theſe words ſhe taking my hand, and kiſſing it many times with tears: Moſt wiſe *Calaſiris* (ſhe ſaid) Oh do me the favour to let me ſuffer my ill fortune

without confeſſing it, ſince, as you ſay, you know what troubles me; I ſhall eſteem it ſome benefit to avoid an Ignominy, by concealing that it is a ſhame to ſuffer, but more ſhame to ſpeak; and though my ſickneſs growing upon me, puts me to great pain, it is my greateſt, that I did not at firſt conquer it, but yielded to that paſſion I had all my life time in ſuch horror, as only to hear it named, I thought it a ſtain to the ſacred title of a Virgin. Then to encourage and comfort her; Daughter, ſaid I, you do wiſely to keep your reaſons ſecret, for two cauſes; for it were but ſuperfluous to tell me that, which by my Art, is long ſince known unto me; and you do your modeſty right to ſpare your bluſhes, in revealing that ought ever to be hidden deepeſt in a Maids heart; but ſince you now feel what Love is, and that at firſt ſight you were taken with the perfections of *Theagenes*, (for this I know by Revelation) know you are not alone, nor the firſt that hath been taken in this kind, but it is the common caſe of many illuſtrious Ladies, and chaſte Maids; for Love is the greateſt of the Gods, and at times hath had the Victory of them all; but now conſider where you are, and what you have to do: 'Tis true, 'tis a great bleſſing not to be in Love, but when you are once caught, it is the beſt of wiſdom to regulate your deſires, and direct them to ſome Honourable end.

These words, *Knemon*, put her all into Confusion, and I saw clearly she delighted in them, yet was anxious and troubled how she might attain her hopes. In fine, asham'd to be brought thus to her Confession, made her Cheeks die their Lilies red: And after she had a while stood mute; O Father, reply'd she, do you speak to me of marriage, and Counsel me to take my own choice, as if my Father would consent, or that my Adversary wish'd it? For the young Gentleman (said I) it is fixt; he is faster caught than you, in the same tye, and I believe, at your first interview, your Souls acknowledg'd the dignities and performances of one another, both burning in an equal Flame, which I have increas'd in him for your sake: But for him that is suppos'd to be your Father, he provides you another Husband, an acquaintance of yours, one *Alcamenes*: Let him provide (said she) my Grave for *Alcamenes*, rather than my Bed for either; *Theagenes* shall marry me, or Death: But how do you know (I beseech you) that *Charicles* is but my supposed Father: By this (said I) and showed her the Mantle: Whence had you it, and how came you by it (she demanded of me) for after *Charicles* had received me in *Ægypt* from the hands of him that bred me, having brought me I know not how into this Country, he took it from me and kept it in a Box, to preserve it from being defaced or corrupted by the injury of time? How I got it (reply'd I) you

ſhall know hereafter, for the preſent I pray you tell me if you have read the Inſcription: Confeſſing to me ſhe did not know it; I declared to her her Parents, Country and Fortunes: To conclude, entreating me to tell her the particulars, I read the whole diſcourſe to her, and did interpret it word by word: This bringing her to the knowledge of her ſelf, put greater ſpirit in her, and tranſported her with a deſire to ſee her Parents; and asking me what was beſt to be done; I began then to manifeſt my Counſel to her, diſcovering to her how all things went: I was once, Daughter, (ſaid I) in *Æthiopia*, carried thither with a deſire to gain their Wiſdom; I was there made known to your Mother *Perſina*, for that Court entertaineth Learned Men, with all Humanity, and there was a great opinion of me, for as much as I had joyned the Wiſdom of the *Ægyptians*, with that of the *Æthiopian* Sages, which is made of great authority in that Nation. But your Mother when ſhe ſaw I prepar'd for my departure home, recounted to me all your Fortune: Having firſt obliged me to ſecreſie by oath, and telling me ſhe durſt not diſcover it to her own Prieſts: She prayed me to demand of the Gods, if you were preſerv'd, and in what part of the World you lived, forasmuch as ſhe could not underſtand there was any ſuch in all *Æthiopia*, though ſhe had made curious enquiry: But the Gods having revealed all to me, I told her you were alive, and where;

ſhe

ſhe then entreated me to ſeek you out, and bring you back into your Country, in regard that ſince your birth the grief ſhe conceived for you had hindered conception in her; and that ſhe was now ready, if you could be found, to confeſs all that had happen'd to your Father, perſwading herſelf that the long time they had lived together, had ſufficiently confirmed him in her Faith by true proof; and that he would be extremely taken with unexpected joy, to leave his Scepter in the hands of his own Child. This the Queen ſaid to me, conjuring me by my Vow to her, wherein I had called the Sun to witneſs, an Oath it is not lawful for our Prieſts to violate.

This is the reaſon of my coming hither to accompliſh my Oath, though that was not the only motive of my Journey; yet, by the great providence of the Gods, in travelling hither I have found a means to diſengage me of my promiſe. You know, ſince I firſt ſaw you, I have been ever ready to do you ſervice, not omitting the leaſt occaſion to expreſs me yours, yet concealing my reaſons till occaſion would ſerve to recover this Mantle, that it might confirm your belief of my relation: Therefore it were good you would take my Counſel, before you be forced to endure, againſt your will, the Marriage of *Alcamenes*, which *Charicles* means to follow with all violence; in place whereof you may recover your Country and

Parents, and match with *Theagenes*, who is prepared to follow us into any part of the World; changing a private life in a ſtrange Country, to that of a Princeſs in your Native ſoyl, where you ſhall be Crowned, and Reign with him you love deareſt, if we may have Faith in the Gods, both in other preſages, and even in the Oracle of *Apollo*. Then I put her in mind of the tenour of the Oracle, and expounded the meaning. *Chariclea* perfectly knowing it, as being now vulgarly ſung, and every one making aſſay to interpret it. This ſtruck her ſilent again.

At length ſhe ſaid, Father, ſince you ſay, and I believe this to be the pleaſure of the Gods, what ſhall I do? You muſt make a ſhew (ſaid I) to entertain the Match with *Alcamenes*. It will be a hard thing, (ſaid ſhe) if not baſe, to prefer any one before *Theagenes*, though but in words; but ſince I have committed my ſelf to the power of the Gods and yours, Father, let me know what will be the iſſue of this Fiction, and how it may be broke before it come to the effect I fear. Let the event inform you, I replied, for there are certain deſigns, wherewith, if Ladies be unacquainted beforehand, they will fear and delay, but if they undertake them on the ſudden, they will finiſh them with a greater Reſolution. Do you follow my advice both in other things and this, and make no difficulty to accommodate your ſelf to the deſire

of

of *Charicles*, to match you with his Nephew, for be aſſured he will do nothing in it without my conſent and approbation. She promiſed it, and ſo I left her weeping. I was hardly out of the Gate. but I perceiv'd *Charicles*, hanging down his Head, as oppreſſed with extreme grief: This is a ſtrange humour, worthy *Charicles*, (ſaid I) to appear in this ſort afflicted, when you ought to fill your heart with Joy, and offer Sacrifice and Thankſgiving in the Temple, the Gods having now granted your long ſuit, and bleſſed the ſecrets of my knowledge and endeavours to her, inclining her mind to a deſire of Marriage: Lord, why ſhould you weep, I proteſt I cannot imagine the reaſon. How can I chuſe, replied he, ſince my beloved Daughter ſhall be taken out of this World, before ſhe be ſubjected to the Laws of Marriage, as you promiſe, if we may believe Dreams, both at other times and (which with terrour I remember yet) this night methought an Eagle, flying from *Apollo*'s hand, in an inſtant (alas!) ſeiz'd my poor Child, and raviſhed her from my boſom, carrying her into the fartheſt Region of the habitable Earth, full of obſcure Images and Shadows of black Men; and, which grieved me moſt, I could not diſcern what became of her, an infinite ſpace of Earth and Air interpoſing it ſelf betwixt us, ſo as the cruel Bird did overfly my ſight, and vaniſhed. When he had told me this, I preſently conceiv'd which

way the preſage tended; but to divert him from his Melancholly wherein he was drown'd, and to draw him as far as might be, from the ſuſpicion of the future; You being a Prieſt, (ſaid I) and of all his Prieſts the moſt converſant in the Myſteries of your Prophetick God, yet methinks you have not the art of interpreting a Dream; your Dream indeed preſaging to you the Marriage of your Daughter, and by an *Enigma* ſhowing to you how her Husband ſhall take her from you like an Eagle, and that with the conſent of *Apollo*, as ſending him to her from his own hand, yet you are troubled at it, and wreſt your Dream to the worſt ſenſe; therefore let us take heed our miſconjectures do not provoke the Gods, reſigning our ſelves wholly to their wills, and employing our beſt induſtry to conform your Daughter to your pleaſure.

Then he demanding what were beſt to be done to win his Daughter; If haply, ſaid I, you have yet any Jewels or rich Embroideries, or ſome Ring of a great value, let *Alcamenes* preſent them to her, as Marriage-gifts, and this will charm her to be his; then you muſt make other preparations for the ſolemnity, and make no delay, but conclude the Marriage, whilſt yet the power of my Art is working, and makes impreſſion in her Soul. Doubt not, ſaid *Charicles*, I ſhall not omit any thing in my power; and he had ſcarce ſpoken the words,

but

but he ran with joy to put them in Act, and did as I entreated him, without any procraſtination, as afterwards I underſtood, carrying to *Chariclea*, as Nuptial gifts from *Alcamenes*, not only rich Veſtures, but alſo the precious Jewels *Perſina* had put in her Cradle, when ſhe was expoſed.

But I went preſently to *Theagenes*, and asked him where his *Theſſalians* were, that did aſſiſt at the ceremony of the Proceſſion: He told me, the Ladies were gone ſoftly before, to make the eaſier Journeys; and how the young men burned with ſo great a deſire to ſee their Friends at home, as he hardly had power to ſtay them any longer: Underſtanding that, I inſtructed him what he ſhould ſay to them, and what they ſhould do, commanding him he ſhould obſerve when I would give the ſign, and then take heed not to loſe the time and occaſion offered; ſo I left him.

And going to the Temple of *Apollo*, I intended to make my Prayer to the God, that he would pleaſe, by his Oracle, to direct me what courſe I would take to convey away the two young Lovers; but the God was ſwifter than a thought, for the Heavenly powers do favour ſuch as reſign their will to theirs, though not implored; often preventing mens Petitions with their bounty; as at this time *Apollo* anticipated my demand, with his reply, making me know his pleaſure and direction; for as I

was

was haſting towards the Propheteſs, troubled in my mind how I might execute my deſign, a voice ſtayed me as I paſſed, ſaying, Do you go ſo faſt, and hear not how theſe Strangers call you? They were a company of Merchants, that to the ſound of Flutes and Hoboys, were doing Sacrifice, and celebrating a Feaſt in Honour of *Hercules*.

I ſtayed when I perceived them, for I ſhould have offended the Sacred Myſteries of Religion, to have paſſed by them without reſpect, the Divine Voice having invited me, after I had put Frankincenſe in a Thurible, and incenſed the Altar, offering a little Water, it ſeem'd they thought me very ſumptuous in my oblations, and intreated me to take part of their Banquet; I obeyed them ſo far, and when I was ſet down upon a Couch, which the ſtrangers had ſtrew'd with Myrrh and Bays, and had taſted ſuch things as I uſed to eat: Noble Gentlemen, ſaid I, you have done me the Honour to feaſt me ſo, as I cannot deſire any greater dainties, I now only long to know your Eſtate and Fortunes, therefore now it is time, if you pleaſe, to tell me who, and of what Country you are, for it would be rude, and an Incivility in me, having ſat with you at the Feaſt of a Sacrifice, and imitated Friendſhip by you, by the Communion of a ſacred repaſt, if we ſhould part without having a more particular knowledge one of the other. Then they told me they were *Phœnicians*,

*ans*, of the City of *Tyre*, by their Trade Merchants, that were then bound for *Carthage*, in *Africa*, with a Ship laded with rich Merchandiſes, they had brought out of *India*, *Æthiopia*, and *Phœnicia*; and at the preſent were Sacrificing a Feaſt to the *Tyrian Hercules*; foraſmuch as that Young Man (ſaid they, pointing to one that ſat by me at the Table) hath gain'd the Crown and prize of the Lute, and proclaim'd our City of *Tyre* Victorious among the *Greeks*. This Youth, when we had doubled the Cape of *Malea*, and by adverſe Winds, were forced to land in the Iſle of the *Cephalians*, there he proteſted to us by this God, the Patron of our Country, that he had foretold him in his ſleep the Victory he ſhould obtain in the *Pythian* games, perſwading us to turn our courſe, and Sail hither, where the effect hath proved the truth of his Prediction; and he that was but late a Merchant, is now proclaim'd a Conqueror, and now in gratitude to the God, makes him this Feaſt, for the favour of premonſtrating his ſucceſs; but to morrow morning, if the Wind ſerve, we intend to weigh Anchor. Is that your reſolution, ſaid I? They told me it was: You ſhall have me your Companion, I reply'd, if you will give me leave, for I muſt make a Voyage into *Sicily*, about my affairs, and you know thoſe that Sail for *Africa*, muſt paſs by this Iſland. If you pleaſe (ſaid they) we ſhall be happy in your Company, for we ſhall make accompt,

accompt, prosperity will attend us so long as a Wise Man, a *Grecian*, and one belov'd of the Gods, as your experience speaks you, will go along with us. I desired ( I said to them ) if you will but give me one day to prepare my self, and before I go, to give some order for my business here: You shall have all to morrow, they reply'd, provided you come a-board us soon at night, for the night is very serviceable to us, small breaths of Wind rising from the Earth, and wafting away a Ship, without moving of great Waves.

I promised not to fail, first taking their Faith by Oath, they should not loose to Sea before the time appointed; and so I left them Dancing to their Musick, that play'd quick strains like Jiggs, which they footed in the *Assyrian* garb; sometimes with little Skips capering in the Air, sometimes bending their Knees to the Earth, and skrewing their whole Bodies, as if they had been possest with some prophetick Spirit. And coming to *Chariclea*, I found her with the Jewels yet in her lap, that *Charicles* had presented her: Then I went to *Theagenes*, and having advertis'd them both what they should do; I retir'd to my Lodging, attending with impatience, the issue of my project.

The next day this happen'd. When Midnight drown'd all the Town in Sleep: A Troop of Young Gentlemen Armed, besieg'd the Lodgings of *Chariclea*. *Theagenes* was Captain of that

that Amorous War, making his Young *Theſſalians* put off their glorious habit, and put on their Armours; who ſuddenly filling the Air with cries, and terrifying thoſe that were between ſleep and wake, with the noiſe of their Shields and Swords, with Torches burning in their Hands, they brake into the Houſe of *Charicles*, eaſily forceing the firſt Gate (for the Locks and Bolts were prepared to admit them) and took away *Chariclea*, who was ready and expected them, ſuffering them to force her with her own conſent; and with the Maid, conveyed away ſuch portable Riches, as ſhe pleaſed, and returning through the Streets, they renewed their Warlike Clamours, and doubled the ſound and terror of their Arms, frightning the City almoſt out of their Wits; and chooſeing the dead of night to that end. Finally, they made ſuch a noiſe, as the Mountain *Parnaſſus* echoed, and replyed to the claſhing of their Iron: And thus marching out of the Town, they did ride upon the Spurr, to the Mountains of the *Locrians* and *Oetians*.

But *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, doing as I adviſed them, left the *Theſſalians*, and came ſecretly where I expected them: Where falling at my Feet, they trembling cry'd, Save us, Father; Father, Save us: *Chariclea* bluſhing, and bowing her Face to the Earth, as aſham'd of her new Act: But *Theagenes*, to his other Supplications, added, Save O *Calaſiris*, two Poor Strangers thy

thy Suppliants, exiled from their Country, depriv'd of their Friends: Only to purchaſe thee for all; preſerve two Poor Creatures, now expos'd to the power of Fortune; the Captives of chaſt Love baniſhed, but voluntarily baniſhed, and with joy repoſing in you all their hope of ſafety. Theſe words, *Knemon*, ſo touched me at the heart with pity, as I wept upon them with my Soul more than with my Eyes, ſo as they perceived not my ſorrow, yet I eaſed my Spirits; I did raiſe and comfort them the beſt I could: To conclude, aſſuring them of a happy Iſſue, and that I had auſpicated this buſineſs, by the Commandment of the Gods. I will now go, ſaid I, and diſpatch the reſt: Do you expect me in his place, taking a ſpecial regard, you be not obſerv'd by any. Then I was going away; But *Chariclea* caught me by a part of my Robe and ſtayed me: O Father, ſaid ſhe, this beginning were injuſtice, rather a betraying, if you ſhould go and leave me alone with *Theagenes*, not conſidering how unfaithful a Guard a Lover is, having the cauſer of his flames in his own power. Therefore I will not leave you, till for this preſent, and the time to come, you ſhall oblige *Theagenes* by vow; not to importune me, for any favour in that kind, before I do recover my Country and Parents. Or if Heaven be not ſo pleaſed, yet till ſuch time as with my conſent, he ſhall receive me for his

Wife.

Wife. Admiring the vertues of the Maid, I reſolved it ſhould be done accordingly: And making an Altar of a Table, taking Fire from the Chimny, *Theagenes* made his vow, profeſſing we had done him wrong, to cut off, by the prevention of an Oath, the voluntary intregrity of his Soul, and that he could not commend an Act done for fear, though of the Gods: Yet he did ſwear by *Apollo* of *Delphos*, by *Diana*, by *Venus* her ſelf and Love, to do nothing that ſhould diſpleaſe *Chariclea*. Thus calling the Gods to Witneſs; they accorded theſe, and other Articles betwixt them.

I holding on my courſe to *Charicles*, found his Houſe full of Tears and Tumult: Foraſmuch as the Servants of *Chariclea* had already brought him news of the carrying away of his Daughter, and Citizens came in from all parts of the Town, and flocked about deſpairing *Charicles*. In ſumm, the ignorance of what was done, and the want of Counſel in what was to be done, confuſed them all: I therefore thundering amongſt them with a loud voice; O miſerable Men (ſaid I) how long will you ſtand like ſtupid things, mute and dull, as if you were deprived of your Judgment with your Fortune? What will you not Arm and purſue your Enemies? Will you not take and puniſh them who have done you ſuch an injury? But *Charicles* replied, it were perhaps ſuperfluous and vain to ſtruggle longer with theſe diſaſters, for I

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am assured the Divine wrath inflicts this punishment upon me; when coming once at a forbidden hour into the Sanctuary of our Temple, I saw what was not lawful for Man to behold. Then the God foretold me, for my presumption I should be deprived of that was dearest to my Eyes: yet let not this hinder you to fight (as they say) with the Gods themselves, if we knew whither we should go, and who hath been so cruel to us: It was (said I) even the *Thessalian* whom you so much admired, and would needs make me acquainted with him; it was *Theagenes* and his youthful company; perhaps you may find some of them yet in Town, for sure they cannot be all departed; therefore rise and call a Council of the people. It was done so as I appointed, and the Captains sent their Men to proclaim, by sound of Trumpet, that the Townsmen should assemble: immediately the people came in, and they held a Council, by night, upon the Theatre.

*Charicles* stood forth into the middle, and presently set them all on weeping, beholding him in his Mourning, his Head and Face covered with ashes; but much more when his affliction unfolded it self in his words: Perhaps, dear Country-men, (said he) seeing me thus stand forth, you may esteem me come hither to ease my heart, and to have convoked so great an assembly to be spectators of the enormous greatness of my miseries; but this is not my meaning,

ing, for though I have often ſuſtained calamities equal with Death it ſelf, and that my Houſe is now deſerted, laid waſte from Heaven, and muſt remain deſolate ever hereafter, having loſt, one after another, all that were dear to me, and in whoſe beloved acquaintance I took the only joy of my life; yet vain hope (an error) common to all the World, makes me reſolute to be patient, and not die, yet perſwading my ſelf my Child may be recovered, but that which moves me moſt, is this City, which I deſire and expect to ſee victorious before my death, and revenged of thoſe have offered her this violence, unleſs theſe *Theſſalian* Youths have alſo raviſhed from us our generous Spirits, and our indignation for the abuſe to our Country, and our Gods protect us, for it would be a grievous heart-break to us all, if a few dancing Boys, the Miniſters of the ſacred Legation, ſhould go away with the ſpoils of the principal City of *Greece*; having robbed in my ſight, ah me, the Temple of *Apollo* of its moſt precious treaſure, my *Chariclea*. O implacable and obſtinate wrath of the deſtinies towards me, firſt, as you know, they extinguiſhed my own Daughters life even with her Nuptial Torches, then took away her Mother from me, ſeized with ſuch a ſorrow at her Death, as it coſt her preſently her life; ſoon after they chaſed me from my Country, but all this methought was ſupportable, after I had found *Chariclea*. *Chariclea* was all my

Life, my Hope, the hope of my Succeſſion. *Charielea* was all my Comfort, and, as I may ſay, my Anchor; but woe is me, this Tempeſt, whenceſoever it aroſe, hath cruelly broke all my Cables. Neither was this done ſimply and accidentally, but expreſsly to inſult over us, at ſuch an unexpected ſeaſon, taking her away from her Bed, almoſt her Nuptial Bed, as you all know, for I had publiſhed to you my intention of her Marriage.

He, ſpeaking thus, and falling from his matter into Complaints, the Provoſt *Hegeſias* cut him off, and wiſhed him to go home, ſpeaking to the People in this ſort: My Lords Aſſiſtants, and the reſt, *Charicles* ſhall have free liberty to make his Complaints hereafter when he pleaſeth; but let us not be drowned in his ſorrow, nor inconſiderately be carried away with his Tears, as with the current of a River, neglecting the occaſion, which in all things, and principally in affairs of War, is of greateſt importance; for if now from this aſſembly we would ſet forward, there might be ſome hope we ſhould overtake them, whilſt they march careleſsly, thinking us unprovided to purſue them; but if we ſtay longer to condole with *Charicles*, with feminine Faces, pitying his diſaſters, it will only remain, that by our delay, we ſhall give them means to eſcape, and our ſelves be laught at, and by Boys, which we ſhould have preſently taken, and nailed upon Gallowſes; ma-

making ſome of them ſuffer with ſuch ignominy, and transferring the diſparagement down upon their Families; which would be an eaſie thing, if we exaſperate the *Theſſalians* againſt theſe Men, ( if any of them ſhall eſcape us ) by interdicting them by our Decree, to ſend any more of their Nation to perform this Sacrifice; and ordaining, by Common Council, that hereafter the ſolemn Anniverſary of the Demi-god *Neoptolemus*, ſhall be celebrated by our ſelves at the publick charge. Whilſt they were commending his Speech, and paſſing an Act againſt the *Theſſalians*: Let it be confirmed by your ſuffrage, if you pleaſe, ſaid the Captain, that the Prieſteſs of *Diana* ſhall no more preſent herſelf to give the Palm to thoſe that run in Armour; for, as far as I am able to conjecture, it was from thence the Sacrilegious flame of his Love kindled in *Theagenes*; who, as it ſeems, ſtudied this rape from the time that he firſt ſaw her; and it will be good, for the future, to take away the occaſion from others of the like attempt.

Having obtained this, by the common conſent and vote of all the people, *Hegeſias* gave the word, the Trumpets ſounded the Alarm, and the Theatre broke up, diſſolving into a War; running confuſedly into the Field, not only ſuch as Age had ſtrengthned, and were able to bear Armour, but Boys and Youths promiſcuouſly ſupplying the default of Forces, by

the force of their Affections; bold to partake the fortune of that expedition. There were alſo multitudes of Women, that carried with greater Spirits than their ſoft Sex permitted, and taking up any Weapons that were next their hands, followed with the reſt; but in vain, for their natural debility having made them know it had not force enough, they ſaw they were fruſtrated of their deſires to revenge themſelves of the *Theſſalians*: There you might ſee old men ſtruggling with their Age, their Souls, as it were, drawing their Bodies with ſuch a promptitude, and boyling ardour, as they ſeemed to reproach and upbraid their own weakneſs; ſo paſſionate was all the Town for the loſs of *Charicles*, and as if one Spirit had moved them, they all together ſallyed forth in the purſuit, not ſo much as expecting the day-light.

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The

# THE ÆTHIOPIAN HISTORY.

## The Fifth Book.

IN this trouble and hurly-burly was the Town of *Delphos*, but whether they performed any ſervice or not, I cannot tell; for their purſuit did give me the occaſion to take my flight; ſo as taking the two young Lovers with me, I brought them down to the Port at that hour of the Night, and we went aboard the *Phœnicians*, who were ready to weigh Anchors, if we had ſtayed never ſo little longer; foraſmuch as they perceiving the day began to appear, and that we came not, they made account they ſhould not falſifie their Oaths made unto me, being to attend one day and one night

only; but we coming just upon the time, they received us with great joy; and presently cutting the Water with their Oars, they rowed out of the Haven to the Main, and then a soft Wind breathing from the Coast full upon the Poop, moved little waves, that seemed to play behind the Ship, and suffered us to pass with all our Sails spread. You would then have said, the Gulf of *Cyrrha*, the Elevation of *Parnassus*, the Promontories of *Ætolia* and *Caladonia* fled from the sight of our Vessel, that passed as nimbly as if it were flying by them; and having sail'd all the day, we came within kenning of the pointed Islands, both in name and figure, the Sun then setting.

But why am I so unseasonably tedious, and what is my reason so to forget both my self and you, as to stretch this discourse, as really to commit you to the mercy of a Sea? Let us now leave work a while, and take a little Sleep, for though you are very attentive, and resist Sleep valiantly, yet I am perswaded, *Knemon*, you cannot hold out long, the better part of the night being spent in this sad repetition; and, Child, Age lying heavy on me, and the memory of my calamities infeebling my Spirits, I must needs have a little rest. You have done well, Father, now cease, said *Knemon*, not that I am weary of the Relation, for that I should never be, though you should speak many days and nights together; there is such Magick

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in your words, and ſweetneſs, that exceeds the voice of *Syrens*.

But I have heard a kind of murmuring a good while, and a noiſe about the Houſe, and, I confeſs, it troubled me, but I was forced to be ſilent, drawn on with a deſire to hear you. I heard nothing, ſaid *Calaſiris*, foraſmuch as happily Age hath debilitated my ſence, for old Age is a malady of all the parts of the Body, principally of the Ears; and perhaps it was becauſe my thoughts were entirely fixt upon my Story, and ſure 'tis *Nauſicles*, the Maſter of the Houſe. But what (O Gods) hath he performed? All to our wiſh (ſaid *Nauſicles*) entering at thoſe words; And I know, good *Calaſiris*, you did long to hear the News, and that your Spirit was in the Field with me: I have had many proofs of your affection; and it is not the leaſt that I heard you remember me in my abſence, and wiſh my fortune; but who is this Stranger? A *Grecian*, ſaid *Calaſiris*; you ſhall know the reſt hereafter; but do not hold us longer in ſuſpence: if you have proſpered in your expedition make us partakers of your content: You ſhall hear that to morrow too, ſaid *Nauſicles*, for the preſent let it ſuffice you to know I have recover'd my *Thisbe*, much fairer than ſhe was; and ſo I leave you, for my Journey and the troubles of my mind require ſome reſt: Having ſaid this, he went to make his word good.

But *Knemon* at the hearing of the name of *Thisbe* grew very Melancholy, and began to think of former paſſages betwixt them; paſſing the night as if he had lain upon Thorns; Weeping, Sighing and Tormenting himſelf ſo grievouſly, as he awaked *Calaſiris*, though he ſlept ſoundlier than his cuſtom was; the old man raiſing himſelf, and leaning upon his Elbow, demanded what the matter was; and why he ſo diſquieted himſelf, like a Mad-man? Would it not make any man mad, ſaid *Knemon*, to hear that *Thisbe* is alive again? Who is that *Thisbe*, ſaid *Calaſiris*, how come you to know her, having heard her named? and why doth it trouble you ſo much to underſtand ſhe lives? I will tell you that another time, ſaid *Knemon*, when I make you a rehearſal of my fortunes; but for the preſent, know, I did ſee her dead before my Eyes, and with theſe two hands I my ſelf buried her in the Iſland of the Herdſmen. Sleep, Sleep, ſaid *Calaſiris*, you ſhall know to morrow how all goes. I cannot ſleep, ſaid *Knemon*; I pray you, do you take your reſt; I do not think I ſhall be able to live, unleſs I get up, and make ſome means to be more curiouſly informed whether *Nauſicles* be in an error, or whether the dead do only revive among the *Ægyptians*: At this *Calaſiris* ſmiled, and fell aſleep again.

But *Knemon* went out of the Room very gingerly, and ſoftly, as was fit, being in the dark,

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in a ſtrange houſe; but he was content to venture, longing to free himſelf of the fear and ſuſpicion he conceived of *Thisbe*; till at length, though it was long firſt, groping and turning about, paſſing and repaſſing the ſame places, as if they were different, he heard a Woman, like a Nightingale in a Cage, with ſoft and lamentable accents, complain of her hard fortune; and laying his Ear to the crevice of the door, he diſtinguiſhed theſe words;

Poor miſerable, I thought my ſelf ſafe out of the hands of Thieves, and that I had eſcaped the horror of a Bloody death, which I expected, hoping to paſs the reſt of my life with my Beloved, which, though it had been the life of a ſtranger and a wanderer, yet living with him it had contented me; for there can be nothing ſo rigorous, or full of moleſtation, that his ſweet preſence will not make ſupportable; but the yet pityleſs Deſtiny, that hath perſecuted me from my Birth, having once more flattered me with hope, hath again deceived me. I eſteemed my ſelf free from ſervitude, and behold I am a Slave again: I imagined I ſhould be no more a Priſoner, and I am as ſtraitly kept as ever before: I was environed in an Iſland, envellopped in darkneſs; the eſtate of my preſent Fortune reſembles my late Miſery, or rather is more wretched, ſince he is forced from me, that by his conſolation would and could ſweeten any bitterneſs: The laſt day the

Cave

Cave of the Thieves was my Retreat; and what was it but an Abyſs, a Hell, or properly a Grave; and yet the preſence of my Love made it a ſweet place; there he mourned for me, living, believing me to be dead; and weeping for me, as murdered by the hand of a cruel Enemy; but now, alas, I am deprived of ſuch comforts, the companion of my miſeries is periſhed, that did bear grief with me, as a common burden; and I am left alone, forſaken, a Captive, wretched, every way expoſed to the cruel mercy of Fortune; only contented not to die, becauſe I hope my deareſt Friend yet lives; but, O my Soul, where are you now, or what new accident befals you! are you, ah me, a Slave, as I am? is that free and generous Courage (patient of any Servitude but that of Love) now made a Captive? yet Love whatſoever you indure live ſtill, and hope at length to ſee your *Thisbe*, for ſo you muſt call me, though I know it is againſt your will. *Knemon* was no longer able to contain himſelf when he heard this, and had not patience to ſtay the reſt, at firſt ſuſpecting her for another; but in the end of her Speech concluding her to be *Thisbe*; he had much ado to keep himſelf from falling down almoſt at the door.

But he held out the beſt he could, and for fear ſome of the Houſe ſhould take him there (for now the Cocks had crowed the ſecond time) he ran away, ſometimes breaking his Shins againſt

gainſt the Stools that ſtood in his way; ſometimes running his Face againſt the Wall, and now ſtumbling at a Threſhold or Door Poſts: In the end he got to his Chamber where he preſently caſt himſelf upon the Bed, where he began to tremble and his Teeth to chatter, in ſuch ſort, as he had been in danger of his Life, unleſs *Calaſiris* had inſtantly been aware of him, and cheriſhed and comforted him, making him come to himſelf again: And after *Knemon* began to breathe again, *Calaſiris* ask'd what had frighted him; I am loſt he reply'd, for it is true the wicked *Thisbe* is reviv'd: And when he ſaid this, he fell into a ſwound again, and the Old Man took a great deal of pains again, while he endeavour'd to recover him; it was evidently ſome God that took a delight to play with *Knemon* (as all things in the World, is only their game and mockery) and would not permit him to enjoy without grief, the ſweets of his deſire, but mixed with bitterneſs, that which preſently after was to give him the height of his content, foraſmuch as happily they intended to ſhow what was their cuſtom, and it may be the reaſon of it is that humane nature is not capable to receive a ſimple joy without ſome allay, as may be judged by this Example of *Knemon*, who at that time fled away from the object he moſt wiſhed, and was frighted with the ſweeteſt accent could befal him; for the Woman that he had heard lamenting was *Charicles*, and not *Thisbe*, and thus it came about. After

After *Thyamis* was faln alive into the power of his Enemies, that he was taken Priſoner, and that the Fire had reduc'd all the Iſland to Aſhes, and unpeopl'd it of the Herdsmen. *Knemon* and *Thermutis*, the Page of *Thyamis*, ferry'd over the Lake in the morning to venture as Spies among their Enemies, to get knowledge of the eſtate of their Captain: The events of their journey you have heard before, but *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* remain'd alone in the Cave, reputing the delay of miſery as a great good Fortune, for then finding themſelves free without any perſon to trouble them, they imbraced, gave and received ſo many mutual Kiſſes, as falling into a languiſhing oblivion, they remain'd along time as if they would have grown into one body, yet feaſting themſelves with chaſt and pure delights.

But at length the care of their affairs return'd into their memory, and neceſſity conſtrained them to give over their Careſſes. *Theagenes* beginning in this ſort to ſpeak; Our chiefeſt wiſh, and our continual Prayer to the Gods of *Greece*, my fair *Chariclea*, is, That they will permit us to paſs the courſe of all our years together, and to enjoy the happineſs we prefer before all others; in hope whereof we have ſuſtained ſo many evils. But foraſmuch as the condition of all Worldly things is variable and ſo unſtable, as that we ſee inclineing one way, in a moment we perceive changed to the contrary, we have already ſuffer'd much

and

and are yet to expect more misery, being to go to the Town of *Chemis* as we have promis'd *Knemon*: And what will here befal us, Heaven knows! and from thence questionless it will be a mighty journey ere we shall arrive in the Country we are bound for; therefore I think it would be good we should agree upon some Cyphers or Privy tokens, by means whereof, when we are together, we may secretly interchange the expression of our minds, and find out one another, if by Fortune we should be separated; for the best guide after one hath strayed, is the memory of some marks he hath taken of his Friends. *Chariclea* approv'd his invention, and they agreed, in case they should be parted, That upon all the famous Temples and Statua's, Images and Stones in cross ways, he should write *Pythias* and *Chariclea Pythia*, expressing whether they were gone to the Right or the Left, into what Town, Village or Country, adding the day and hour; but if by chance they did meet, it would suffice that one should but see the other; forasmuch as time would never deface those amorous marks that were imprinted in their Souls: Yet *Chariclea* shewed him her Fathers Ring that was exposed with her; and *Theagenes* let her see a White Scar upon his Knee, given him by a Wound he receiv'd fighting with a Wild Boar; and so they resolved there should be secret words betwixt them; hers was the Torch, his the Palm. In confirmation of this agreement,

ment, they imbraced and wept again, pouring (as I conceiv'd) their tears, inſtead of offrings, and ſealing to it with Kiſſes in the place of vows.

This done, they went forth of the Cave not touching any of the Treaſure there incloſed, for they eſteem'd Riches gather'd by Robberies, as a polluted thing, but they took again their own which they had brought from *Delphos*, and been depriv'd of by the Thieves: *Chariclea* changing her habit, and putting her Jewels, Crown and Sacred Robe in a little Knapſack; to diſguiſe her ſelf the more, ſhe went in a poor Gown, and gave *Theagenes* her Bow and Quiver to carry; a carriage that was ſweet and ſuitable to him, being Cupids Arms, the God that had made him a vaſſal to his Empire.

Being now come to the ſide of the Lake and about to take Water, they perceiv'd a Troop of Armed Men paſſing over to the Iſland, a ſight that ſo troubled them, as they remain'd a great while loſt in aſtoniſhment, as if the Injuries of Fortune raged inceſſantly upon them. At length the Souldiers being almoſt arriv'd, *Chariclea* ſaid, it was beſt to fly and return to the Cave and there to conceal themſelves; and as ſhe ſpake ſhe fled, but the ſtay of *Theagenes* detained her: How long, ſaid he, ſhall we fly our Fate, that every where purſues us? No, no, let us yield to Fortune, and not oppoſe our ſelves to her violence that breaks in upon us; what

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ſhall we gain by it, but vain errour and a wandring Life, and to be inſulted over by new miſery from time to time? Alas, do you not ſee how to our baniſhment Fortune hath added the Robberies of Pirates, ingag'd us in all the dangers of the Sea, and contended with great induſtry, to make us more miſerable by Land? hath ſhe not expos'd us to the danger of War? ſubmitted us to the mercy of Thieves? A while ſince we were Priſoners ſubject to the pleaſure of another; then we were left alone depriv'd of all company; then ſhe made a ſhow to give us our Liberty; and now ſhe ſends theſe Murderers to make an end of all; in ſuch a War ſhe plays againſt us, making us her Scene of Mirth, her Comedy, or rather Tragedy. But why do I not then abbreviate this Lamentable Hiſtory of our Loves, and deliver our ſelves into the Hands of our Murderers, leaſt if ſhe ſtudy to make the end of her play inſufferable, we be forced with our own hands to kill our ſelves? *Chariclea* conſented to one part of what *Theagenes* ſaid, but not to all; telling him he had great reaſon to complain of the cruelty of fortune; but for all that, it were not well adviſed to yield themſelves voluntarily to their Enemies, being they were not ſure thoſe Men would kill them, when they had them in their power: Neither was it likely they had ſo gentle a deſtiny as would grant them a ſpeedy death, and free them from their calamities; but it might be, they ſhould be reſerved for Slaves;

and

and what Death, ſaid ſhe, can be ſo cruel as the condition of ſuch a Life, to be expoſed to the fatal indignities of barbarous and wicked Villains? which let us decline by all means, and to our uttermoſt power, meaſuring hope and ſucceſs by the experiment of our paſſed accidents, ſince we have often, and now lately, eſcaped alive, more incredibly as from greater dangers.

Let us do as it pleaſes you, replied *Theagenes*, and ſo followed, as if ſhe had drawn him after her, but they could not reach the Cave in time; but while they only regarded thoſe that came to them in front, they perceived not themſelves to be incloſed by another company of Souldiers, that had landed in another part of the Iſland; at laſt falling upon theſe, they ſtayed in a maze, eſpecially *Chariclea*, who fled into the Arms of *Theagenes*; if ſhe were to die, deſiring to die there: Some of theſe that invaded them, lifted up their hands to ſtrike them down; but after the young Lovers had looked upon their Enemies, their ſpirits fail'd them, and their hands were benummed; for even the barbarous, as it ſeems, do bear reſpect to Beauty; and thoſe Nature hath indued with perfections, do mollifie the Eyes and Hearts, that are by Nature fierce and bloody. Having taken them, they preſently conveyed them to their Captain, ambitious to be the firſt that ſhould bring him the faireſt ſpoils: And indeed this was all they were

were likely to preſent him, for when they had run all over, as if they would have put a Net about the Iſland, no one elſe could find any thing, for all the Iſland was burnt in the former War, only the Cave remained, and that they knew not. Then the Souldiers led them to their General, whoſe Name was *Mitranes*, Captain of the Garriſons to *Oroondates*, who adminiſtred the Government of *Ægypt*, as the Great Kings Lieutenant; and for a great ſumm of Money given him by *Nauſicles*, had enter'd the Iſland with him to recover *Thisbe*.

Now after *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, often invoking the aid of their good Genius, were brought ſo near that *Mitranes* might diſcern them, *Nauſicles*, that ſtood by him, adviſing himſelf of the right trick of a Merchant, active in matter of profit, ſtepped forth, and running to *Chariclea*, cryed with a loud voice, Behold my *Thisbe*, the very ſame thoſe wicked Rogues, the Herdſmen, took from me. But now, *Mitranes*, by your favour and the Gods, I ſhall recover her; then he ſeiz'd upon *Chariclea*, feigning to receive great contentment; and whiſpering in her Ear, in *Greek*, that the reſt ſhould not underſtand, wiſhed her to confeſs her name was *Thisbe*, if ſhe deſired to be ſafe: His Sophiſm had the ſucceſs he hoped for, for *Chariclea* hearing him ſpeak *Greek*, and conjecturing the Man intended her ſome good, accommodated herſelf to his intention; and being

demanded her Name by *Mitranes*, ſhe ſaid ſhe was called *Thisbe*. Then *Nauſicles*, with open Arms, ran to embrace the Neck of *Mitranes*; many times kiſſing his Head, and admiring his good fortune, puffed up with vanity the heart of the *Barbarian*; telling him, it appeared that his other Exploits in War were great, ſince he had ſo happily conducted the preſent enterpriſe. The Captain, blown up with a flattery of his praiſes, and deceived by a falſe name, though he was amazed to behold ſo much Beauty in ſo poor Clothes, ſhining, like the Moon, behind a Cloud, notwithſtanding the levity of the mans Spirit, was caught with the ſuddenneſs of the Plot, and could not for ſhame refuſe to give her to *Nauſicles*; Take her, ſaid he, ſince it is ſo that ſhe is yours; I have recovered her for you, do with her what you pleaſe: And at theſe words delivered her into his hands, looking continually towards her, and manifeſting it was againſt his will, and for the Money he had taken, that he yielded poſſeſſion of the Maid: But this (ſaid he, pointing to *Theagenes*) whoſoever he be, he is our Priſoner, and ſhall follow us, with a Guard upon him, to be ſent to *Babylon*; for the ſhape of his Body is ſo fair, as he is worthy to ſerve at the Kings Table: Things thus ordained, they paſſed the Lake, and then were the Lovers ſeparated; *Nauſicles* with *Chariclea* returning to his Houſe at *Chemmis*; and *Mitranes*, with his Men, viſiting

ſiting other Towns that were under his command, without delay diſpatched *Theagenes* with Letters to *Oroondates*, who was then at *Memphis*. The tenour of his Letter was this:

The Captain *Mitranes*, to the Vice-Roy *Oroondates*.

*I Send you a young* Grecian *we have taken, that merits noblier than to be my Servant; and, in my opinion, is worthy to wait only in the preſence of the Great King, our God; affording you hereby the means to ſend a preſent to our Maſter, ſuch as the Court never yet beheld, nor ſhall ever hereafter ſee the like.*

But before it was clear day, *Calaſiris* and *Knemon*, hoping to inform their ignorance, came to *Nauſicles*, and demanding what he had done; he related all the paſſages how he had paſſed into the Iſland, how he had found it deſerted, at firſt not encountring any perſon, and how he had ſubtilly abuſed *Mitranes*, receiving a Young Maid as if ſhe had been *Thisbe*, that by good Fortune appear'd in the Iſland, and was ſo fair, as ſhe would be much more advantageous to him, than if he had found *Thisbe*: For there was no leſs difference betwixt them, than in the comparing of a Goddeſs to a Woman; that he had never ſeen a Beauty ſo perfect, but it was much below this Strangers; and that he had not

words ſufficient to expreſs it; neither was it needful, ſince he would ſhow her to them. When they heard this, they began to ſuſpect who ſhe was, and were very earneſt with him to command, the Maid might be preſently brought in, for they knew it muſt needs be the ineffable Beauty of *Chariclea*: Who being come before them, was veiled to the Eyes, and thoſe ſhe bowed to the Earth; till *Nauſicles* aſſuring her there was no cauſe of fear, ſhe lifted up her Eyes a little, ſeeing and being ſeen, contrary to all expectation, immediately the three fell a weeping; and as if there had been a ſign amongſt them, or that they had all received one wound, were loud in their paſſion, nothing being heard from them, but O Father, O Daughter, my true Child *Chariclea*, not *Knemon's Thisbe*. This amazed *Nauſicles*, ſo far as he had not a word to ſay, when he ſaw *Calaſiris* embracing *Chariclea* with tears, not knowing how this mutual Knowledge came about, being like the meeting of Friends in a Comedy upon ſome ſtage; till *Calaſiris* kiſſing him for joy, ſpake to him thus:

Beſt of Men, may the Gods ever grant the ſucceſs you deſire, and amply ſatisfie your wiſhes; you are the preſerver of my never-hoped Daughter, and it is by your means I now enjoy her ſight, the ſweeteſt object of the World: But, O my dear Child, O *Chariclea*, where have you left *Theagenes*? At this demand

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ſhe wept, and for a while being not able to bring forth a word, at length ſhe replied, He is taken Priſoner, and he, whoſoever he is, that delivered me to this Man, hath led him Captive. Then *Calaſiris* deſired *Nauſicles* to declare to him what he knew touching *Theagenes*, and who he was that had him in his power, and to what place he was led Captive. *Nauſicles* underſtanding theſe were the ſame the old man had ſo often mentioned to him, told him the ſumm of all; but he added, That knowledge would not at all advantage poor men, for he could hardly believe the offer of a great Ranſom would redeem him from *Mitranes*. We have Money, ſaid *Charicles* ſoftly to *Calaſiris*, promiſe what ſumm you pleaſe; I keep ſtill the Jewels you know, and have them about me: This put Spirit into *Calaſiris*, but fearing *Nauſicles* ſhould enter into ſome ſuſpicion what it was that *Charicles* ſpake of; Good *Nauſicles*, ſaid he, a wiſe man never wants, but is ever as rich as he can wiſh himſelf, for the Gods will ſend him as much wealth as he judges to be fit to demand of them; therefore only ſay where he is that detains *Theagenes*, and the Divine Bounty will not fail, but will furniſh us with as much as ſhall ſerve to content the *Perſian* avarice. At theſe words *Nauſicles* could not chuſe but ſmile; And you will then (ſaid he) make me believe that it is poſſible for you to grow rich of the ſudden, as if it were by

the turning of an Engine: If you will first pay me down a ranſom for your Daughter, for you know well the *Perſian* and the Merchant only ſtudy for their gain: I know it, ſaid *Calaſiris*, and you ſhall have it as it is good reaſon; but why are you ſo free, that amongſt all your other benefits you will alſo anticipate our Suit, and are pleaſed of your own accord, to propoſe the reſtitution of my Daughter. I will only firſt intreat your leave, to make my Prayers to the Gods: With all my heart, ſaid *Nauſicles*, I my ſelf am now going to offer Sacrifice, I ſhall deſire your preſence there, and that you will pray the Gods to ſend me riches, and receive for your ſelf, that which I have in preſent: Do not you mock me nor be incredulous, ſaid *Calaſiris*, but go before and prepare the Sacrifice; and when all things are ready, I will come. He did ſo, and a while after a Servant came from *Nauſicles*, to wiſh him to make haſt to the Temple, and they (for now they had contrived how they would have it) went thither joyfully with *Nauſicles*, and the reſt of the invited men; for he had provided a publick Sacrifice, and *Charicles* with the Daughter of *Nauſicles*, and other Women that had eſſayed to flatter her ſorrows, with many conſolatory words, and had intreated her to go along; but I believe they had never prevail'd, if by Fortune it had not come into her thoughts, that under pretext of the Sacrifice, ſhe might make her Prayers to the Gods, for the ſafety of *Theagenes*. Being

Being now come to the Temple of *Mercury*, (for *Nauſicles* Sacrific'd to him as the God of the Exchange and Merchants) *Calaſiris* a while comtemplateing the entrails of the Beaſt, by the changes of his countenance, made them evidently know the Gods foretold him many ſtrange adventures, intermixt with Joy and Sorrow. Then putting his Hands upon the Altar where the fire of the Sacrifice yet burned, and feigning to draw out of the middeſt of the flame, that which he had before prepared about him; Behold ſaid he, O *Nauſicles*! what the Gods ſend you by us, for the ranſom of *Charicles*: And with thoſe words preſented him a certain Princely Ring, a rare and divine thing, it ſeem'd the circle was of Amber, and within the Collet was ſet an *Æthiopian* Amethyſt, glorioufly ſparkling, of the bigneſs of the eye of a Young Maid, much ſurpaſſing in Beauty thoſe that come from *Spain* or *Britain*, for thoſe are of a faded red that hath no ſplendour, and reſembles Roſes blowing from their buttons; when the beams of the Sun begin firſt to ſet, bluſhes on them: but the *Æthiopian* Amethyſt hath a fire ſparkling from the bottom of the Stone; which if you turn it in your hand, caſts a beam of Gold before your Eyes: Not ſuch as dazleth the ſight with too flaring brightneſs, but clears it with a pure and delicate light: This in the natural propriety is of much more power than thoſe of the Weſt, for it doth not challenge its name faſly,

but really, keeps the wearer ſober at all Feaſts; All the Amethyſts that come from the *Indies*, or *Æthiopia*, have the like virtues, but that which *Calaſiris* preſented to *Nauſicles*, was yet more precious: For it was ingraven with the Figures of living Creatures to the Life.

There you might ſee a little Boy feeding Sheep, ſtanding upon a Rock, that was not very high, to look about him, as from a little watch Tower, making his Sheep feed with the Muſick of his Pipe; and you would ſay, that his Flock liſten'd, and went forward to the Cadence as he ſounded: Some would conceive them to have Golden Fleeces; not that Art ſo adorn'd them, but it was the proper colour of the Amethyſt ſhineing upon their Backs. There were the Figures of young Lambs, ſeeming to make little Skips: Some that ran in Flocks towards the Rock; others that went circling about it, making the Rock a Paſtoral Stage: Some appear'd playing in the flame of the Amethyſt as in the Sun; and in leaping, ſcraped the Stone a little, only with the tips of their Feet. But thoſe that were the livelieſt of them, you would have thought, their leapings would have broke the Border of the Stone; but that the induſtry of the Workman had kept them off; parking them in with a Golden Pale that went about the Rock, which was a true Rock, not an imitation. For the Workman had reſerv'd a corner of the Amethyſt to make it: Serving himſelf with a native

native thing, to repreſent that which he meant to counterfeit, for he eſteemed it ſuperfluous, that a Stone ſhould be feigned in a Stone, ſuch was the Ring and Sculpture.

But *Nauſicles* was much amazed with the unexpected accident, and overjoyed with the great value of it, eſtimating it no leſs than all his Riches. Believe me (ſaid he) good *Calaſiris*, I did but jeſt, not ſpeak ſeriouſly, when I demanded the Ranſom of your Daughter, for my meaning was to reſtore her freely to you; yet in regard the gifts ſent us by the Gods (as you wiſe men ſay) are not to be refuſed, I receive this Stone, as ſent from Heaven, believing aſſuredly, that *Mercury*, the beſt of the Gods, and my Patron, according to his cuſtom, hath furniſhed you with this Preſent for me, from the Fire, for you may ſee the Flame is in it yet; beſides, I muſt needs eſteem that gain moſt honeſt, which, without the leaſt endamaging of the giver, enricheth the Receiver. At theſe words the Sacrifice being ended, *Nauſicles* invited all the Aſſiſtants to ſit down to the Feaſt, commanding the Tables ſhould be covered apart for the Women in the heart of the Temple, and in the Porch for the Men. After they had eaten liberally, and the Cloth was taken away, and that, according to the faſhion, the Cups for drinking Healths were ſet upon the Table, the Men invoked *Bacchus*, drinking in honour of him, and ſinging to him the uſual Catch,

Catch, that is ſung to the *Boone Voyage*, when they go aboard; and the Women danced to the Tune of a Hymn, compoſed in the praiſe of *Ceres*. But *Chariclea*, retiring herſelf, conſidered of her affairs, offering her Devotions for the life and ſafety of *Theagenes*; and now the drink began to heat the company, every one preſenting his ſervice to his friend in Wine; when *Nauſicles* holding out a Vial of pure Water; Honeſt *Calaſiris*, ſaid he, I drink to you, ſince it ſo pleaſeth you, in this cold Nymph, that is no companion for *Bacchus*, but for Nymphs and Virgins; but if you pleaſe to pledge us in the Relation we ſo much deſire, you ſhall chear our Spirits with the beſt Beveridge: Do you not hear how the Women, to lengthen out the Feaſt, and to avoid drinking, are fallen to dancing; as for us, the diſcourſe of your Voyage will be a noble entertainment for us after our Feaſt, ſweeter than any Dance or Muſick; and ſince, as you know, you deferred it before, when it might put you in mind of your diſaſters, then new, and ſuch as drowned your Soul in griefe; now you cannot put it off to a more convenient time, ſince at this preſent one of your Children, your Daughter, is ſafe before your Eyes; and you ſhall ſee your Son, by the favour of the Gods, ere many days be paſt, if you do not anger me by deferring again the relation of your Fortunes.

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The Gods, O *Nauſicles*, ſaid *Knemon*, then give to your heart the effect of your deſires; ſince having ſent for all ſorts of Muſick to your Feaſt, now neglect them for the preſent, and leave them to ſuch as have more low affections in their Souls, while you are covetous to hear ſacred and myſtical things, mingled with a kind of a divine pleaſure; wherein, I obſerve, you well know the power and nature of the Divinity, placing *Mercury* next to *Bacchus*; and ſo mixing with the delights of Feaſting, the content of ſweet diſcourſe; and therefore, though I juſtly admired the ſplendour and preparation of your Sacrifice; yet I cannot believe it is poſſible to pleaſe *Bacchus* more than at a Feaſt made in his honour, to bring in the recital of ſome fine ſtory, Speech being his proper Symbol.

*Calaſiris* obeying their deſires, recounted the entire Hiſtory unto them, as well to gratifie *Knemon*, as to oblige *Nauſicles*, for the affairs he was ſhortly to have with him: He then told them his Fortunes from the beginning, repeating ſummarily, and in few words, the chief heads of what he had ſaid before to *Knemon*; and purpoſely paſſing over many things that he held not neceſſary *Nauſicles* ſhould underſtand, but that which was not as yet related, and depended upon the premiſes, he continued in this ſort;

After they were fled from *Delphos*, and imbarqued in the *Phœnician* Ship, they Sailed at firſt as they could wiſh, being wafted with a ſoft breath of wind full in the Poop, but when they fell into the Streights of *Caladonia*, they were greatly troubled, the Sea in that place being naturally unquiet, and ever turbulent.

But *Knemon* ſtaid him here, entreating him to paſs no further, without telling them the cauſe (if haply he knew it) why the Sea in that place is continually in ſuch violent agitation.

The *Ionian* Sea, replied *Calaſiris*, being there, from a large and ſpacious Main contracted to a Streight, and pouring it ſelf into the Gulph of *Criſa*, as through a narrow Flood-gate, haſting to mix with the *Ægean* Sea, meets with the *Iſthmus*, or neck of Land, in *Peloponneſus*, that beats back its waves, hindring their impetuoſity, doubtleſs by the Providence of Heaven, which ſet that promontory to break the violence of the Streights, leſt they ſhould overflow the oppoſite Shore; and hence, as it is probable, comes the turbulency of this Sea, the waves being more preſſed together in this than any other place of the Gulph; foraſmuch as the Stream that flows in, and the Waters that flow back, encountring and beating one another, makes the billows boyl, and, by their concuſſion, covers all the Sea with a foam, no leſs than in a violent Tempeſt.

All

All the company having with praiſe and applauſe allowed his reaſons, *Calaſiris* thus purſued the ſeries of his diſcourſe.

After we had paſſed other Streights, and loſt ſight of thoſe that are named the acute or pointed Iſlands, it ſeemed to us we ſaw the Promontory of the *Zacynthians*, like a Cloud in the Air, ſo far off as our Eyes could hardly diſcern it. Then the Pylot commanded them to hale in the Sails, and we demanding what his meaning was to ſlack his courſe, ſince the wind was favourable; becauſe (replied he) if we go with full Sail, we ſhall arrive at the Iſland about the firſt watch of the Night; and it is to be feared, leſt in the dark we ſhould run upon the Rocks, which lie hid with the Sea in many places thereabouts; therefore it were beſt to paſs this Night upon the Main, where we have Sea-room, and to take no more wind than will ſerve to bring us to land about the break of day. Thus ſaid the Patron, but yet, *Nauſicles*, it was not done, for the Sun was riſen before we caſt our Anchors; thoſe of the Iſland that lived about the Port, being not far diſtant from the City, ran in from all parts to behold us, as to ſome new and ſtrange Spectacle, wondring (as we conceived) at the ſerviceableneſs of our Ship, that was ſo fair, ſo tall, and yet ſo light, admiring therein the workmanſhip of the *Phœnicians*, and telling us we had unuſual and incredible fortune, to ſail ſafe

in

in the midſt of winter, when the *Pleiades* were ſet. All the reſt of our Mates, while the Sailors were looſing of the Tacklings, went aland, and ran into the City to traffick with the *Zacynthians*.

But I (having heard the Pylot ſay we ſhould winter in that Iſland) went along by the Sea-Coaſt, to enquire out ſome poor Lodging for us, not being willing to remain in the Veſſel, but avoiding it, for the trouble of the Mariners, as an inconvenient Lodging; and ſhunning the Town, as unſafe, for concealing the flight of the two young Lovers. I had not gone far, but I ſaw an old Fiſherman ſitting before his door, mending his Broken Nets; and approaching him, I ſaid; Save you, honeſt man, I pray you tell me if there be a Lodging to be taken hereabouts? It was about yonder Promontory, replied he, that I caſt this Net yeſterday, upon a Rock covered with the Water, and ſo tore it as you ſee; I do not ask you that, ſaid I, but you ſhall do an office of humanity if you will receive me into your houſe, or ſhew me ſome other place, where I may lodge. It was not I, ſaid the good man, I was not in the Boat, Heaven forbid *Tyrrhenus* ſhould miſtake ſo groſsly, or that Age had ſo much infeebled his Brain: It was the fault of my Boys, that, ignorant of the places where the Water covered the Rocks, caſt their Nets where they ſhould not.

At length perceiving he was ſomewhat deaf, I began to ſpeak more loud. It was Good morrow to you that I ſaid, and my requeſt was, You would ſhew me and my company, being Strangers, ſome houſe where we may ſojourn. The Gods conſerve you alſo, he then replied, if it pleaſe you to take ſuch poor entertainment as I am able to give you, you ſhall be welcome to me, unleſs you be ſome of thoſe that look for Houſes furniſhed with fair Beds, or have many followers: After I had told him we were but three, my two Children and my ſelf; It is a good number, replied he, you ſhall find but one more with us, for I have two Children yet at home, ( their elder Brothers are married men, and houſe-keepers themſelves ) and the fourth is the Nurſe of my Children, for their Mother is lately dead; therefore, Sir, make no delay, and doubt not but we will receive you joyfully and chearfully, I having known as ſoon as I heard you ſpeak, you were a Gentleman, by your faſhion.

I did ſo, and immediately coming with *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, the good man *Tyrrhenus* entertained us with a very good will, and gave us the better and warmer part of his Houſe: And indeed at the beginning we paſſed the Winter contentedly, remaining all the day long together, never parting but at the hour of Bed-time. *Chariclea* did lie with the Nurſe, *Theagenes* and I in a room by our ſelves; and in another little Cham-

Chamber *Tyrrhenus* and his Children. We ſate all at the Table together, which we furniſhed with all Meats but Fiſh, wherewith *Tyrrhenus* abundantly ſupplied us from the Sea. Sometimes Fiſhing alone, ſometimes to paſs the day we helped him. He was a Maſter of his Trade, and knew how to Fiſh in divers manners, according to the diverſity of the ſeaſon. He never caſt his Nets, but he drew them full, ſo as many attributed that to good Fortune, which ought to have been aſcribed to his Art and Experience.

But once unhappy, and ever unhappy (as they ſay.) Neither could the Beauty of *Chariclea* remain in this Solitude without Trouble and Misfortune, for the young *Tyrian* Merchant that had obtained one of the Prizes in the *Pythian* Games, and with whom we had imbarqued our ſelves, did grievouſly moleſt me with his continual importunities, that I would give him *Chariclea* in Marriage, addreſſing himſelf as if I had been the Father that begot her; and perpetually boaſting; now telling me of his illuſtrious Family, then counting his Riches, how the Ship was his own, and that he had the greateſt part of the Merchandiſe that laded her, which were Gold, Silver, Precious Stones and Silks; and to give no little acceſſion to his Splendour and Glory, he again put me in mind how his Victory was proclaimed in the *Pythian* Games, and many ſuch like things.

But

But I pretending preſent poverty, and that my heart would never conſent to Marry my Daughter to a Stranger, that ſhould live in a Region ſo far off from *Ægypt*. Father, ſaid he, let not this trouble you, I ſhall eſteem your Daughter herſelf a ſufficient Portion, greater than a Million of Talents, or all the Riches of the World: I ſhall alſo willingly change my Country and my Friends for her, turning my intended courſe to *Carthage*, and accompanying you to what place of the Earth you ſhall pleaſe to ſail; then finding it was not poſſible to ſatisfie the *Phænician*, but that his Flame increaſing he grew ſtill more paſſionate, and would never let me reſt, I thought beſt to put him off with fair promiſes, leaſt he ſhould make ſome violent attempt upon us in the Iſland, aſſuring him I would do as he deſired, when we ſhould arrive in *Ægypt*.

But ſee the Fortune; I was no ſooner freed of this Merchant, but (as it is ſaid) one Wave followed another: for a few days after, *Tyrrhenus* taking me aſide to a place where the Shore did bow and make an Angle. O *Calaſiris*, ſaid he, I vow to you by *Neptune* and the other Sea-Gods, that I ſee you with as much joy, as my Brother, and your Children, as my own; and I muſt tell you, there is a train laid for you, that will be very hard for you to eſcape; but I held it not lawful to conceal it from you, in reſpect, we have now a long time lived toge-

ther in one Houſe; and being it concerns you to know it, There is a Pirate, whoſe Galley lies under the covert of this Promontory, that watches for the *Phœnician* Ship, and ſends out Spies to obſerve their getting forth to Sea; therefore take heed what you do, and look well to your ſelves; for I advertiſe you, they have conceiv'd this cruel, but cuſtomary deſign for you, or rather for your Daughter.

The Gods, ſaid I, be as good to you as you have ſhewed your ſelf true to us. But *Tyrrhenus*, how came you to diſcover this Plot? By my Trade, replyed he, I am known to them, and uſe to carry them Fiſh, becauſe they buy deareſt and give me greater rates than any other; and yeſterday as I was drawing my Net by the ſide of yonder Rock, the Captain of the Pirates met me, and demanded if I knew not when the *Phœnicians* meant to looſe out of the Haven? I preſently doubting his demand tended to ſome Stratagem; I cannot juſtly tell you, *Trachinus*, ſaid I, but I believe it will be the Spring before they depart: And the Maid that Lodges at your Houſe doth ſhe go along? I do not know, replyed I, but why do you enquire ſo curiouſly? Becauſe, ſaid he, I am deſperately in Love with her, and ſo raviſhed with the wonder of her merit, though I have but once beheld her, as I can hardly be my ſelf; neither can I remember I ever fortun'd upon ſuch a Beauty, though I have taken many and fairer Captives; then pulling

him

him nearer to me that I might the better get out his whole Plot? what need have you, ſaid I, to Fight with theſe *Phœnicians* ſince that without the loſs of Blood, you may eaſily take her from my Houſe before they imbarque. No, replyed he, there is a conſcience among Thieves, and we obſerve the Laws of courteſie and humanity towards our Friends; for your ſake therefore I forbear, leaſt it ſhould bring you into trouble, in regard your gueſts being loſt, would be required at your Hands, and with one Labour I mean to gain two things, the Riches of the Ship, and the enjoying of the Maid; one whereof I muſt neceſſarily forego, if I execute my deſign upon the Land; beſides I ſhould run a deſperate hazard, the Port being ſo near the Town, as they would preſently get notice of it, and ſo I might come to be purſued. So after I had admired his Wiſdom, and praiſed the Excellency of his judgment; and now having diſcovered the Plot, theſe Villains have appointed, I earneſtly beſeech you to employ all your thoughts to provide for the ſecurity of your ſelf and Children.

When I had heard this news, I retired very ſad, and agitated in my fancy many ways and means of ſafety, till accidently meeting the Merchant, and he moving me in his old Suit, I took hold of the occaſion, and concealing what I pleaſed of the Advertiſements given me by *Tyrrhenus*. I only told him, I had notice given

me by a Friend, how a certain Great Man of the Country, had a deſign to ſteal away my Daughter; and, ſaid I, you are not ſtrong enough to oppoſe your ſelf, or make reſiſtance, it would better pleaſe me to beſtow her on you, both for the knowledge I have of your perſon and wealth; but ſpecially for the promiſe you have made me, when you have Marryed her to live with me in my Country; therefore if your Love anſwer the profeſſion you have made; let us weigh Anchors preſently, before we be prevented or conſtrained to ſuffer the effects of ſome violence: he was extreamly taken with my words: It is well adviſed Father, ſaid he, and then falling upon my Neck, kiſſed my Head, and demanded when my pleaſure was, that we ſhould Sail, for although the time was not yet ſeaſonable, yet we might eſcape the Plots that were laid againſt us, by removing to another Port, and there attend the aſſurance of the Spring. I deſire, ſaid I, if my command have any power with you, to depart hence about the beginning of the Night; after he had anſwered it ſhould be done. He left me, and I returned to our Lodging, where I ſaid nothing to *Tyrrhenus*, but advertized my Children, that in the Evening we were to go aboard again: the ſuddenneſs of the news amazed them, and demanding the reaſon of me, I put them off, promiſing to tell them at another time, but for the preſent it was neceſſary it ſhould ſo be done.

So

So after we had made a light Supper, and were retired to take a little reſt, an Old Man appeared to me in my Sleep, his Body as dry as an Anatomy, ſaving that under his Robe he ſhewed the proportion of a Thigh, witneſsing the able forces of his Limbs, when he was in the Flower of his Youth, his Head was covered with a Helmet, he wore his Beaver up, and upon his Forehead appeared the marks of a Cautelous and Prudent Man, and he drew one Thigh after him, as if he had received ſome hurt when he came near me; with a kind of a threatning Smile, he ſaid, O Sir, you make no accompt of us, for of all thoſe that ever paſt along the Iſland of the *Cephalenians*, you only diſdain to viſit our Houſes, or take notice of our Glory, which all other Men have done; but you are in that height of pride, as you ſcorn to ſpeak to us in your paſſage, though I have thus long been your Neighbour; therefore know you ſhall not paſs many days without being puniſhed, and you ſhall ſuffer the like Calamities as I have done, falling into the Hands of your Enemies by Sea and Land; but ſalute the Maid, that is with you in my Wife's name, tell her ſhe kiſſes her Hands becauſe ſhe loves and preferrs the Honour of her Chaſtity before all things, in reſpect whereof ſhe ſends her word, a happy Fortune ſhall end the courſe of all her Miſeries.

I ſtarted, trembling at the viſion, and *The-*

*agenes* asking me what the matter was? I fear, ſaid I, we have ſtaid two long, and neglected to imbarque our ſelves; and this was it that ſo troubled my thoughts; but riſe you and get your things together, and go and call *Chariclea*. The Maid was ready when ſhe was called. *Tyrrhenus* himſelf hearing us, roſe out of his Bed, and demanded what we meant to do? I told him what was done for the preſent, was by his advice; we do endeavour to avoid the practices that are contrived againſt us; and I pray the Gods for the good and charitable Offices we have received in your Houſe, to have you always in their protection. This laſt favour let me intreat you to do for us, that you will paſs over into the Iſland of *Ithaca*, and make a Sacrifice for us to *Ulyſſes*, to pray him, that he will mitigate his wrath towards us for our diſdain, and contempt of him, as he imagines, for ſo he taxed me in my Sleep this Night. *Tyrrhenus* promiſed to perform it, and ſo brought us down to the Water ſide weeping abundantly, and praying the Gods to ſend us a good Voyage and favourable Winds, to waſt us to the place where we did wiſh to be. Why ſhould I trouble you with many words?

By the time the Morning Star appear'd we were lanched into the Main; the Saylors being at firſt exceedingly againſt it; but in the end they were perſwaded by the *Tyrian* Merchant, telling them, he fled from a Pirate that lay in

wait

wait for them, and he ſpake truly, and knew not, for his meaning was to make a lye.

But the Wind was ſo full againſt us, the Tempeſt waxed ſo great, and the Waves ſwelled in that horrid ſort, as that it was a thouſand to one our Ship had periſhed; but in the end, we came by the Lee of a certain *Promontory* in the Iſle of *Candy*, having firſt loſt the half of our Rudder, and a great part of our Sail-yards being broke and blown over-board; therefore we thought it beſt to ſtay ſome days in that Iſland to new rigg our Ship, and recreate our ſelves: this done we were all commanded to reimbarque upon the Firſt Day of the New Moon, after her Conjunction with the Sun.

Being Lanched forth upon the Main again; the Weſt Winds of the Spring now ſweetly breathing, the Patron Night and Day directed his Courſe to the Coaſt of *Africa*: for, he ſaid, We might croſs the Sea directly, by a Line, if the Wind changed not. But that which moſt moved him to ſpeed his Voyage, was to gain ſome Road or Port; becauſe afar off he deſcryed a Pirate's Galley, that came full in his Poop; for, ſaid he, From the time we looſed from the *Promontory* of *Candy*, he hath always followed our Track and conſtantly ſailed, as if he were bound for the ſame place; and I have often obſerved he made the ſame turns with us; having many times (the better to diſcover him) expreſly declined my Veſſel from her courſe: Some

were moved at these words, encouraging their fellows to prepare for their defence; and some there were neglected them, saying, It was ordinary for the lesser Bottoms to follow the course of a great Ship, as believing it to be guided by a more Experimented Pilot: the Day passed on in this dispute; and it was about the hour the Labourer returns weary with his Travel, having newly loosed his Oxen; and now the over-toiled Wind began to languish, and diminishing by little and little, in the end it had no force at all, so as the breath it spent upon our Sails, served only to shufle them together, not at all to blow us on: briefly it setled into a Calm as if it had set with the Sun, or to speak more properly, as if it would accommodate it self to their design that chased us, because our Sails being more large than theirs, and by consequence requiring the more Wind. But as soon as this tranquillity of the Heavens had smoothed the Seas, the Galley was come up to us sooner than I can speak it; for (as I believe) all that were within her put their Hands to the Oars; their Vessel also being light and nimble of it self; when they were very near us, a *Zacynthian* Passenger in our Ship cryed to us, Friends we are all undone, this is a Pirate, I know the Galley of *Trachinus*.

At the report of this News, a sudden fear seized our whole Ship, and in a Calm we had a Tempest, rising in tumult, Crys, Tears, and running

running up and down, ſome running under the Hatches, ſome ſtanding upon the Decks, animating the reſt to endure the Fight, and there were ſome would have got into the Long-boat and fled, till by their two long delay the Fight ſurprized them within the Ship, forceing them to remain, and to take in their Hands what they could find to defend themſelves. *Theagenes* full of Courage burned with deſire of the Battel, but *Chariclea* and I with our Imbraces hindred him from attempting any thing, ſhe vowing Death ſhould not ſeparate him from her, but the ſame Sword ſhould give her the like wounds, and make her an equal ſharer in his Misfortune. But I ( after I underſtood our Enemy was *Trachinus* ) prepared ſome Sleights might afterwards do us good ſervice, which fell out as I expected.

For the Pirates approaching circled about our Ship, to make tryal if it were poſſible to take her without Blood; therefore they did attacque us, but ſtill rowing about us, they would neither ſuffer us to go forward nor backward. Briefly it ſeemed as if they had Beſieged us, and would compel us to render our ſelves upon compoſition. O poor unfortunate Men, ſaid they, what Blindneſs hath ſeized your Spirits? and why are you ſo deprived of Judgment, as thus to precipitate your ſelves into the danger of an evitable Death, by attempting to reſiſt invincible Forces, to which yours are nothing? it is yet in your choice

to

to be dealt humanly withal, we permit you all that will to take your Long-boat and ſave your ſelves. Theſe were their Propoſitions; but thoſe of our Ship ſo long as they fought only in words, and ſaw no Blood, were daring and reſolute, and ſaid they would ſtand to it to the laſt Man.

But after one of the bolder Pirates had boarded us, putting all he met to the Sword, and teaching us that the Ceremonies of War were Death and Slaughter, the reſt of his Company immediately leaping after him; then the *Phœnicians* began to repent their Courage, and falling at his Feet, beſeeched him to ſhew mercy to them, and they were ready to obey all his Commandments: and although the Pirates were now fleſht, and began to pleaſe themſelves in Murder (for the ſight of Blood doth irritate and excite the Spirit) nevertheleſs by the Command of *Trachinus*, beyond all Expectation, he pardoned the Supplicants, and made a Peace under ſuch conditions as were more cruel than the War it ſelf; for he ordained they ſhould depart the Ship with no more but the Cloths they had on, making it Death to him that ſhould do otherwiſe. But it ſeems there is nothing more precious to a Man than Life, which was the cauſe theſe *Phœnician* Merchants having now loſt the hope of all the Riches in the Ship, as if they had loſt nothing, but rather gain'd, and made an excellent Voyage, did ſtrive who ſhould firſt get into

to the Boat, and every one was more desirous than other to survive the loss of his Goods.

But as we also (obeying the decree) were about to pass into the Boat, *Trachinus* took *Chariclea* by the Hand, and said, Fair one, this War concerns not you, but Was undertaken for your sake, and since the Day you left the *Promontory* of *Zacynthus*, I have still followed you, adventuring thus far upon the Sea, and facing danger for your Love; therefore let not any fearful apprehension seize you, but confirm your Spirits, and know with the Empire you already are possessed of in my Soul, you shall be the Lady of all the Wealth you see, thus he said; but *Chariclea* full of discretion, and knowing by the instructions I had given her how to apply her self to the time most excellently well, presently cleared her look from all the marks of Sorrow that now incompassed her, and Painting upon her Face an appearance of joy, made this reply; I render thanks to the Gods that have put it into your mind to use us favourably, but if you will have me be confident, please to make me this first demonstration of your Love, save this my Brother and my Father, and command them not from the Ship; for if I be once separated from them the World hath nothing can perswade to retain Life. And speaking this she prostrated at his Feet and imbraced them a long while. *Trachinus* pleasing himself therein, and therefore deferring the grant of her demand: at length her

Tears

Tears making an impreſſion in his pity, having no power to refuſe, when ſuch a Beauty was a Suitor, he raiſed her, and thus ſaid; For your Brother I am very well contented to beſtow him upon you, for I ſee he is a Young Man of a great Spirit, and conſequently fit for the Life we follow; and for this Old Man, though he will be but an unſerviceable charge to us, yet for your only reſpect I am pleaſed he ſhall ſtay.

Now while theſe things were ſaid and done, the Sun being in his Circuit come full Weſt, that ſpace which is betwixt the Day and Night grew very Dark and Foul, and on a ſuddain the Sea began to be troubled; it may be the Seaſon cauſed the preſent change, or perhaps it was by the Pleaſure of ſome Deſtiny afar off, the murmur of the deſcending Wind; and preſently a violent and horrid Tempeſt breaking in upon us, the Hearts of the Pirates were frozen in their fear, who having forſaken their own Galley and put themſelves into the Merchants Ship to Pillage her, were there ſurprized with a Tempeſt, not knowing how to govern ſo great a Veſſel, every one doing ſome Office of a Mariner in that which came next to his Hands, without any knowledge at all: ſome vainly upon their own genious undertaking one Art of Navigation; others another; ſome confuſedly ſtruck the Sails; ſome unskilfully diſtributed the Cordages; One Aſs took upon him

to

to order the Prow, another as wiſe as he to guide the Poop and govern the Helm.

But that which principally caſt us into Extreameſt danger, was not the violence of the Tempeſt ( for the Waves were not yet at the height of their fury ) but it was the ignorance of him that took upon him to be Pylot, who reſiſted the Storm ſo long as there was any Day light, but when it grew black Night, gave over his Charge; and when they were now ready to ſink, at firſt ſome of the Pyrates did endeavour to have recovered their own Galley, but were beat off from their deſign by the Tempeſt: *Trachinus* alſo ſtaying them and making a Remonſtrance, that if they could ſave the Ship and Riches in her, they ſhould have Wealth enough to purchaſe a Thouſand ſuch Galleys; and ſpeaking thoſe words, he cut the Cables that held them together, telling them that whilſt they kept their own Veſſel they drew another Tempeſt after them, and that in doing ſo he provided for their ſecurity, ſince whereſoever they ſhould arrive it would draw ſuſpition upon them, and inquiry would be made after the Perſons that Sailed in the Empty bottom.

This he ſaid appeared to them to be reaſon, and they approved his Council, out of two reſpects, being already ſenſible of the one; for they were no ſooner ſevered from the *Brigantine*, but they felt the Sea did not toſs them ſo much as before, yet were they not quite out of the danger

danger, but one Billow tumbling upon another toſſed them ſo violently, as it conſtrained them to caſt much of their Lading over-board: Breifly there was no kind of danger that did not preſent it ſelf, till having with much difficulty eſcaped that Night, the next Day, about the ſetting of the Sun, the Tempeſt caſt us into a Road near the Mouth of one of the Arms of *Nilus*, named the *Heracleotique*, accidently, and now againſt our wills arriving in *Ægypt* the Pirates were joyful, but we were exceedingly afflicted, reproaching the Sea as cruel in the favour it had done us to ſave our Lives, envying us a Death free from all injury, and delivering us to the Land in a more fearful Expectation than at Sea, being expoſed to the diſordered pleaſure of barbarous and wicked Pirates, which preſently appeared.

As they Landed they carryed from the Ship great Veſſels of *Tyrian* Wine, and divers other things, ſaying they would Sacrifice to *Neptune*, and render Thanks for their deliverance; ſome were alſo ſent to the Neighbour Towns, and a great deal of Money given them to buy Beaſts, with command they ſhould give what Price ſoever was demanded; and it was not long before we ſaw them return, driving before them a Flock of Sheep and a Herd of Swine; and having brought them in, they kindled the Pile, and prepared us a Feaſt of the Roaſted Victims. Then *Trachinus* taking me aſide,

aſide, where none could over-hear him; Father, ſaid he, I intend to take your Daughter to Wife, and this Night, as you ſee, I mean to celebrate our Nuptials, joyning that ſweeteſt Solemnity of Men with the Sacrifice to the Gods; therefore leaſt you ſhould take it ill, if I made you not acquainted therewith, and be ſad at my Wedding Feaſt; and to the end your Daughter being diſpoſed of with your conſent, may receive the Bleſſing of our Marriage with more joy, I thought it beſt to let you know my pleaſure, not that it is needful it ſhould be confirmed by your ſuffrage, for it is in my power when I will to accompliſh my deſires, but I hold it more noble and a better Omen, if the Bride be prepared for the Marriage by her Father, becauſe it will more content her, and ſhe will addreſs her ſelf to the Ceremony with more joy.

I approved his words, and feigned my ſelf to be overjoyed, rendring great thanks to the Gods that had done me the Divine favour to make my Daughters Maſter willing to take her for his Wife; then retiring my ſelf a little to ſtudy what was to be done, I inſtantly returned, beſeeching him what was thus happily begun might be accompliſhed a little more honourably, appointing the Ship to the Maid for her Marriage Chamber, and forbidding his Men to enter or any way to diſturb her, that ſo ſhe might have leiſure to apparel her ſelf like a Bride, with as much Ornament and care as the time would permit

mit, for it would be ſaid, It is a poor and miſbecoming thing, that a Maid deſcended of a Rich and Noble Family, and which is more that muſt be the Wife of *Trachinus*, ſhould not at leaſt, upon the Day of the Solemization of her Nuptials, be dreſt in the Richeſt Robes and Jewels ſhe then had, ſince Fortune and the place had deprived us of a more glorious Habit.

At theſe words *Trachinus* was tranſported with joy, and promiſed he would do it willingly, and immediately commanded that all things whereof they had need, being exported out of the Ship, no perſon ſhould dare to approach it any more: They obeying the charge he gave them carryed to Land Tables, Cups, Tapeſtries, Carpets, Works of *Tyre* and *Sydon*, and many other Moveables and Utenſils, that might be ſerviceable at a Feaſt. Finally every one took without meaſure and loaded their Shoulders without order with thoſe Riches, which much labour and many frugal Hands had gathered; and which Fortune had expoſed to the profuſion of theſe Pyrates, to make a diſſolute Banquet full of prodigious abuſes.

But I taking *Theagenes* with me, when we came to *Chariclea* we found her Weeping; O Daughter, Miſery is now your acquaintance, not a Stranger to you, and will you yet take on, or is it not for theſe old diſaſters that you weep but for ſome new? For altogether ſhe replyed, but above all for the odious good will *Trachinus* bears

bears me, from which I hourly expect ſome violent effects, to which the time will now tempt him; for unexpected proſperities uſe to make Men bold to commit acts of inſolence; but I am reſolved to puniſh *Trachinus* and his loathed affection, preventing the effects of his deſire by Death, and that which for the preſent melted me into Tears, was the thought of my being ſo unhappy, as before I die, to be ſeparated from *Theagenes* and you: you have (ſaid I) divined aright, for *Trachinus* will convert the Feaſt after the Sacrifice into his and your Nuptial Feaſts; he diſcovered this intention to me as to your Father, though I knew his furious deſire to injoy you long ago, by what *Tyrrhenus* had told me at our conference in the Iſland of *Zacynthus*, but I would not let you know it, fearing to afflict you before the time, and that the grief would fall upon your hearts, while the calamity hanged over your Heads, eſpecially conſidering it was poſſible to avoid his deſign. But ſince it is ſo, my dear Children, that fortune hath appeared againſt us, and caſt us into the ſame danger we endeavoured to ſhun, let us make a generous and brave attempt, and preſent our Lives to the Swords point, to the end that if it ſucceed well, we may ſurvive with Liberty and Glory; or if ill, at leaſt we may have the contentment to die nobly, you chaſtily. After they had promiſed me to execute whatſoever I ſhould command,

and that I had instructed them as I thought best, I left them to prepare themselves.

And addressing my self to him, that amongst the Pirates was the second in Authority after *Trachinus*, as I remember he was called *Pelorus*, I told him I had a Secret to impart to him would be for his profit; and he willingly followed me: when I had brought him out of the hearing of his Fellows, Give Ear my Child (said I) to that I shall declare to you in few words, for the time is too narrow for a Long discourse, my Daughter loves you, your merits and perfections have conquered her, but she suspects your Captain prepares his Feast for her Nuptials, for some such thing he signify'd to be curious in putting on her Richest Ornaments; therefore bethink your self, if you can find a means to prevent him and possess your self, for she says, she had rather die than Marry with *Trachinus*: be confident (said he) and do not put your self into any farther fear, for I have long burned in an equal flame with your Daughter, and did but only wait for an occasion to have a passage open to obtain her; therefore assure your self, *Trachinus* shall either voluntarily yield his Bride to me, or this Arm shall make him feel a bitter Wedding Night.

Having heard this I hasted from him, least if we were both missing we should be suspected; and coming to my Children, I confirmed their brave

brave Spirits with the good News, that our Plot went well in a right Path.

A while after we ſat down to Supper, and when I ſaw them high flown in Wine, and knew their heated Brains were apt to petulancy, I wiſpered *Pelorus* in the Ear, (for I ſat next him for that purpoſe) Have you not ſeen (ſaid I) how my Daughter is Apparelled? he replyed he had not: but you may now ſee her conveniently (I told him) if you will go privately to the Ship, and take heed no Eye diſcover you, for you know *Trachinus* had forbid it: There you ſhall ſee *Diana* her ſelf, but be modeſt in beholding her, leaſt the Goddeſs ſtrike you dead. I had ſcarce ſpoken theſe words but without any delay he roſe from the Table, as if he had been preſſed with ſome ſudden buſineſs, and ran ſecretly to the Ship.

There he beheld *Charicles* wearing upon her Head a Crown of Lawrel, Apparelled in a refulgent Robe of Cloth of Gold (for ſhe had put on the Sacred Habit that ſhe brought from *Delphos*, that it might either ſerve to adorn her Victory or Funeral,) and ſeeing the Cabbin where ſhe was, accommodated to the form of a Nuptial Chamber, the ſight (as it was likely) ſet him all on fire, Love and Jealouſy augmenting his amorous torment ſo, that when he returned to us, one might read in his Eyes the rage imprinted in his Soul, and it was evident his thoughts laboured with ſome

furious deſign, and he was ſcarcely ſet down again at the Table, but Choler ſparking in his Eyes, he ſaid, Why have not I the reward of my merit for being the firſt that boarded the Ship? becauſe (ſaid *Trachinus*) you have not demanded it, and that yet we have not divided the ſpoils. I deſire then, replyed *Pelorus* the Captive Maid: and when *Trachinus* added, That, excepting her, he ſhould take what he would. What (ſaid *Pelorus*) will you break the Law of Piracy, that gives his choice of the prey to him that firſt boards a Ship, and for all his Fellows runs the hazard of his Life? Friend (ſaid *Trachinus*) I violate not that Law, but I ground my ſelf upon the Authority of one more powerful, that commands us to obey the wills of our Captains without contradiction, the Maid has wounded me to the Heart with her bright Eyes, and to heal my wound I am forced to marry her; and, Sir, I hope it is a reaſon I ſhould be preferred before you, and if you will not obey this Law, I will make you preſently repent it with a blow of this Cup I hold in my Hand: Then *Pelorus* looking upon his Companions, You ſee, ſaid he, what recompence our Labours are to expect; thus you ſhall one day ſee your merits fruſtrated of the reward of your virtue, and be, as I am, Slaves to this tyrannical Law.

Now, *Nauſicles*, what do you imagine became

came of theſe Pirates? after *Nauſicles* had ſpoke theſe words you would have compared them to a calm Sea ſwell'd with the ſudden Tempeſt, ſuch a Blind and Brutiſh motion in an inſtant put them into ſo wild a tumult, inflamed with Wrath and Wine, as if ſome fury had poſſeſt them; ſome rank'd themſelves upon the part of *Trachinus*, and cryed the Captain ought to be obeyed; others ſided with *Pelorus*, ſaying, the Law of Piracy ought to ſtand. In the end *Trachinus* lifted his Hand to ſtrike *Pelorus* with the Cup he held; but *Pelorus* that was prepared before, broke the effect of his fury and ſtruck a Ponyard to his Heart, ſo as he fell down mortally wounded, but a cruel War kindled and continued amongſt the reſt, inter-murdering one another without giving any quarter; ſome as revenging the Death of their Captain; others as defending *Pelorus* in his juſt quarrel. The crys of Men, and ſounds of Levers, Stones, Cups, Tables, the Wounders and the Wounded made one fearful groan; but I retiring a great way off, ſtood upon the riſe of a Hill, and thence beheld this furious ſpectacle; yet neither *Theagenes* nor *Chariclea* were exempted from the danger, but following what was determined, he with his Sword in his Hand joyn'd himſelf to one of the Factions at the beginning, and fought as if ſome fury had tranſported him, and ſhe after ſhe ſaw the Fight begun ſhot from the Ship, looſing her Arrows with a conſtant

Hand, and ſparing no Man but *Theag nes*, ſhe never took her Aim amiſs, every ſhot ſhe made was Death. Neither did ſhe only gall the one ſide of the Battel, but both indifferently, nore of the Pirates ſeeing her, yet ſhe clearly beholding them by the light of the great Fire of the Pile yet burning, ſo as they could not imagine whence their Death came; but thought it to be ſome Plague from Heaven. To conclude, the War conſumed them all, and only *Theagenes* remained fighting ſingle with *Pelorus*, an able and reſolute Man, and one that had been fleſh'd and bred up in Murders.

And now *Chariclea*'s Shooting could no longer avail her *Theagenes*, grieving ſhe could not aſſiſt him, but the fear ſhe had to miſs her Aim did hold her Hand; inaſmuch as they fought ſo cloſe, the Eye could hardly diſtinguiſh them. In the end *Pelorus* was forced to give ground before him, for when *Chariclea* ſaw her Arrows could do him no more ſervice, ſhe ſent her words to his Succour, crying to him; Now my beſt Friend ſhew your Courage. At the hearing of theſe words his ſtrength redoubled, to which *Pelorus* was not able to make reſiſtance longer, as if the voice of his Miſtreſs had infuſed new vigour into him, letting him know the reward of his Victory was yet living. For now reſuming the heat of his firſt Spirit, tho broken and weigh'd down with many Wounds, he made a blow at *Pelorus* with his Sword full at his

his Head, which he hoped to cleave a ſunder, as aſſuredly he had done, if the Pirate had not declined his Neck; yet he eſcaped not, for the Sword deſcending, took away the top of his Shoulder, and falling right upon the Elbow joynt of his Sword-hand, cut it quite off; then *Pelorus* fled to ſave his Life, *Theagenes* following him.

What the ſequel was I cannot tell you, but that I ſaw not when *Theagenes* returned; for remaining upon the riſe of the Hill, I dared not to ſtirr in a place full of Enemies by Night, when my Friends could not know me; but *Chariclea* was more bold, and it ſeems more quick ſighted, for with the firſt dawning of the light, I perceived *Theagenes* lying ſtretched out upon the Earth like a Dead Man, and ſaw her ſitting and Weeping over him, with evident demonſtrations that ſhe intended to kill herſelf, but that ſome little hope of his revival reſtrained her as yet, and held her Life in equal ſuſpence with his. But I, unfortunate Man, had not ſo much as time to ſpeak to them to ſweeten their Calamities with my words, or to apply remedy to his wounds, ſo faſt did the evils at Land (without a breathings ſpace) ſucceed to thoſe at Sea.

For, at the firſt Spring of the Morning, as I was deſcending from the Hill where I had pitched for that Night, I ſaw a Troop of *Ægyptian* Theives, running from the top of the Mountain, that lyeth along that Coaſt, who preſently

ſeized upon my poor Children, taking them away and all the Riches they could carry out of the Ship. I ſpake afar off to them, and in vain bad them farewel that could not hear me, deploring their Fortunes and my own; but neither being able to defend them, or holding it good to go and mix with them, I reſerved my ſelf to hope to ſuccour them ſome other way. And indeed it was not in my power to do them preſent ſervice, being left far behind, my Age like a heavy burden not ſuffering me to march ſo quick a pace as thoſe *Ægyptians*, that mounted and deſcended by ſtrange Paths, and through Wild places. Now by the Mercy of the Gods, and your favour, worthy *Nauſicles*, I have found my Daughter then loſt, having contributed nothing to her recovery but my abundant Sighs, Tears, and Lamentations.

Speaking theſe words he wept, all the Company were forced to do the like, changing their Feaſt into a Sorrow, intermixed with joy, (for Wine intenerates the Eyes and makes them apt to Tears) and they were not able to contain their flux of pity, till *Nauſicles* ſpake thus to confort *Calaſiris*. Father (ſaid he) chaſe away theſe ſad conceptions and fill your Heart with Joy, ſince you have now recovered your Daughter, and that only one Night remains to interpoſe it ſelf betwixt you, and the contentment you ſhall receive in beholding your Son, for to Morrow Morning we will Ride to *Mitranes*,

and

and deal with him all poſſible ways, for the redeeming of your beloved *Theagenes*. O may the Gods be ſo favourable, replied *Calaſiris*: but now it is time to diſſolve the Feaſt, let us therefore give thanks to the Gods, and drink at parting; ſo Wine being brought, taking their leaves they drank to one another, and ſo did riſe from the Table. But *Calaſiris* looking about for *Chariclea* and not finding her in the multitude, was greatly perplexed, till at length a certain Woman advertized him, that ſhe ſaw her enter the Sanctuary of the Temple. He preſently ran thither and found her proſtrated at the Feet of an Image, where by reaſon of the length of her Prayers, and the weight of Sorrow that lay upon her Heart, ſhe was faln into a Swoon. Then after he had ſhed ſome Tears, and humbly conjured the Gods to change the rigour of her deſtiny into better Fortune, he ſoftly awaked *Chariclea* and returned to his Lodgings with her. Being now in the Houſe ſhe retired to the Chamber of *Nauſicles*'s Daughter, lying with her, but not taking any reſt, care not permitting her to cloſe her Eyes.

THE

# THE ÆTHIOPIAN HISTORY.

## The Sixth Book.

*Alaſiris* and *Knemon* being retired to ſleep in the Lodgings appointed for the men, as ſoon as the reſt of the night was ſpent, which paſſed more ſlow than they deſired, but more quick than they expected, becauſe the greater part thereof was taken up with the Feaſt and length of the diſcourſe, that entertained them with unſatisfying ſweetneſs, not having patience to expect till it were clear day, they went to *Nauſicles*, praying him to let them know where *Theagenes* was, and with all ſpeed to lead them thither: *Nauſicles* to give them content, preſently made him ready

to go along with them; but *Chariclea*, though she made all the prayers love and impatience could invent, was yet forced to remain, *Nausicles* assuring her they would not go far, and promising her within few days to return with her *Theagenes*; so they left her floating betwixt sorrow for their departure, and joy for the good she expected.

At their going out of *Chemmis*, as they past along the banks of *Nilus*, they perceived a Crocodile labouring to swim from the one shore to the other, but the swift current and wild waves still broke his force, and often duckt him to the bottom of the River. This moved none of their company, as being a common sight with them, saving that *Calasiris* said, it presaged they should encounter some hindrance in the way; but *Knemon* was running back again, extremely frighted, though he had not seen the Beast entirely, but only her shadow, and not all that, the greater part of her being still under the water: This set *Nausicles* a laughing, and *Calasiris* cryed to him, Why *Knemon*, I thought only the fears of the night had troubled you, and then only when you had heard some strange noise, envellopped in the horrour of darkness, but I see you have the same valour by day-light; and that not only the hearing of a name breeds terrour in you, but ordinary spectacles, obvious and sighted by every man, do terrify you. What God or Demi-god was that (said

*Nau-*

*Nauſicles*) whoſe name was ſuch a bug-bear to his ears?

Alas (replied *Calaſiris*) if it had been a God or any Divinity, I ſhould have had nothing to ſay to him, but he trembled all over, hearing the name (not of any man, the glory of whoſe valour is blown about the World, but) of a woman, and ſhe was dead too. For the ſame night you came from the Iſland of the Herdſmen, bringing *Chariclea* ſafe for me, I know not how or where he had heard a name you uſed, but it ſo ſtruck him as he would let me take no reſt, and was often almoſt quite dead for fear, and ſure had dyed if I had not taken a great deal of pains to recover and bring him to life again; and but that I doubt his relapſe, I would tell you the name to make you a little more ſport; immediately he ſaid the name was *Thisbe*.

But *Nauſicles* was now paſt laughing, and grew very ſad, ſtanding a long while penſiving, and ſearching in his Spirit for what occaſion, or from what knowledge of *Thisbe*, *Knemon* ſhould be ſo tranſported, when he heard her named; then *Knemon* fell in a laughter for very joy to ſee him melancholick: O good *Calaſiris*, you now ſee (ſaid *Knemon*) how great the force of this name is, and that, like a Phantaſm, it hath not only frighted me, but even *Nauſicles* himſelf, cauſing a ſtrange alteration in our humours; for I now laugh, knowing her for certain to be dead; and *Nauſicles* that was ſo

valiant, and made himſelf ſo merry with our fear, is now ſtruck into amazement. Enough, ſaid *Nauſicles*, you are ſufficiently revenged upon me; but I conjure you, *Knemon*, by the Gods of hoſpitality and friendſhip, by our free converſation, and the courteous entertainment that I think you think you have received at my houſe, to tell me how you came to know that *Thisbe*, and why her name was ſo terrible to you, or whether you have made this betwixt you to play upon me?

Now *Knemon* (ſaid *Calaſiris*) it concerns you to anſwer, and to acquit your ſelf of your promiſe to me, that I ſhould have the relation of your fortunes, which ever yet you have avoided with many ſlight excuſes; you cannot find a more convenient time, for you ſhall both do a pleaſure to *Nauſicles*, and by your diſcourſe ſhorten and ſweeten the travail of our journey.

*Knemon* conſented at their requeſt, and to ſatisfie them, compendiouſly ran over all he had recounted formerly to *Theagenes* and *Charicles*: How he was born in the City of *Athens*, that his Fathers name was *Ariſtippus*, that he had a ſtep-mother named *Demæneta*; then he related the deteſtable love wherein *Demæneta* languiſhed for him, and that failing of her hope, to content her looſe deſires, ſhe laid trains for him, ſuborning *Thisbe* for her inſtrument. He added the manner, and how he was exil'd from his Country, the people of *Athens* ſo condemning

ing him, as believing him to be convinced of an intent to commit Parricide. That living in the Isle of *Ægina*, an old companion of his, one *Charias*, first brought him news of the death of his Mother-in-law, and the circumstance thereof, she being over-reached by her maid *Thisbe:* And since then, a second, named *Asicles*, had informed him that his Father was also banished, and all his goods confiscated, by reason the Friends and Allies of *Demæneta* bandying against him, to make sure his condemnation, had begot a belief in the peoples easie mind, that he was the murderer of his Wife. He also told them how *Thisbe* was fled from *Athens* with a certain Merchant of *Naucratia*, that was in love with her; and that he himself imbarqued with *Anticles* for *Ægypt*, in hope to meet that *Thisbe*, his design being, if he should find her, to carry her back to *Athens*, that he might discharge his Father of the calumny they had falsely imposed upon him, and deliver her to be justly punished: And that since that time to this present, he had run through many dangerous fortunes, and tryed many different calamities, falling in his Voyage into the hands of Pyrates, whence he found means to escape, and arrive in *Ægypt*, where he was taken by the Herdsmen, and there came acquainted with *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, with whom he had joyned in the tyes of an inviolable friendship: Inserting the death of *Thisbe*, and all that had since happened, to the

paſſages that were known to *Nauſicles* and *Calaſiris*.

*Nauſicles* having heard this, found his mind aſſailed with millions of contrary thoughts; ſometimes he was minded to declare to them all that had paſſed betwixt him and *Thisbe*; ſometimes he held it the better way to defer it yet a while; in the end, half againſt his will, he contained himſelf, partly his own reaſon judging it to be convenient, partly being accidentally hindred: For when they had gone about three miles, and began to approach the Town where *Mitranes* made his uſual reſidence, they perceived coming towards them a man of *Nauſicles*'s acquaintance, who demanding whither he was going in ſuch haſte? Do you ask me (replyed the man) whither I go ſo faſt? as if you knew not to what mark my aim is ſtill directed, my deſires and ſtudy only tending to the ſpeedy execution of the commands of the fair *Iſias*, the glory of your *Chemmis*. It is for her plant I cultivate my grounds, for her ſake I gather all the wealth and rareties I can. It is for her that I watch days and nights without ever cloſing my eyes, not failing to ſerve her in any thing, how little or great ſoever, though I have no other recompence but her diſpleaſure, and my own labour for my pains. At this preſent I am haſting to her (as you ſee) with this *Phœnicopterus*, a certain Bird of the River *Nilus*, which ſhe enjoyned me to bring to her.

To

To what a gracious Miſtreſs (ſaid *Nauſicles*) have you dedicated your affections, whoſe commands are ſo eaſie, as ſhe asketh only the *Phanicopterus*, and not the *Phœnix* her ſelf, that is brought us from the *Indies* and *Æthiopia*. Indeed (replyed he) it is her cuſtom thus to make her paſtime of my ſervices. But now let me queſtion you, I pray, whither, or upon what occaſion are you travelling? But after they had told him they were going to wait upon *Mitranes*: Is it ſo (ſaid the ſtranger) then your journey is to no purpoſe, for *Mitranes* is out of the Town, gone this laſt night with a great Army againſt the Herdſmen that inhabit the Town of *Beſſa*, becauſe thoſe *Beſſians*, and one *Thyamis*, they have elected for their Captain, by ſurprize have taken a young Priſoner, a *Grecian*, whom *Mitranes* was to have ſent to *Oroondates*.

This is the occaſion of *Mitranes* his abſence from home, but for my part I muſt make haſt to *Iſias*, who already is looking ſharply about for me, thinking my ſmalleſt delay a Sin againſt Love. Oh She is too ſubtle in accuſing me without Cauſe, and inventing Crimes to lay to my Charge! He had no ſooner given them this Relation, but they ſtood ſilent and ſtupifi'd, to find themſelves ſo unexpectedly diſappointed. *Nauſicles* at length brought them again to themſelves, admoniſhing them that they ſhould not be ſo diſcourag'd with one diſappointment

(which was but for a ſhort time) as to caſt away all Hope and Care of what they had in hand: That it was now their beſt way to return back again to *Chemmis*, as well to take council about their affairs, as alſo (having furniſhed themſelves with freſh proviſions for a longer Journey) to reſume their ſearch of *Theagenes*, whereſoever they ſhould hear that he was detain'd, whether amongſt the Thieves or elſewhere; every where propoſing to themſelves good hopes of finding him.

For even this did not ſeem to happen without the providence of the Gods, that they ſhould ſo unexpectedly meet with an acquaintance, by whoſe diſcourſe they were in a manner led by the hand to the place where it was moſt proper to ſeek for him: wherefore they ſhould go directly to the Thieves Village. When he had thus ſpoken, he eaſily perſwaded them, partly, as I ſuppoſe, becauſe another hope aroſe from what he had ſaid, and partly becauſe *Knemon* bid *Calaſiris* be of good cheer, for that *Thyamis* would preſerve *Theagenes*. They therefore reſolved to return, where they found *Charicles* in the Porch, looking out to all quarters of the Country. When ſhe did not perceive *Theagenes* with them, with great lamentation ſhe cryed out, O Father, are you come back no more in number than you went forth? without doubt then my *Theagenes* is dead. I charge you by the Gods to deliver what you have to ſay.

It

It is humanity to make ſhort the ſtory of misfortune, by which the mind is better fortifi'd againſt the evil. *Knemon* therefore intercepting her ſorrow, ſaid, What means this practice *Chariclea*? You are always conjecturing the worſt, and often without truth. *Theagenes* is, and by the Gods Providence ſhall be well, then briefly told her with whom he was, and in what manner. It is plain, O *Knemon* (ſaid *Calaſiris*) from what you have ſpoken, that you never were in Love; otherwiſe you would know that Lovers fear where there is no danger, and give truſt to nothing beſide their own eyes, concerning the perſon that is moſt dear to them. Abſence fills their minds with doubt, eſpecially having reſolved never to be from each other, unleſs ſome ſad accident ſeparates them. Wherefore we muſt excuſe *Chariclea*, who labours under the violence of Love. Let us however conſult what is to be done in this affair. Having thus ſpoken, taking *Chariclea* by the hand, with a fatherly obſervance, he led her into the Houſe. But *Nauſicles*, being deſirous to divert their care, ordered a more ſumptuous Banquet than uſual, obliging them with the preſence of his Daughter, moſt ſplendidly apparelled. When they were refreſh'd with the entertainment, he thus ſpake to them; The Gods are witneſſes (my dear Gueſts) that your company is moſt delightful to me, and if you would ſpend your lives with me, you ſhould command

command all that I am maſter of as freely as my ſelf: Foraſmuch as I have not received you as Gueſts, but intimate Friends, and ſuch as will always have the ſame eſteem for me, I can think no obligation too much. I am likewiſe no leſs ready to engage my Friends and Acquaintance in any thing may do you ſervice. Yet you muſt be ſenſible that my way of Life is Merchandiſe; this is the Field which I am obliged to cultivate. Since therefore the Weſterly winds now blow favourably to make the Seas Navigable, and call forth the Merchant, my affairs, amongſt others, ſummon me to *Greece*. You will therefore do well to acquaint me with your deſign, that I may order my affairs ſo as to make them ſerviceable to you.

When he had thus ſaid, *Calaſiris*, after a little Pauſe, thus reply'd, Succeſs (O *Nauſicles*) attend your Voyage, may *Mercury* ſend you Gain, and *Neptune* calm Seas; may every Port afford you Harbour, and every City prove your Home! Since you have treated us here with ſo much courteſie, and now diſmiſs us at our deſire, in all things fulfilling the Laws of Friendſhip and Hoſpitality. As for us, though it be a great trouble and grief to depart from you and your Houſe, which we have uſed as our own; yet it is neceſſary for us to purſue the ſearch of our deareſt Friends. This is both mine and *Charicles*'s reſolution: But for *Knemon*, whether he intends to wander farther with us and continue his aſſiſtance,

aſſiſtance, or what other purpoſe he has, let himſelf declare. *Knemon* was deſirous to reply ſomething to this, and long attempting to ſpeak, but ſighs choak'd his ſpeech, and tears drown'd his eyes: At laſt collecting breath, and uttering a deep groan; O Fortune (he cry'd) how full of change and unſtable art thou! of which among many others I am a ſad example. Thou haſt deprived me of my Kindred and Fathers Houſe, and ſent me an Exile from the Country and City, that are moſt dear to me: Thou haſt driven me as far as *Ægypt* (not to mention my Diſaſters in the way) and put me in the power of Thieves and Out-laws: At laſt I had a glimmering of hope, by falling into acquaintance and company with perſons, who (though as wretched as my ſelf) yet they were *Greeks* of my own Country, with whom I thought to have paſſed the remainder of my Life: But even this Comfort is taken from me; Whither ſhall I turn my ſelf, or what ſhall I do? Shall I leave *Charicléa*, before ſhe has found her *Theagenes*? This would be inhumane? Or ſhall I go with her to ſeek him: If we were certain at laſt to find him, it were labour well undertaken, but if the event be doubtful and greater misfortunes befal, Where will our Travels end? What if now I beg leave both of the Guardian Deities, and of you, to ſpeak at laſt of returning to my Family and native Soil, eſpecially ſince ſo fair an opportunity by the providence of the Gods offers

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its ſelf, (*Nauſicles* intending, as you heard himſelf ſay, to Sail for *Greece*) left by the Death of my Father, in my abſence, our Houſe be left deſolate, and Family without an Heir: For howſoever mean and poor I may be likely to live there; yet honeſty and common decency require the preſerving our race. But, O *Chariclea*, (for to you I would chiefly be excus'd) do you give me pardon and grant me this leave: I will attend you as far as *Beſſa*, and entreat *Nauſicles* to ſtay a while for me, ſo that if I deliver you not into the hands of *Theagenes*, yet at leaſt you ſhall acknowledge me faithful to the truſt he committed to me; and from the good Conſcience in what has paſſed, depend at parting on Succeſs in what is to come. If after all (which the Gods forbid) we fail of that ſucceſs, yet even ſo I ſhall ſeem to merit pardon, not even then leaving you alone, but in the Guardianſhip of this good *Calaſiris*, your Guide and Father.

*Chariclea* conjecturing by many arguments, the Inclination of *Knemon* for the Daughter of *Nauſicles* (ſo quick-ſighted is a Lover to diſcover the ſame paſſion in any other) and alſo by what had been ſpoken, that *Nauſicles* had endeavour'd the alliance, and given *Knemon* many ſecret encouragements; upon the whole concluded that he was no fit Companion, but muſt be ſuſpicious for the future; ſhe made this reply:

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Do what ſeems good to you (ſaid ſhe) I thank you for the good offices you have already performed, and for the future there is no neceſſity for you to be burden'd with our affairs, or run the riſque of other peoples fortune. Return to your own Country and domeſtick concerns; and by no means neglect your friend *Nauſicles*, nor the opportunity which he offers. *Calaſiris* and my ſelf will engage all dangers that ſhall befal us till we have finiſhed our courſe; and though no mortal ſhall aſſiſt us, we rely on the protection of the Gods. May all things (ſaid *Nauſicles*) ſucceed to your deſire; may the Gods accompany you till you recover your Friends, which will be a juſt reward of your Prudence and Conſtancy. But, *Knemon*, be not you concerned that you bring not *Thisbe* back to *Athens*, ſince you have me, who was the Author of her departure: For I was that Merchant *Naucratites*, her Lover, who carry'd her away. But if you are as well pleas'd with the propoſal as I, you ſhall under my conduct gain great wealth, and recover your Country. And if you are diſpoſed to marry, I will give you my Daughter *Nauſiclea* with a great Dower, ſince I know your Family. *Knemon* made no pauſe, finding what he had ſecretly deſired ſo fairly offer'd to him: Whereupon *Nauſicles* deliver'd his Daughter to him, commanding his Servants to celebrate the Nuptials; himſelf began the Dance, ſuddenly converting the Feaſt into a Wedding.

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The reſt of the Family in other Apartments ſolemniz'd the Marriage with Songs and Dancing, ſo that the Houſe ſhone all night with Nuptial Torches. But *Chariclea*, ſeparating from the reſt, went into her own Apartment, and making faſt the door, to prevent diſturbance, as if ſeiz'd with Bacchanal fury, tore both her hair and garments: Let us (ſaid ſhe) perform our Ceremonies as the poſture of our affairs require, with the outmoſt pomp of Sorrow. Let us weep inſtead of Singing, and beat our Breaſt inſtead of Dancing. Let us out with this troubleſom Taper, while Night echoes to my complaints, and preſides over the Ceremony. What Apartment has it prepar'd for me? What Bride-chamber has it adorn'd? The God that has charge of me, is all my company; depriv'd of him who in name only is my Husband. *Knemon* leads up his Nuptial Dance, *Theagenes* is yet wandering, and perhaps a Priſoner in Chains; nor am I certain that it is ſo well with him, or that he is at all. *Nauſiclea* my Bed-fellow, is removed from me into the embraces of her Husband, *Chariclea* is left alone: I envy not her fortune, Gods, wiſhing her all happineſs; but complain of your dealing ſo hardly with me. You have drawn out my Tragedy beyond all bounds. But why do I charge the Gods with unkindneſs? let the remainder of pleaſure be perform'd. Yet, O *Theagenes*, my deareſt care, if thou art dead, which I hope never

never to live to hear, I ſhall make no delay to be with you. For the preſent I perform theſe Rites (wherewith ſhe pluck'd off her hair and laid it on the Bed) and pour theſe Libations from my Eyes, which are dear to thee (wherewith ſhe bedewed the Coverlet with her Tears.) But if thou art alive and ſafe, O haſten to my Arms, and at leaſt viſit me in Dreams! Having thus ſpoken, ſhe caſt her ſelf with her face to the Bed with vehement ſighing, till ſtupify'd with her grief, ſhe fell into a ſleep that continued till broad day. *Calaſiris* therefore wondring that ſhe did not appear according to her cuſtom, enquired for her, and went directly to her Chamber-door, where knocking aloud, and calling her by her name, he awaken'd her. She, diſturb'd with the ſudden noiſe, in that diſorder of dreſs in which ſhe lay down, open'd the door to let him in. He ſeeing her hair diſhevell'd and garments torn, underſtood the cauſe; wherefore having firſt ſeated her on a Chair, and compoſed her dreſs; O *Chariclea* (ſaid he) why do you thus torment your ſelf? Why do you abandon your reaſon, and give way to misfortune? I my ſelf ſcarce know you in this diſorder, who were wont to have ſo much temper and reſolution. Why do you deſtroy your ſelf before the day of your fortune approaches? Take pity on me, and ſpare your ſelf, if not for my ſake, yet at leaſt for *Theagenes*, whoſe Life is bound up in yours, and dear to him for

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no other reaſon. *Chariclea* bluſh'd at what he ſaid, eſpecially when ſhe recollected the manner in which he ſurpriz'd her. Therefore after a long ſilence, *Calaſiris* deſiring her to ſpeak; You have good reaſon, Father, (ſaid ſhe) to chide me, yet I hope I deſerve pardon. It is no new paſſion or concern that put me into this diſorder: the abſence of *Theagenes* cauſes this diſturbance, and my grief is ſtill the greater, becauſe I cannot know certainly whether he be alive or dead. Be of good cheer as to that (ſaid *Calaſiris*) you have the Gods word for his being alive, and living with you hereafter: if you believe not their Oracles, at leaſt give credit to the perſon who told us yeſterday that *Thyamis* had carry'd him Priſoner to *Memphis*: But if he is taken by him, he is moſt certainly preſerv'd alive, by reaſon of the former acquaintance between them. Wherefore let us go without delay to *Beſſa*; you to find your *Theagenes*, and I both him and my Son; for you have heard that *Thyamis* is my Son. *Thyamis* (replyed *Chariclea*) is your Son, and only yours; and now our Affairs are running into extremeſt danger.

*Calaſiris* wondring at what ſhe ſaid, and demanding the reaſon; You know (proceeded ſhe) that I was taken by the Herdſmen, *Thyamis*, their Captain, was charm'd with this unfortunate Beauty with which I am endow'd; ſo that there is danger in our enquiry with him, leſt he ſhould know me to be the ſame perſon

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that beguil'd him of his intended Nuptials, and compel me to performance. The Gods forbid, reply'd *Calaſiris*, that the preſence of a Father ſhould not controul ſo unlawful a deſire: Yet what hinders us from thinking of ſome contrivance to ſecure you from that which you fear? for I know you to be of great art and ſubtilty in evading unwelcome addreſſes. *Chariclea* was a little exhilarated; And whether (ſaid ſhe) you ſpeak this jocoſely or ſeriouſly I will not examine; however I ſhall purſue that contrivance which I had begun with *Theagenes*, which fortune directed us unto, and I hope will now proſper. It being neceſſary for our flight from the Iſland of Thieves, we reſolved to change our Habit, and to paſs through the Towns in poor and beggarly attire: wherefore, if you think fit, we will reſume that diſguiſe, and perſonate Beggars: By which means we ſhall be leſs liable to injuries; for Poverty is more likely to meet with Pity than Envy, and we ſhall with more eaſe obtain our daily proviſion, all things being ſold to ſtrangers at dear rates; whereas they are given to Beggars. *Calaſiris* commended her deſign, and haſten'd for the journey. Therefore calling *Nauſicles* and *Knemon* to them, they acquainted them therewith; and the next day ſet forth, not permitting Servant nor Horſe to attend them, only *Nauſicles* and *Knemon*, with the Servants, ſaw them on their way.

*Nauſiclea* alſo accompany'd them ſo far, her love to *Chariclea* being equal to that for her Husband. Having therefore gone almoſt a mile, where they took leave of each other with many tears, praying for mutual ſucceſs on their affairs, *Knemon* particularly begg'd Pardon, that his new obligations permitted him not to accompany them, but that he would wait an occaſion to follow them. Thus parted they from each other. But *Chariclea* and *Calaſiris* put themſelves into Beggars habit, which they had prepar'd for that purpoſe. Nor did *Chariclea* ſpare her Face, which ſhe diſcolour'd, and hung a Scrip upon her Arm, as it were to carry fragments of meat, but the real uſe was to conceal the holy Veſtment and Chaplets which ſhe brought from *Delphi*, together with the Remembrances with which her Mother had expos'd her.

*Calaſiris* carry'd her Quiver, wrapt up in Leather, the wrong end hanging down over his ſhoulder, as ſome uſeleſs Fardle; her Bow was no ſooner unſtrung, but it came ſtreight again, and ſerv'd him inſtead of a ſtaff, on which he lean'd his whole weight. But whenſoever he ſpy'd any body coming towards them, he took care to make his burden ſeem more heavy, halting upon one Leg, and ſometimes led by *Chariclea*. Having thus put on a counterfeit perſonage, with ſome pleaſant diſcourſe between them, and repartees about their habit, they

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paſſed on, begging of their guardian Deity that he would be ſatisfy'd with what they had endur'd, and here put an end to their ſufferings. Thus they went forward towards the Village of *Beſſa*, where they hoped to have found *Thyamis* and *Theagenes*, but were fruſtrated of their expected happineſs: For coming near to the Town about Sun-ſet, they perceiv'd a great number of dead men newly ſlain, ſome of them were *Perſians*, which they knew by their habits; others were Inhabitants of the place. It appeared plainly that there had been a Battel, but with whom they did not know; till they had gone about the dead Bodies, to ſee if any of their acquaintance lay amongſt them, (for minds that are extremely ſollicitous for the welfare of what is moſt dear to them are always fearing the worſt) they perceiv'd an old Woman fixt over one of the dead, a native of the place, and breaking out into many Lamentations. They therefore reſolv'd if they could, to get ſome information from the Beldame: Therefore going up to her, they endeavoured at firſt to comfort her, and aſſwage her vehement grief. When ſhe had admitted their conſolation, they began to demand of her, What perſon it was whom ſhe bewail'd? What War had been fought? *Calaſiris* ſpeaking to her in the *Egyptian* Tongue. She gave them a brief account of all; That ſhe lamented for her Son, who lay ſpeechleſs; That ſhe came with reſolution into the Field that

ſome of the armed men might kill her, in the mean time that ſhe performed juſt Rites of Grief towards her Son. As for the Fight, ſhe gave this account; That a certain young ſtranger, of excellent form and ſtature, was led Captive to *Oroondates*, the Prince of *Memphis:* Tha the was ſent, as ſhe ſuppoſed, by *Mitranes*, Captain of the Guards, for an extraordinary Preſent. This perſon, the people of our Town, which you ſee yonder, affirm'd to be one of them, whether truly or out of deſign, I cannot tell. *Mitranes* being inform'd hereof, was enrag'd, and accordingly drew up his Army before the Town two days ago. It is a moſt warlike ſort of people that live by Rapine, with the greateſt Contempt of Death, and have left many women childleſs, as they have done me. When therefore by a certain ſign they were aſſur'd of his approach, they placed Ambuſcades in convenient places, by which they overcame the Enemy; part of them ſetting upon the *Perſians* Van, and the reſt from their ſecret places, upon their Rear. *Mitranes* was the firſt that fell, and with him almoſt all his followers, being ſurrounded, and of ours not a few: In this number, by the ſeverity of fate, was my Son, who receiv'd a wound, as you ſee, in his Breaſt by a *Perſian* Javelin. This being expir'd, I lament; and am likely ſoon to do the ſame for my other, he being gone with the reſt of our Souldiers, againſt the City of *Memphis.*

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*Calaſiris* ask'd her the cauſe of that expedition? She, as ſhe was inform'd by her Son that ſurviv'd, told them, That the Kings forces being cut off, and *Mitranes* their General ſlain, they were aſſur'd what they had done would be of no ſmall conſequence: That *Oroondates*, who lay at *Memphis* with a great Army, would immediately approach and beſet their Town, and revenge the injury, by cutting off the Inhabitants: They therefore determin'd, ſince they had brought themſelves into ſo great danger, to follow one bold attempt with a greater, that being the only means to ſecure themſelves from the Kings fury: Thinking with their ſudden approach to carry *Memphis*, and take the King Priſoner; or in his Abſence, if he were with his Army gone on expedition into *Æthiopia* (as it was rumour'd) they might with more eaſe compel the City, being deſtitute of Defence, to ſurrender: And likewiſe to perform a conſiderable ſervice for *Thyamis*, who was by his younger Brother depriv'd of office of High Prieſt, which they would reſtore to him. But if they ſhould be fruſtrated in their deſign, that yet they would dye with their Swords in their Hands, nor ever come into the power of the *Perſians*, to ſuffer Scorn or Tortures: And now give me leave to ask whither you are going? To the Town, ſaid *Calaſiris*. It is unſafe, ſaid ſhe, at preſent, eſpecially for ſtrangers. But if you will receive us for your Gueſts (ſaid *Calaſiris*) we ſhall be

ſecure enough. The ſeaſon will not permit, reply'd ſhe, I being this night oblig'd to perform funeral Ceremonies. But if you can endure it (and I ſuppoſe it is neceſſary that you ſhould) to paſs the night in ſome place, remote from the dead Bodies, at break of day I will take you for your ſecurity into my cuſtody. All this which ſhe ſpoke, *Calaſiris* interpreted to *Chariclea*; and ſo took her with him to a private place. When they had paſſed a little way from the dead, they came to a little Cave, where he laid him down with *Chariclea*'s Bow under his Head. *Chariclea* ſat down in another corner of the Cell, the Moon then riſing, and lightning all without. *Calaſiris* fell into a faſt ſleep, being tir'd at once with Age and the long Journey. *Chariclea* kept awake with care, became Spectator of a moſt horrid ſcene, though uſual amongſt thoſe people. For the Woman ſuppoſing her ſelf to be alone, and not likely to be interrupted, nor ſo much as to be ſeen by any perſon, fell to her work. In the firſt place ſhe digg'd a pit in the Earth, then made a fire on each ſide thereof; placing the body of her Son between the two plains; then taking a Pitcher from off a three-legg'd Stool that ſtood by, ſhe pour'd Honey into the Pit, Milk out of a ſecond, and ſo out of a third, as if ſhe had been doing Sacrifice: Then taking a piece of Dough, form'd in the likeneſs of a Man, crown'd with Lawrel and Bdellium, ſhe caſt it into the Pit. After this,

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ſnatching a Sword that lay in the Field, with more than Bacchanal fury (addreſſing herſelf to the Moon in many ſtrange terms) ſhe launched her Arm, and with a branch of Lawrel bedewed with her Blood, ſhe beſprinkled the fire: with many other prodigious Ceremonies. Then bowing herſelf to the Body of her Son, whiſpering in his Ear, ſhe awaked him, and by the force of her charms, made him to ſtand upright. *Chariclea*, who had hitherto look'd on with ſufficient fear, was now aſtoniſht; wherefore ſhe wak'd *Calaſiris* to be likewiſe Spectator of what was done. They ſtood unſeen themſelves, but plainly beheld, by the light of the Moon and Fire, where the buſineſs was perform'd, and by reaſon of the little diſtance, heard the diſcourſe, the Beldam now beſpeaking her Son in a louder voice. The queſtion which ſhe ask'd of him was, If her Son, who was yet living, ſhould return ſafe home? To this he anſwer'd nothing, only nodding his head, gave her doubtful conjecture of his ſucceſs; and therewith fell flat upon his Face. She turn'd the Body with the Face upward, and again repeated her queſtion, but with much greater violence, uttering many Incantations, and leaping up and down with the Sword in her hand, turning ſometimes to the Fire, and then to the Pit; ſhe once more awaken'd him, and ſetting him upright, urg'd him to anſwer her in plain words, & not in doubtful ſigns. In the mean time *Chariclea* deſired

*Calaſiris* that they might go nearer, and enquire of the old Woman about *Theagenes*; but he refus'd, affirming that the ſpectacle was impious; that it was not decent for any perſon of Prieſtly Office to be preſent, much leſs delighted with ſuch performances: That Prayers and lawful Sacrifices were their buſineſs; and not with impure Rites and enquiries of Death, as that *Ægyptian* did, of which miſchance had made us ſpectators. While he was thus ſpeaking, the dead perſon made anſwer, with a hollow and dreadful tone: At firſt I ſpared you, Mother, (ſaid he) and ſuffer'd your tranſgreſſing againſt humane Nature and the Laws of Deſtiny; and by Charms and Witchcraft diſturbing thoſe things which ſhould reſt inviolated: For even the Dead retain a Reverence towards their Parents, as much as is poſſible for them; but ſince you exceed all bounds, being not content with the wicked action you began, nor ſatisfy'd with raiſing me up to give you ſigns, but alſo force me, a dead Body, to ſpeak; neglecting my Sepulture, and keeping me from the manſion of departed Souls; hear thoſe things which at firſt I was afraid to acquaint you withal: Neither your Son ſhall return alive, nor ſhall your ſelf eſcape that Death, by the Sword, which is due to your crimes; but conclude that life in ſhort time, which you have ſpent in wicked practices: Foraſmuch as you have not only done theſe things alone, but made

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other perſons Spectators of theſe dreadful Myſteries that were ſo conceal'd in outmoſt ſilence; acquainting them with the affairs and fortune of the Dead. One of them is a Prieſt, which makes it more tolerable; who knows, by his Wiſdom, that ſuch things are not to be divulg'd: A perſon dear to the Gods, who ſhall with his arrival, prevent the Duel of his Sons prepar'd for Combat, and compoſe their Difference. But that which is more grievous, is, that a Virgin has been Spectator of all that has been done, and heard what was ſaid: A Virgin and Lover, that has wander'd through Countrys, in ſearch of her Betroth'd; with whom, after infinite Labours and Dangers, ſhe ſhall arrive at the outmoſt parts of the Earth, and live in Royal State. Having thus ſaid, he again fell proſtrate. The Hag being ſenſible who were the Spectators, arm'd as ſhe was with a Sword, in rage ſought them amongſt the dead Bodies, where ſhe thought they lay conceal'd, to kill them, as perſons that had invaded her, and croſt the operation of her Charms: While ſhe was thus employ'd, ſhe ſtruck her Groin upon the Splinter of a Spear that ſtuck in the ground, by which ſhe dy'd; immediately fulfilling the Prophecy of her Son.

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# ÆTHIOPIAN HISTORY.

## The Seventh Book.

*Alaſiris* and *Chariclea* having ſo narrowly eſcaped, not only to avoid farther danger, but on account of what was foretold them by the dead man, haſten'd their journey towards *Memphis*. When they arriv'd at the Town, they found the Preparations which they expected: For the People of *Memphis*, a little before *Thyamis* was come up with his *Beſſians*, had ſhut up their Gates, being forewarn'd of his coming by a Priſoner that had eſcaped from him. *Thyamis* therefore encamping before the Walls, gave three days reſpite to refreſh his Army, weary'd with their march and

and late Service. The Townſmen, who before were terrify'd with expectation of great numbers, when they found their Enemies were few, drew up the Archers and Horſe that were left to defend the Town, with the reſt of the Citizens, arm'd as the ſudden chance could furniſh them, prepar'd forthwith to ſet upon the Enemy. A Perſon of Age and Eminency diſſuaded them from their attemyt, ſaying, That though *Oroondates*, the Deputy, were abſent, yet it was meet firſt to conſult with *Arſace*, his Wife; by which means the Souldiers who were left, would more willingly engage. They approved his Council, and accordingly went to the Palace, where Deputies reſide in the Kings abſence. *Arſace*, beſide the Charms of her perſon and ſtature, had great management in affairs; ſuch as became her Royal Blood, and the Siſter of a King: Yet for Luxury and diſſolute Life, deſerv'd no little blame. Amongſt other things, ſhe was partly the cauſe of *Thyamis*'s Baniſhment from *Memphis*. For when *Calaſiris*, for thoſe miſchiefs which were fore-told about his Sons, was withdrawn from the City, ſo long, that he was ſuppos'd to be dead, *Thyamis*, as his eldeſt Son, was immediately inveſted in his place of High Prieſt; *Arſace* immediately fixt her Eyes on him in the Temple, where, beſide his youth and comely perſonage, he appear'd more charming with the ſplendid habit of his Office. She forbore not

not from immodeſt glances and ſigns, which *Thyamis* took little notice of, being of a chaſte temper. But his Brother *Petiſoris*, who had already envy'd his Dignity, and obſerv'd the allurements of *Arſace*, took occaſion from thence to form a ſnare for his Brother. Therefore privately addreſſing himſelf to *Oroondates*, did not only tell him the Inclination of *Arſace*, but falſly added, That *Thyamis* was contracted to her. He eaſily believ'd, being already jealous of *Arſace*, but as yet gave her no diſturbance, having no clear proof of his ſurmize; as alſo out of reſpect to the Blood Royal, his ſuſpicion was to be ſuppreſt and conceal'd: Yet he forbore not to threaten *Thyamis* with Death, till he was expell'd the City, and *Petiſoris* made Prieſt in his ſtead. Theſe things were formerly tranſacted. When now the people were throng'd about the Palace, and told her the approach of the Enemy, which ſhe already knew, and deſired her Commands on the Souldiers; ſhe anſwered, That whereas they knew not as yet the numbers of the Enemy, nor who they were, nor for what cauſe they arrived, That it were expedient firſt to go up to the Wall to take a view of the Enemy, and reſolve as they ſaw occaſion. They approv'd her counſel, and went immediately upon the Battlements. There, when a Rich Pavillion was placed for *Arſace*, and ſhe her ſelf richly adorn'd, was ſeated thereon, with her Guards in Golden Armour about her; hold-

holding out her Mace, for an Emblem of Peaceable Treaty, ſhe commanded the chiefs of the Enemy to approach the Walls. *Thyamis* and *Theagenes*, who were elected by the Army to go forth, plac'd themſelves under the Walls, cover'd in Armour all but their Heads. The Herald utter'd theſe words: *Arſace*, Wife of *Oroondates*, the Governour; and Siſter to the King; demands of you, Who you are? With what intention, or for what cauſe you are come hither with your Army? They rely'd, That their Troops were *Beſſians*. Of himſelf, *Thyamis* gave this account; That he had ſuſtain'd injury from his Brother, as alſo from *Oroondates*; That he was by Treachery depriv'd of the Prieſthood, and that the *Beſſians* were come to reſtore him: That if he were re-ſetled in his right, the *Beſſians* ſhould return peaceably, without doing them any damage; otherwiſe his Cauſe ſhould be decided by the Sword.

That *Arſace* for her own ſake ſhould comply, and take this opportunity of revenging herſelf on *Petiſoris*, who had practis'd againſt, and falſly accus'd her to *Oroondates*; and on the ſame pretence compaſs'd his Baniſhment from that City. The *Memphians* were much concern'd when they knew *Thyamis*, and were hitherto ignorant in the cauſe of his Baniſhment, and believ'd what he affirm'd. *Arſace*, above all, was ſeiz'd with a Tempeſt of Thoughts.

Thoughts. Her Rage being renew'd with this Remembrance of her former injuries from *Petiſoris*, ſhe conſider'd which way to revenge herſelf upon him. One while ſurveying *Thyamis*, and then *Theagenes*, ſhe was divided in her deſire, and ſucceſſively had a paſſion for each: For the one a former flame, and for the other a more violent, though kindled that moment; inſomuch that her concern was perceiv'd by her Servants. But when ſhe came to her ſelf, like one from a ſwoon; Excellent perſons (ſaid ſhe) what madneſs has poſſeſt you, who have not only expos'd all the *Beſſians*, but your own beautiful ſelves, in behalf of Robbers; for you are not able, if we ſhould engage, to ſuſtain our firſt Onſet. The Kings affairs are not yet reduc'd to that diſtreſs, though the Deputy be abſent, but that you muſt needs be encompaſs'd by the remainder of his Souldiers in the City. But I ſee no reaſon why the Publick ſhould be concerned in this difference; ſince therefore the quarrel is private, let the deciſion be ſo too; ſo that the Gods and Right muſt determine the event. It therefore ſeems juſt to me, that the *Memphians* and your Forces ſhould lie ſtill, and not engage in a needleſs War. This Judgment of *Arſace* was applauded with the ſhouts of her people. They not only ſuſpected *Petiſoris* of Injuſtice, which they deſired to ſee puniſhed; but alſo every one rejoyc'd to have his own Danger laid on another perſons head. But

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the *Beſſian* Army were not ſo well contented with the propoſal, nor were willing to expoſe their General to danger, till *Thyamis* with tears obtain'd their conſent; alledging that *Petiſoris* was weaker, and not experienc'd in Arms, ſo that he having been verſed therein, ſhould encounter him on advantage. Nor is it unlikely that *Arſace* propos'd the ſingle Combat, to obtain, without ſuſpicion, what ſhe deſired; it being moſt probable that *Thyamis* would overcome. This Reſolve was no ſooner mention'd than put in Action. *Thyamis* chearfully fitting on the reſt of his Armour which was wanting; *Theagenes* aſſiſting, and bracing his Helmet on, adorn'd with a moſt graceful Creſt and Plume. *Petiſoris* in the mean time was thruſt out of the Town, much entreating them that he might decline the Fight. As ſoon as *Thyamis* beheld him, Do you not ſee, ſaid he to *Theagenes*, how the guilty *Petiſoris* trembles? I perceive it, replyed he: But how have you reſolv'd in this Encounter? The Enemy with whom you engage is your Brother. You ſay true, reply'd he; I therefore determine, by the Gods will, to conquer, but not kill him: Providence forbid that former rage ſhould ſo far revive in me, as to make me, for wrongs that are paſt, to imbrue my hands in a Brothers Blood. You ſpeak like a Man of Honour, reply'd *Theagenes*, and vers'd in the Laws of Nature. But what Commands have you for me? There is little danger

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in this Encounter (reply'd *Thyamis*;) yet ſince all Events are in the hands of Fortune, if I Conquer, you ſhall enter this City, and live with me in full command of my fortunes; but if otherwiſe it ſhall happen, you ſhall be chief over theſe *Beſſians*, that highly eſteem you, till Providence ſhall better compoſe your Affairs. This being agreed on, they embrac'd each other with mutual Tears and Kiſſes. *Theagenes* ſat down in the habit in which he was, to obſerve the Combate; thereby (though unwittingly) affording a full view of himſelf to *Arſace*, who feaſted her wanton Eyes on his amiable Perſon. *Thyamis* made up to *Petiſoris*, who would not abide the firſt onſet, but whilſt he approacht, made toward the Gate, to ſhelter himſelf in the City: But to no purpoſe, being again forced out by the Citizens; the perſons likewiſe upon the Walls giving charge that none ſhould receive him. He therefore ran round the Walls, and at length with part of his Arms thrown away. *Theagenes* follow'd to ſee the event, but without Weapons, to give no ſuſpicion of aſſiſting *Thyamis*; having caſt down his Spear and Buckler in the place where he ſat in ſight of *Arſace*. Thus *Petiſoris* twice ſurrounded the City; but making the third round, *Thyamis* poiſing his Spear, and calling to him to ſtand, unleſs he would receive a ſcandalous wound in his Back: The whole City ſitting ſpectators, as it were in a Theatre. The Deity,

o: Fortune, that governs humane affairs, as in ſome labour'd Tragedy, where new events ariſe, had not only plac'd *Calaſiris* a Spectator at the Duel of his Sons, but alſo made him one in chaſe. Who although he had ſuffered ſo many diſtreſſes, and baniſh'd himſelf into remote Countrys to avoid ſo cruel a ſpectacle, yet, by the power of fate, is compell'd to ſee what the Gods foretold to him by their Oracles. He therefore, from a great diſtance, beholding the courſe, perceived by what had been revealed to him, that the two Combatants were his Sons. Wherefore, with greater ſpeed than old Age would well permit, he haſtned towards them, to prevent, if poſſible, their actual engagement: Approaching ſo near as to bear up with them; What madneſs is this, O my Children, he often cryed out? But they not yet knowing their Fathers countenance, he being diſguis'd in Beggars habit; their whole mind being taken up with the buſineſs in hand, neglected him, as one of the Spectators, or ſome perſon diſtracted. But thoſe who were on the Walls admir'd that he took no care of himſelf, but came between the Combatants, while others laught at him, as a frantick man. When therefore the old man was ſenſible that he was unknown through the meanneſs of his Garb, he threw off his outward poor Diſguiſe; diſcovering his Sacred hair, not yet unwreath'd; the Burden which he carry'd on his back, with the Bow, being

being caſt away, he renew'd his Prayers, and with Tears uttered theſe words; O Sons, (ſaid he) behold *Calaſiris*, behold your Father, and deſiſt from this fury, which, with ill fate, you have begun; and pay juſt reverence to the preſence of your aged Father.

At this they relented, and not only fell, but threw themſelves headlong at his Feet, embracing his Knees, they look'd up to his Face, to aſſure themſelves if it were he, and that they were not deceived by ſome Spectre. As ſoon as they were confirm'd, they were ſeiz'd with various and contrary affections. They were over-joy'd to ſee their Father alive, beyond their hopes or expectation, and were no leſs troubled for the manner in which he apprehended them; and, above all, were ſollicitous of the event in this accident. While the perſons from the Walls were beholding this Scene, and almoſt aſtoniſht, through Ignorance of the matter, ſo that they ſtood mute and motionleſs as Statues, behold another turn in the Scene aroſe: *Charicles* following the ſteps of *Calaſiris*, while from afar off ſhe knew *Theagenes* (for Lovers have ſharp ſight) tranſported with the view, with a cloſe Embrace, hanging on his Neck, had no breath left to ſpeak to him. But he, as it is likely, by her poor Dreſs and Face, diſdained her, thinking her ſome Vagabond among the Crowd of Spectators, put her from him; and at laſt, when ſhe would not deſiſt, and vex'd

to be hinder'd from the Scene of *Calaſiris*, puſh'd her away: She, with a low voice, cry'd, O *Pythius*, have you forgot this Taper? *Theagenes* ſtruck with that word, as with a Thunder-bolt, by the ſigns agreed on between them, knew the Torch, and tranſported with the ſight of *Chariclea*, her Beauty now ſhining out, as through a Cloud, he threw himſelf upon her Neck. The whole Battlements (where *Arſace* ſat, who ſurvey'd *Chariclea* not without Jealouſie) were ſurpriz'd at this Scene of wonderful repreſentation. The dire conteſt between the Brothers is taken off, and the Battel, which was expected to be of bloody conſequence, concludes in a happy Agreement. The Father, who had beheld his Sons arm'd againſt each other, inſomuch that his Eyes were almoſt made witneſſes of his Childrens unnatural death, is now Arbiter of Peace between them. He that could avoid not their neceſſary deſtiny, makes now no leſs advantage of Fortune. The Children recover their Parent after ten years loſs, and he that was the cauſe of their bloody ſtrife for the Prieſthood, is now himſelf Crown'd by the Rivals, and led along in the Sacred Robes. But the ſhining parts in the Comedy were *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, moſt beautiful figures; who, beyond all hopes, had now recovered each other; and above all the reſt, drew the eyes of the City upon them. The Inhabitants iſſued through the Gates, and

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filled the Plain with their numbers; the younger ſort repairing to *Theagenes*, and the elder thronging to *Thyamis*; the Virgins that were Marriagable, went over to *Chariclea*: So that a kind of Religious Proceſſion was immediately conſtituted. *Thyamis* in the mean time diſmiſſing the *Beſſians*, with thanks for the kindneſs that they ſhewed him; he likewiſe divided Preſents amongſt them, an hundred Oxen and a thouſand Sheep, with promiſe of ten Drachms apiece, in little time to be ſent after them.

He then put his Neck under his aged Fathers Arms to ſupport him, languiſhing with years, and at preſent with exceſs of Joy. *Petiſoris* on the other ſide did the ſame. Thus was the old Man carry'd to the Temple of *Iſis*, ſurrounded with Applauſe and Congratulations; Pipes and Sacred Flutes reſounding all the way, that ſet the younger ſort a Dancing. *Arſace* alſo performed her part, following the Pomp with her Train, and putting much Gold into the Temple of *Iſis*, for an Example to the reſt of the City. In the mean time, while *Theagenes* led *Chariclea* by the hand, officiouſly keeping off the preſs from her, he adminiſtred no ſmall Jealouſie to *Arſace*. *Calaſiris* went into the inward part of the Temple, where falling proſtrate before the Images, he almoſt expir'd in the adoration. But being recovered by the ſtanders by, as ſoon as he could ſtand upright, and had paid his Reverence to

the Goddeſs, he took the Wreath from his Brow and plac'd it on the Head of *Thyamis*; telling the Multitude, That he was old, that the Enſigns of Prieſthood were due to his eldeſt Son, who alſo was qualify'd to ſuſtain that Office. When the people had with ſhouts approv'd his pleaſure, he, with his two Sons and *Theagenes*, repair'd to that part of the Temple which is aſſign'd to the Prieſthood: The reſt departed every one to his houſe. *Arſace* likewiſe went away, but not without delays, and turning back again, as it were, to perform homage to the Goddeſs. All the while caſting her Eyes towards *Theagenes*, as long as ſhe could have ſight of him. After ſhe was return'd to the Palace, ſhe betook her to her Apartment, where ſhe threw herſelf upon her Bed, without uttering one word. A Woman laſcivious in her temper, but now with the ſurpaſſing beauty of *Theagenes*, inflam'd to a degree beyond what ſhe had yet been ſenſible of. She therefore continued waking all night, turning from one ſide to the other, ſighing deeply, ſometimes riſing up, and then throwing her ſelf down upon her Bed again. She often haſtily call'd her Attendants to her, then ſent them away again without any Commands for them. In fine, this paſſion had diſtracted her, but for an old Woman, *Cybele* by name, the keeper of her Cabinet, and former Servant of her Love-intrigues. She gueſs'd the affair, and

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came into the Chamber, as it were a Torch, adding fire to her flame. Madam, ſaid ſhe, what frenzy is this? What new paſſion tranſports you? What Perſons Aſpect has diſturb'd my Charge? Who is ſo vain and hardy, as not to be taken with that Beauty, and not account ſuch an enjoyment the greateſt happineſs? tell me, my dear Daughter; for there is none ſo obſtinate, as not to be vanquiſh'd by my Stratagems. You have already had good proof thereof. Theſe words, and many more to this purpoſe uttered ſhe, embracing the Feet of *Arſace*, and ſoothing her into Confeſſion. O Mother, reply'd *Arſace*, after a little pauſe, I have now receiv'd a deeper wound than ever; I have often found your skill ſucceſsful in theſe affairs, but know not now what it can do. The War which was this day almoſt begun before our Wall, prov'd unbloody to others, but to me the beginning of a more fatal War, wherein I am wounded to the very Soul; in unfortunately ſhewing me the youth that accompany'd *Thyamis* during the Combat. You know, Mother, whom I ſpeak of; for with the ſplendour of his Beauty he ſoon clouded all the reſt, diſcovering no mean Birth, nor Averſion to Love. This your Judgment cannot be ignorant of: Wherefore, ſince you know my grief, 'tis high time to ſet all your Engines to work; to employ all your Art and Induſtry if you would have your Daughter to ſurvive. For of what

uſe is Life, without enjoyment of the perſon whom I affect. I know the youth (reply'd the old Woman;) He that is full Breaſted, his Neck erect, his Eyes ſparkling, and at once diſplaying Love and Severity; with fair and well-order'd Hair, his Cheeks juſt budding with youthful down; to whom a certain Damſel, not diſagreeable, but exceſſive impudent, approach'd, and caſt her Arms about him: Is not this your Man, Lady? The very ſame, Mother: And you have well brought into my mind that domeſtick Creature, who yet is far happier than I, in poſſeſſion of ſuch a Lover. At this the Old Woman ſmiling, reply'd, Be of good heart, and lay aſide care, Madam; It is but for a day that ſhe is held beautiful by the ſtranger; but when I bring it about that he ſhall enjoy your Beauty, that ſordid Harlot ſhall be deſpis'd. Do ſo, my dear *Cybele*, and you will at once eaſe me of a double grief, Love and Jealouſie. Leave that to my care (ſaid ſhe) in the mean time it is your part to compoſe your ſelf with good hopes, and not to deſpair of my work before I begin. Having thus ſaid, ſhe went away, taking the light with her, and making faſt the Door. *Arſace* no ſooner perceiv'd day-light, but ſhe call'd one of her Eunuchs, together with her Woman, to whom ſhe gave little Cakes, and ſent them to do Sacrifice at the Temple. When they came to the Gates, and told the Door-keeper their buſineſs, That they

they were come to do Sacrifice for *Arſace*, who had that night been troubled in Dreams; the Officer forbad their entrance, acquainting them, That the Temple was at preſent full of Sorrow: That the High Prieſt *Calaſiris*, the laſt evening, enlarging his Soul in chearfulneſs, and after the Banquet made long ſupplications to the Goddeſs: Then telling his Sons, That hitherto they had ſeen their Father; and giving them ſtrict Charge concerning the two *Grecian* ſtrangers, he betook himſelf to his Bed. After this, whether his pores were too much dilated through exceſs of joy, or worn out with Age, or by the fix'd decree of the Gods, about Cock-crow he expired, in preſence of his Sons, who watched him. We have now ſent Meſſengers to aſſemble the Prieſthood of the City, to perform thoſe Funeral Rites, which, according to our Cuſtom, are due to him. You muſt therefore depart; for it is not lawful for any Perſon to enter the Temple, or do Sacrifice for theſe ſeven days but only the Prieſts. What then muſt become of the two ſtrangers, ſaid *Cybele*, during this time?

Our new Prelate *Thyamis*, (ſaid the Officer) has commanded a Lodging to be prepar'd for them without the Temple; and behold where they are now in obedience, going forth out of the Temple. *Cybele* having got this lucky opportunity, thus again beſpeaks the Officer; O Friend, belov'd of the Gods, it is in your power

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to do this young Couple a courteſie, but a much greater to *Arſace*, the Kings Siſter. You know how ſhe favours *Grecians*, and uſes hoſpitality to ſtrangers: Tell them therefore, that by Command of *Thyamis*, an apartment is provided for them in the Palace. The Officer did as ſhe commanded, being ſenſible of no harm, but thinking to do the perſons a kindneſs, in aſſiſting their Reception to the Palace. Coming therefore up to *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, drown'd in Tears; You are to blame, ſaid he, having been commanded to the contrary, thus to bewail the death of the High Prieſt, whereas our Divine Laws enjoin us to rejoyce for the conſummation of his happineſs. However, you are partly to be excus'd, having loſt (as you ſay) your Father and Patron: Yet ought you not altogether to deſpond, ſince his Son *Thyamis*, as you ſee, ſucceeds him in the Prieſthood, and is no leſs your friend. He has given charge in the firſt place concerning you, and order'd you a dwelling, to which perſons of the firſt Rank are proud to be receiv'd, and therefore well may ſtrangers be ſo, who ſeem of no extraordinary fortune. Follow therefore this Lady (pointing to *Cybele*) and obey her, as a common Parent to you both. *Theagenes* did as he ſaid, whether overcome by the ſudden accident, that, like a ſtorm, fell upon him, or in ſuch a ſtate of affairs was content with any manſion. I preſume he would have taken care

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of himſelf had he ſuſpected the miſchief which that Reſidence was likely to bring upon him. But the fate that govern'd them, after it had allow'd them one days refreſhment, immediately follow'd it with misfortune; making them Priſoners to their Enemy, though under appearance of Hoſpitality. When therefore they were come to the Deputies houſe, where all appear'd too ſtately for any private perſon; with Guards, and attending Courtiers; who all were ſurpriz'd at this preferment (as it ſeem'd to them) of the ſtrangers. They were follow'd by *Cybele*, encouraging them to be of good heart, and expect the performance of her promiſe. At laſt, bringing them into her own Apartment, the reſt of the company being ſhut out, ſhe ſat her ſelf down by them, and thus expreſt herſelf: O my Children, ſaid ſhe, I know the occaſion of your grief, which is conceiv'd for the Death of *Calaſiris*, worthily honour'd by you as a Father: But it is now needful that you unfold your ſelves to me: who you are, and from whence. That you are *Greeks* I know, and of good Parentage, I eaſily conjecture by your appearance. Your generous countenance and form aſſure me of your Birth; but from which *Greece* you come, and for what cauſe you wander'd, and arriv'd here, I deſire to underſtand, intending your good thereby; as alſo that I may acquaint *Arſace* my Lady, and Wife to our Deputy, with the particulars

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of your Affairs; for ſhe is famous for hoſpitality to ſtrangers, and, of all Nations, an admirer of the *Greeks*, for the elegance of their manners: by which means you ſhall come into her Preſence with Advantage. Neither ſhall you declare your ſelf to a Woman that is altogether a ſtranger, for I my ſelf am a *Greek*, *Lesbia* the place of my Birth; brought Captive hither, but to the improvement of my Fortune. I am Chief Agent for my Lady, ſhe breathes not without me; I am her very Soul, and bring worthy Perſons into her Acquaintance.

*Theagenes* comparing what was now ſpoken by *Cybele*, with what had happen'd the day before, and the immodeſt geſtures of *Arſace*, was about to anſwer, when *Chariclea* ſaid to him in his ear, be ſure in your diſcourſe to remember your Siſter. He underſtanding what ſhe meant by that ſuggeſtion, ſaid; You know, Mother, already that we are *Greeks*; but I muſt further inform you that we are likewiſe Brother and Siſter: Who, in ſearch of our Parents, that were taken away by Pyrates, have our ſelves ſuſtain'd worſe fortune, by falling into the hands of worſe men: Robb'd of our Treaſure, and ſcarce eſcaping with Life, we met, by Providence, with *Calaſiris*, with whom we deſign'd to lead the reſt of our Life: But he being now expir'd, we are left deſolate, and the ſecond time depriv'd of a Father. This is the poſture of our Affairs. But to you

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we return our juſt Thanks for your Courteous Hoſpitality; however, you will yet lay a greater obligation upon us, if you cauſe us to live retir'd and private, not introducing us into the Court, or acquaintance with *Arſace*; for ſuch familiarities, you know, are moſt fitting amongſt Equals. *Cybele* could no longer contain, but by the chearfulneſs of her countenance, diſcover'd her joy to hear they were Relations; that therefore *Chariclea* would be no Obſtacle to *Arſace*'s Deſires. O lovely Youth (ſaid ſhe) you will not ſpeak this of *Arſace* when you know her humour: She carries herſelf equally to all fortunes, and with particular favour to dignity in diſtreſs: Being herſelf a *Perſian* by Birth, ſhe naturally admires the People and Manners of *Greece*. Wherefore take heart, and aſſure your ſelf of all manly Offices about her, while *Chariclea* ſhall be her Intimate and Companion. But it is neceſſary that you tell me your Names. Which when ſhe had heard, ſhe deſired them to wait her return; and ſo haſtned to *Arſace*, leaving Orders with the Door-keeper, That none ſhould be ſuffer'd to go in to them, nor the Strangers to go out. Not if your own Son *Achemenes* come (ſaid the perſon?) Not even he, reply'd the other: Lock the door, and ſay I have taken the Key with me. Even thus it happen'd; *Cybele* was no ſooner departed, but left opportunity to *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* to bewail their misfortunes, which they did

did in almoſt the ſame words. O *Theagenes*, ſaid ſhe; O *Chariclea*, he anſwer'd, with an equal ſigh. What fortune has beſet us, ſaid he! In what poſture are our affairs, anſwer'd ſhe! Thus reply'd they to each, kiſſing and mutually embracing after every Sentence: At laſt calling to mind *Calaſiris*, they broke out into a joint Complaint: chiefly *Chariclea*, as having for a longer time been obliged to his Hoſpitality: O good *Calaſiris*, ſaid ſhe, how am I in thee depriv'd of a Daughters name. The Father who begot me I never knew, the Father that adopted me I forſook; and laſtly, this that receiv'd, cheriſh'd, and preſerv'd me, is now a dead Corpſe, to which I am not permitted ſo much as to pay Funeral Rites. Yet, my Suſtainer and Preſerver, nay, I will add Father; where-ever I am confin'd, I will make juſt Libations with my Tears, and pay theſe Offerings: Herewith ſhe pluck'd off her Hair, and threw it on the floor. *Theagenes* entreated her to ſpare her ſelf and be pacify'd; yet ſhe went on with her Complaint. To what purpoſe ſhould I now live, what hope is left? My Guide in this ſtrange Land, the Staff of my Pilgrimage, my leader to my Native Soil; he that performed the Office of Parent; my Adviſer in Diſtreſs, the Repeller of my Misfortunes, the Anchor of my Hopes, *Calaſiris*, is gone. While ſhe utter'd theſe Lamentations, *Theagenes* wept apart, and reſtrain'd as much

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as he could his grief, in pity to his Miſtreſs. By this time *Achemenes* arriv'd, and finding the Door lock'd, ask'd the Door-keeper the reaſon: When he knew 'twas by his Mothers Order, he went to the Door, where he heard *Chariclea* lamenting, and look'd through the chinks into the Chamber. Again he enquires of the Door-keeper; who ſaid, She ſuppos'd they were two ſtrangers brought in thither by his Mother. He then ſtoop'd down again, to try if he could know them. *Chariclea* he knew not, yet was taken with her Beauty; which he thought how great it was when not diſguis'd with Grief. From Admiration he falls into Love. As for *Theagenes*, he could but gueſs at him. While he was thus intent, *Cybele* returns, having told all to her Miſtreſs concerning the young Couple; commending that good fortune that had better crown'd her deſires, than the wiſeſt Councils could have done; to plant the perſon ſhe lov'd in the ſame houſe with her. Having thus enflam'd *Arſace* with deſire of ſeeing *Theagenes*, ſhe yet with-held her, being diſorder'd with want of Sleep, till ſhe had reſted, and would appear with better Advantage.

Leaving her thus ſatisfy'd, and in good expectation of the event, and reſolv'd on what method to take with the Strangers, ſhe return'd. What is it, Son, ſaid ſhe, that you ſo curiouſly enquire after? What Strangers are thoſe within, (ſaid he) and from whence? I may not inform.

form you, ſaid *Cybele*, nor muſt you tell what you know, nor converſe with the Strangers. He obey'd his Mother, ſuſpecting *Theagenes* to be reſerv'd for *Arſace*'s ſervice; but is not this the perſon (ſaid he within himſelf as he departed) who was reſcued from me by the *Beſſians*, when he was deliver'd to me by *Mitranes*, to conduct him to *Oroondates*, who was to ſend him to our great King? In which attempt my Life was in danger, and I only eſcaped of thoſe that guarded him? Do my Eyes deceive me? I have heard alſo that *Thyamis* is arriv'd, and has fought in ſingle Duel with his Brother for the Prieſthood. It is certainly the ſame Perſon. But at preſent I muſt conceal the diſcovery, and obſerve *Arſace*'s proceedings with the Strangers. Theſe were his private ſentiments. *Cybele* in the mean time entring in upon them, perceiv'd what had paſt: For although at the opening of the Doors they endeavour'd to compoſe themſelves, yet they could not conceal their Grief from the ſubtle old Lady; their Cheeks being ſtill moiſt with Tears. She therefore cry'd out, O my dear Children, why do you thus take on? When you ought to rejoice, and congratulate your good fortune: The moſt excellent *Arſace* contrives all things for your ſatisfaction; and has conſented that to morrow you ſhall be brought into her Preſence: Wherefore you muſt put away theſe Childiſh Lamentations; it is meet for you to compoſe your ſelves,

ſelves, and be obedient to her Pleaſure. The Death of *Calaſiris* (ſaid *Theagenes*) raiſed this ſorrow, in whom we have loſt a Fathers protection. You trifle, ſaid *Cybele*; *Calaſiris* was but your perſonated Father, and is expir'd, according to the Laws of Age and Nature. All things are reſtored to you in one Perſon; Riches, Pleaſures; adore *Arſace* as your good fortune. Only be rul'd by me in what manner you are to approach her (ſince ſhe has ſo commanded) and what meaſures you muſt take in what ſhe ſhall command. You know her Spirit is great, as being elevated by Quality and Beauty, and ſuch as will not bear Contempt, in any thing that ſhe ſhall enjoin.

While *Theagenes* ſtood ſilent, as conjecturing the flagitious meaning, the Eunuchs entred, bringing in Golden Chargers, the Remains of the Royal Banquet, that exceeded in Coſt and Delicacy: When they had ſet them on the Table, ſaying, That their Lady, in honour to the ſtrangers, had ſo commanded, they departed: Yet, to omit no part of their Office, they firſt taſted of every Diſh. The ſame was done in the Evening. The next Morning the ſame Eunuchs coming to *Theagenes*, ſaid, You are call'd for (O happy man) by our Lady, and we are commanded to bring you into her Preſence: Go therefore, to enjoy that Happineſs which is permitted to very few, and to thoſe very ſeldom. He paus'd a while, and then unwilling-

ly riſing up, Am I only commanded to go, or my Siſter here with me? Only you at preſent (ſaid they) ſhe being afterwards to come by her ſelf. There are now certain *Perſian* Nobles with *Arſace*: It is her manner to ſpeak with Men apart, and with Women afterwards apart alſo. *Theagenes* bowing, ſaid ſoftly to *Chariclea*, Theſe things are neither honeſt, nor their meaning unſuſpected by me: When ſhe whiſpered to him again, That he ought not to diſobey, but ſeem willing to perform her Pleaſure in all things, he follow'd them forth. When they told him after what manner ſhe was to be accoſted; how he ought to adore her at his entrance, he anſwered nothing. But going in, and finding her ſeated on a Tribunal, adorn'd in a Purple Robe, Embroider'd with Gold, Bracelets on her Arms, and a Rich *Tiara* on her Head, the Guards ſtanding round, and the Nobles ſeated on each ſide, his mind was not moved in the leaſt; but as forgetting what was agreed on between himſelf and *Chariclea*, his Spirit was the more exalted againſt the Pride of this *Perſian* Pageant. Therefore, neither bending his Knee, nor adoring her, with an erect countenance, he ſaid; Save you, *Arſace*, of Royal Blood. While thoſe that were preſent were enrag'd, and murmur'd at *Theagenes*'s audacious Entrance without the uſual Adoration. You muſt excuſe him, (ſaid *Arſace* ſmiling) as a ſtranger to our Cuſtoms; and as a *Grecian*, preju-

prejudic'd againſt them. Withal, ſhe put off her *Tiara*, though much prohibited by the Attendants; for this is the *Perſians* way of returning reſpect to them that ſalute them. When, by her Interpreter, (for though ſhe underſtood the *Greek* Tongue ſhe could not ſpeak it) ſhe had bid him be of good chear; to demand any thing he needed; beckning to her Eunuchs, ſhe diſmiſs'd him. He was attended forth by the Guards, among whom, *Achemenes*, having here ſeen him again, knew him more exactly; and ſuſpecting the cauſe of the extraordinary honour done to him, yet conceal'd his thoughts, reſolving within himſelf what to do. *Arſace* continued to receive the *Perſian* Nobles and Magiſtrates with ſuch Magnificence, pretending reſpect to them, while the true cauſe of her holding the Banquet was to have diſcourſe with *Theagenes*; to whom ſhe not only ſent the choiceſt Dainties, but richeſt Preſents, Tapeſtrys and Carpets of divers Colours, wrought at *Sydon* and *Lydia*. She likewiſe ſent Servants to attend them; a young Maiden to *Chariclea*, and a Youth of *Ionia* to *Theagenes*: Very much urging *Cybele* to finiſh her Deſign with celerity, for that ſhe could no longer ſuſtain the violence of her Paſſion: Nor was ſhe negligent in trying all ways to compaſs *Theagenes*. Indeed ſhe told him not *Arſace*'s Deſire in expreſs words, but with circumlocution gave him to underſtand; magnifying the Bounty of

*Arſace* towards him; ſetting before his Eyes not only thoſe Beauties which appear'd in her, but likewiſe thoſe that were conceal'd: Then ſhe extoll'd her humour, that was affable and obliging, and the eſteem that ſhe had for Youths of noble Expectation. In ſhort, ſhe made tryal by all ſhe ſaid how he ſtood affected to the Delights of *Venus*. *Theagenes* acknowledg'd her Bounty towards him, her love to the *Grecian* cuſtoms; and on all accounts return'd her Thanks and Praiſe: But for the drift of her wiles he ſeem'd to take no notice. The Old Lady therefore was ſtung, to think that he underſtood her intention, but deſpis'd and repell'd her attempts. She knew *Arſace* would bear no longer delays, but exact performance of her promiſe; ſhe therefore put her off with pretences, ſometimes ſaying that the Youth was timorous, and ſometimes that ill Accidents had happen'd. When therefore the fifth and ſixth days were paſt, in which *Arſace* had again call'd *Chariclea* to her, and, to gratifie *Theagenes*, treated her with all imaginable courteſie, ſhe was forced to ſpeak more plainly with *Theagenes*; to tell him her Ladies paſſion, aſſuring him of ten thouſand advantages if he aſſented. Why are you (ſaid ſhe) ſo averſe to Love? A Youth ſo beautiful, in the ſpring of his Age, belov'd by an equal Beauty, yet eſteems not the good fortune: Eſpecially when no danger attends, the Husband being abſent, and I (who have bred her,

and

and know all her ſecrets ) having the management of the affair. On your own part, there can be no impediment, having neither Miſtreſs nor Wife. Though many have deſpiſed even theſe conſiderations, and thought they did not therein wrong their Domeſtick concerns; but took the opportunity at once of making their fortune, and enjoying their pleaſure. Laſtly, ſhe mingled Threats with Arguments; ſaying, That the moſt obliging Women conceive the greateſt diſpleaſure, when diſappointed, and ſeverely revenge the neglect. Think with your ſelf, That this Lady is a *Perſian*, and of Princely Blood, as you have acknowledg'd; with what Power ſhe is veſted; ſo that at her pleaſure ſhe may reward her Favourites with greateſt Honours, and puniſh thoſe that diſoblige her. For your part, you are a ſtranger here, deſerted, and have none to ſuccour you. Take pity both on your ſelf and her. She is worthy of your Compaſſion, ſince you were Author of her pain, and it is for you ſhe languiſhes. At leaſt, fear a Lovers Rage, and beware of that Revenge which follows Contempt. I have known many of your temper, who have repented too late.

I have greater Experience in theſe matters than you: Theſe hairs are grown grey in the Employment; but ſo obſtinate and incorrigible a Youth I never yet met withal. Then turning to *Chariclea* ( of neceſſity indeed ſhe hear-

ing all this diſcourſe) and do you, Daughter, (ſaid ſhe) adviſe this Brother of yours, though I know not if he deſerve that title. This buſineſs will alſo turn to your advantage; you will be never the leſs lov'd by him; you ſhall have all Honours conferr'd on you; be made as rich as you pleaſe, and advanc'd to a moſt Honourable Marriage. Theſe things are to be wiſh'd for by happy perſons, not by the Deſtitute, and Strangers. But *Chariclea*, looking angrily and earneſtly upon her, It were to be wiſh'd, ſaid ſhe, on all accounts, that *Arſace* ſuffer'd under no ſuch paſſion, at leaſt that ſhe could moderate her deſires; but ſince humanity is liable to ſuch frailty, and that ſhe is over-power'd, I would my ſelf counſel *Theagenes* not to refuſe, if it may be with ſafety; leſt it come to light, by ſome Accident, to her undoing, by the Deputies knowledge of it. *Cybele* leapt forth at theſe words, Kiſſing and Embracing *Chariclea*; Well ſpoken, Daughter, (ſaid ſhe) this is agreeable to Nature, that you, who are a Woman, ſhould pity the ſufferings of a Woman, and take care for your Brothers ſafety. But on this account there is no reaſon why you ſhould fear, ſince the Sun himſelf ſhall not be privy to it. Deſiſt at preſent, ſaid *Theagenes*, and give us a little time to deliberate. *Cybele* immediately went out. O *Theagenes*, (began *Chariclea*) the Gods give us ſuch ſucceſſes, as bring with them greater Misfortune than the Hap-

Happineſs: Which ſince it is ſo, it is the part of Prudence to make the beſt of bad Circumſtances. Whether or no you reſolve in your ſelf on this thing I know not, but if you think the propoſal diſhoneſt and unworthy, feign a compliance, and ſooth the Impatience of the Barbarian with expectation, leſt ſhe determine ſomething fatal againſt us. 'Tis probable that a little time (if you can delay her hopes) will afford us ſome Remedy. But, O *Theagenes*, take care leſt the Contemplation betray into a Deſire. To which *Theagenes* anſwer'd, with a ſmile, Neither have you in your diſtreſs eſcap'd that Female Diſtemper, Jealouſie. But know that I cannot ſo much as diſſemble, or make a pretence in ſuch an affair; to act or ſay, in unlawful things, is alike to generous minds. If *Arſace* deſpair, there will be, at leaſt, this advantage in it, that we ſhall no more be troubled with her ſollicitations. But if I muſt ſuffer, both my paſt fortune, and temper of mind, have inur'd me to bear what ſhall be put upon me. *Chariclea* ſaid no more, only deſir'd him to take notice into what miſchief they muſt inevitably be brought.

While they were thus taken up, *Cybele* having encourag'd *Arſace* to good hope, for that *Theagenes* had expreſt ſo much, return'd to the Apartment; where paſſing over that night in Civilities to *Chariclea*, whom alſo ſhe made her Bed-fellow; next morning ſhe again ask'd *Thea-*

*genes*, What he reſolv'd? When he manifeſtly refus'd her, and bid her expect no ſuch compliance: She return'd ſorrowful to *Arſace*. When ſhe had told her *Theagenes* Cruelty, *Arſace* puſh'd her forth headlong, and running into her Cloſet, threw herſelf on her Bed, tearing her Cloathes and Hair. *Achemenes* had no ſooner ſpy'd his Mother coming forth ſad and weeping, but he ask'd her the reaſon; If any Miſchief had happen'd, and any ill news diſturb'd her Lady? If *Oroondates* had loſt the Battel? And many more ſuch queſtions. You trifle (ſaid ſhe) and ſo went on. He nevertheleſs intermitted not, but taking her by the hand, begg'd her to acquaint her Son with her trouble: She therefore permitting him to lead her, went into a private part of the Garden. I would, ſaid ſhe, to no other perſon diſcover my Ladies ſufferings; but ſince her life is at ſtake, and I know her fury will return upon my head, I am compell'd to ſpeak: If poſſibly you can contrive any help for her that brought thee into the light, and nurſed thee with theſe Breaſts. She is deſperately in love with a certain Youth; her paſſion is invincible; and after hopeful expectation, both ſhe and I have found our labour fruſtrated. From hence proceeded theſe manifold favours expreſſed to the Strangers. But ſince the fooliſh Youth is intractable, I fear ſhe will not live, and know my own Death to be certain. This is the diſtreſſed

ſtreſſed eſtate of our affairs. If you can give any relief, do it quickly; if not, prepare your Mothers Funeral. But what Reward ſhall I have, Mother, ſaid he; for it is not ſeaſonable to tell you at large how far I can be ſerviceable, whilſt you are in this diſorder, and almoſt expiring. You ſhall have whatever you will deſire, ſaid *Cybele*: You are already made, on my account, her Chief Cup-bearer: If there is any further preferment which you would have, demand it: The Riches ſhall be without meaſure which you ſhall have, if you preſerve her. I neither ask Preferment nor Wealth, ſaid he; let her only give the Maid, who is call'd the Siſter of *Theagenes*, for my Wife, and all things ſhall ſucceed to her deſire. I am paſſionately in love with the Virgin: Wherefore our Lady labouring with the ſame paſſion, will more readily gratifie my Deſires, eſpecially for ſo great a Service. Doubt it not, ſaid *Cybele*; beſides, I may privately prevail with the Virgin on your behalf. But tell me, What method do you propoſe? I ſhall not tell it, ſaid he, till my Lady has promis'd me with Oath; nor do you till then attempt any thing with the Virgin; leſt by precipitance you deſtroy all, ſhe being, as I perceive, of a great Spirit.

Hereupon ſhe return'd to *Arſace*, and throwing herſelf at her Feet, deſir'd her to take comfort, all things ſhall do well, only be pleas'd to call my Son *Achemenes* into your Preſence.

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Let him be call'd, ſaid *Arſace*; but take care you do not again deceive me. *Achemenes* therefore enter'd; and when *Arſace*, in expreſs words, had ſworn to him, That he ſhould Marry the Siſter of *Theagenes*: Then, ſaid he, trouble not your ſelf, your Authority over *Theagenes* is abſolute, let the Slave take care how he behaves himſelf to his Miſtreſs. How mean you, ſaid ſhe? When ſhe had thus ask'd, he told her all that had paſt; That he had been taken, and was her Captive and Bond-man, by right of War: That *Mitranes* had ſent him to him, to ſend him again to *Oroondates*, who was to convey him to the King: That he was reſcu'd from him, on the way, by the *Beſſians* and *Thyamis*: That he hardly eſcap'd with Life: And above all, produc'd before *Arſace* the Letters of *Mitranes*. If there were need of farther Arguments, *Thyamis* ſhould confirm it. *Arſace* hereupon was a little reviv'd, and going from her Apartment to the Preſence Chamber; where ſhe was wont, on her Tribunal, to determine publick affairs: She commanded *Theagenes* to be brought before her. When he was brought, ſhe ask'd him if he knew *Achemenes*, who ſtood by him? He confeſſing it; ſhe farther ask'd, If he had taken him Priſoner? *Theagenes* acknowledging that alſo; You are therefore my Slave, ſaid ſhe, and muſt be at my diſpoſal. I betroth your Siſter to *Achemenes*; who not only for his

his Mothers, but for his own ſervices deſerves highly from me: I ſhould only ſo far defer it, till the requiſite preparations for the Nuptials can be made. *Theagenes* was herewith ſtruck, as with a Thunder-bolt, yet reſolved not to contradict, but cunningly decline her fury. O Madam, ſaid he, we are obliged to the Gods, that ſince we are born of noble blood, we have yet the comfort in our Misfortunes, to become your Servants: To you, who exerciſe ſuch courteſie towards Strangers. But for my Siſter, ſince ſhe was not your Captive, ſhe cannot be made to ſerve; yet ſhe has reſolv'd in all things to obey; do therefore what you ſhall judge to be right. You ſhall be plac'd, ſaid *Arſace*, among the Waiters on our Table, and learn the Art of Cup-bearing, to practiſe the Royal Service before-hand.

They went forth from her Preſence; *Theagenes* with a thoughtful Countenance, *Achemenes* receiving him with ſcoffs: Behold, ſaid he inſulting, that you, who lately were ſo inſolent, who thought your ſelf the only free man, who diſdain'd to bow your Head, and pay reverence, what you are now come to. *Arſace* in the mean time ſending the reſt away, ſaid to *Cybele* alone, Now *Cybele* tell this proud youth, that if he will ſubmit to our pleaſure, he ſhall have his freedom, and live in wealth and plenty; but if he continues obſtinate, I will uſe him like my Slave, and impoſe on him the vi-

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leſt Service and Puniſhments. *Cybele* came to him with the commands of *Arſace*, adding alſo to her words what ſhe thought convenient. *Theagenes* asking a little reſpite, ſaid to *Chariclea* apart; O *Chariclea*, our affairs are at an end; every Cable, every Anchor of Hope is cut off; our very Liberty is now taken away; we are Servants to Barbarians, and doom'd to ſuffer whatever they will impoſe. Yet even theſe things were tolerable, but *Arſace* has promis'd you in Marriage to *Achemenes*, the Son of *Cybele*; which ſhall either never be, or at leaſt ſeen by me while I am Maſter of a Sword. But what is to be done? What contrivance can be found to free me from the deteſted Embrace of *Arſace*, and you from *Achemenes?* Yet methinks I have a ſudden thought, as neceſſity is fruitful in Invention: Then turning to *Cybele*, Tell your Lady, ſaid he, that I deſire to ſpeak with her alone, and in private.

The Old Lady imagining *Theagenes* to have conſented, ran to *Arſace*; and being commanded to bring him after Supper, ſhe accordingly did ſo: Commanding the Attendants to leave their Lady to her Reſt, and clear her Lodgings, ſhe brought *Theagenes* into her Bed-chamber. The reſt of the Apartments were all made dark, her Bed-chamber only had a Lamp in it.

*Cybele* would have withdrawn her ſelf, but *Theagenes* forbad her, ſaying, That ſhe muſt be

be preſent; I know that ſhe is good at keeping Secrets; and with that, taking *Arſace* by the hand; O Lady, ſaid he, I from the firſt deferr'd your Commands only till I might with ſafety, obey you: But now, ſince Fortune, by particular favour, has declar'd me your Servant, I am much more forward to obey you in all things. Whereas therefore you have promis'd me many Courteſies, I beg but one inſtead of all, that you would revoke the Marriage of *Chariclea* and *Achemenes*: For, not to mention other things, it is unfit that ſhe, being of Noble Birth, ſhould be wedded to a Servant. Otherwiſe, I Swear by the brighteſt of Deities, the Sun, that I will never comply with your demands; and before I will ſee any violence offer'd to *Chariclea*, I will die by my own hand. You cannot but think me willing to gratifie you in any thing (ſaid *Arſace*) who am ready to deliver up my ſelf to you; but I have already ſworn to give your Siſter to *Achemenes*. It is well, Madam, ſaid he; give him my Siſter if you pleaſe, but her whom I make love to, who is my Betrothed, and indeed my Wife, you neither will, nor can beſtow upon him. How ſay you! Cry'd *Arſace:* The matter anſwers it ſelf, ſaid he, for *Chariclea* is not my Siſter, but my Spouſe; wherefore you are freed from your Oath: This you may alſo confirm, whenſoever you ſhall be pleas'd to perfect the Nuptials between her and me. *Arſace* was

ſtung

ſtung with Jealouſie to hear that *Chariclea* was not his Siſter, but his Spouſe: Yet be it as you will, ſaid ſhe, we ſhall make *Achemenes* amends by ſome other Match. I ſhall likewiſe anſwer your deſires, ſaid *Theagenes*, when you have null'd this Promiſe. With theſe words he bowed, as to kiſs her hand, but ſhe ſtooping, receiv'd the ſalute upon her Lips: *Theagenes* then took leave of her. As ſoon as he could, he acquainted *Chariclea* with what had paſt, (who heard him not without ſome Jealouſie) how all was compaſs'd by one means; the Nuptials with *Achemenes* broken, time gain'd to divert the ſollicitations of *Arſace*; and what would crown all, that *Achemenes* would put things into Commotion, enrag'd at his diſappointment, and to ſee me preferr'd to him in the favour of *Arſace*: That nothing would be conceal'd from him, his Mother giving him the Intelligence: For I took care, for that reaſon, to have her preſent, as alſo for a witneſs of our Converſation. It is to be expected (added he) that *Achemenes* will lay ſnares for *Arſace*: a Slave by Birth (who have a natural inveteracy againſt their Superiours) eſpecially being injured, and defrauded of her promiſe; ſeeing alſo others preferr'd before him, and being conſcious to her practices, ſo that there is no need of forg'd Inventions, there being ſufficient grounds of truth to work upon.

Having

Having thus ſpoken to *Chariclea*, and adviſ'd her to take ſome hope, he was the next day b ought by *Achemenes* to miniſter at the Table: For this was enjoyn'd by *Arſace*; and he was cloath'd in the Veſtment which ſhe ſent him, adorn'd with Golden Wreaths, Bracelets, and Gemms. While *Achemenes* offer'd to ſhew him the manner of his Office, *Theagenes* ran to the Side-board, where the Golden Cups ſtood, and taking one up, I have no need of Teachers, ſaid he, but I will ſerve my own Lady after my own way. Fortune has well oblig'd you, to be skill'd in ſuch Offices, but Nature and Occaſion ſhall inſtruct me what is to be done: Then lightly pouring forth, he bore the Cup to *Arſace*. This draught more pleas'd her than uſually, at once ſipping of the Bowl, and fixing her Eyes on *Theagenes*, drinking deeper of Love than Wine. *Achemenes* was doubly wounded, fill'd at once with Rage and Emulation, ſo that *Arſace* herſelf perceiv'd his frown, and heard his murmurings to the ſtanders by. When the Banquet was done, I have one favour to beg, ſaid *Theagenes*, That you would pleaſe, Madam, to order me always to perform my Office in this Robe. *Arſace* conſenting, he reſum'd his own dreſs, and went forth: *Achemenes* went along with him, upbraiding his inſolence, and urging, That his Miſtreſs excus'd his firſt neglect, as being Ignorant, and a Stranger; but that for the future

ture ſhe would not ſuffer it. This, ſays he, I tell you as a Friend, and one whoſe Siſter, by my Ladies promiſe, is to be my Wife; with many more things to this purpoſe. But *Theagenes*, as not hearing him, went forward, with his Eyes fix'd on the ground, till *Cybele* met him, as ſhe was returning to lay her Lady on her Bed in the heat of the Day. Seeing her Son diſturb'd, ſhe demanded the reaſon. This young Stranger, ſaid he, is preferr'd before me, for the Beauty of his Perſon, and officiates in my ſtead; and this not without contempt of us that formerly had the Honour.

But theſe matters we ſhall at another time have leiſure to diſcourſe; in the mean time, Mother, I deſire to ſolace my Grief by Marriage with *Chariclea*. What Marriage, Son, ſaid *Cybele*? You ſeem to me concern'd for light troubles, and yet neglect greater: You ſhall not now have *Chariclea* for your Wife. What ſay you? anſwer'd he, am I not worthy to marry my fellow Servant? For what reaſon, Mother? For my ſake, ſaid ſhe, and my too much ſervice to *Arſace*: For after my preferring her to my own ſafety, and ſerving her pleaſure, this Stranger at his firſt admiſſion into her Chamber, was ſo much regarded, that he immediately prevail'd with her to break her Oath to you; and to conſent that *Chariclea* ſhould be wedded to him, and not with you; ſhe not being his Siſter, but his Miſtreſs. Has

ſhe

ſhe promiſed him, Mother? She has, my Son, in my preſence and hearing; and will accordingly celebrate their Nuptials in few days: but for you ſhe deſigns another Match. *Achemenes* at this ſighing deeply, and wringing his hands, ſaid, I ſhall render the Marriage fatal to them all; only do you aſſiſt me, by delaying the Nuptials for a time: and if any enquiry be made after me, ſay that I remain ſick in the Country. The Stranger calls his Siſter his Spouſe only to break off the Marriage with me: though if he ſhould Embrace, Kiſs her, or Sleep with her, I ſhall never believe but ſhe is his Siſter. This buſineſs belongs to my Care, and to the Gods, whoſe Honour is violated.

Thus ſpoke he, being at once incens'd with Jealouſie, Love and Diſappointment, (which things are ſufficient to make a perſon troubleſome, that were not barbarous) not weighing his Reſolves by Reaſon, but taking the firſt heat, he mounted an *Armenian* Courſer, that belong'd to the Deputy, and poſted away to *Oroondates*, then muſtering a great Army at *Thebes*, againſt the *Æthiopians*; collecting all manner of Strength for the Enterpriſe, and now ready to March.

THE

# ÆTHIOPIAN HISTORY.

## The Eighth Book.

FOR when the King of *Æthiopia* had by Stratagem defeated *Oroondates*, and obtain'd the half of what they contended for, making himſelf Maſter of *Philæ*; he at laſt reduc'd him to thoſe ſhifts, that he was forc'd to retreat by ſtealth, and in diſorder. The City *Philæ* is ſituate on the *Nile*, a little above the Cataracts; and diſtant from *Syene* and *Elephantina* about twelve miles and a half. This City being formerly taken, and poſſeſt by *Ægyptian* Out-laws, drew on a conteſt for the ſame between the *Ægyptians* and *Æthiops*. The *Æthiops* pretending the Borders

of *Æthiopia* to ſtretch as far as the Cataracts; and the *Ægyptians* lay claim to it, on account of their Out-laws inhabiting there. This City was ſucceſſively in the power of the one or other, according as they could ſooneſt attack it; but at this time it had a Garriſon of *Ægyptians* and *Perſians*. The *Æthiopian* King, by Embaſſy, demanded *Philæ* of *Oroondates*, and the Precious Mines of *Smaragdus*: Which being deny'd, he commanded his Legates to go a few days journey before him, ſaying, That he would follow after, when he had made preparations, but acquainted none whither he intended. When he ſuppos'd the Legates to be arriv'd at *Philæ*, where they were to lull the Inhabitants into ſecurity, under pretence of coming to make a Peace with them, he himſelf came ſuddenly upon the City, and beat out the Guards, who were not able to hold out againſt the Number of the Enemy, and Engins, with which they batter'd the Walls with no damage at all to the Townſmen.

*Achemenes* finding *Oroondates* troubled of theſe accounts, gave him yet farther diſturbance, by his ſudden and uncommanded Arrival. Asking therefore if any thing were amiſs with *Arſace*, or his Family; he anſwer'd, That there was, but he would tell him in private. When the Company were diſmiſs'd, he unfolded all; How *Theagenes*, taken Priſoner by *Mitranes*, and ſent to him, to be again convey'd

the King their Maſter, being a handſome Youth, and fit for Court Service, was reſcu'd by the *Beſſians*, who alſo had kill'd *Mitranes*: He then proceeded to the affairs of *Thyamis*, and in the laſt place told the Love of *Arſace* for *Theagenes*; his Reſidence in the Palace, and Honours conferr'd upon him; but that as yet perhaps there was nothing unlawful committed, the Youth being averſe to her Deſires. However, it was to be fear'd, that he would be won in time, unleſs he ſent ſpeedily to bring him to *Memphis*, and wholly cut off the Intrigue of *Arſace*. That for this very reaſon he haſten'd and came ſecretly to him, out of reſpect; not being able to conceal his Injury from him.

As with this diſcourſe he enflam'd *Oroondates* with Jealouſie and Revenge, ſo on the other ſide he fill'd him with Love of *Charicles*, of whom he next inform'd him; extoling her Beauty with Divine Praiſes; That never was her Equal ſeen, nor ever ſhould be; That all his Concubines were nothing in compariſon of her, not only thoſe he left at *Memphis*, but alſo they that followed his Camp. Many more things he added, thinking, That though *Oroondates* ſhould enjoy *Charicles*, yet, after ſome time, he ſhould, for this diſcovery, receive her for his Wife. Thus was the Deputy thrown at once into the Toils of Rage and Love. Wherefore without delay, calling *Bagoas*, one of his Eunuchs, to him, (of great authority and truſt)

with fifty Horſe to accompany him, he ſent him to *Memphis*, to bring *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, as ſoon as he could find them.

He alſo ſent Letters: One to *Arſace*, of theſe Contents.

*Oroondates* to *Arſace*.

THeagenes *and* Chariclea, *the two Captive Kindred and Royal Servants, you muſt ſend to me, to tranſmit them to the King; ſend them willingly, for otherwiſe they ſhall by force be taken away, for I give Credit to* Achemenes.

To *Euphrates*, the Chief Eunuch at *Memphis*, he wrote thus:

OF *your Negligence in my affairs at home you ſhall hereafter give an account; at preſent deliver the two* Grecian *Strangers to* Bagoas, *whether* Arſace *be willing or not. Otherwiſe I have ſent Orders that you be brought bound to me, and diſcharg'd from your Office.*

*Begoas* therefore, according to Command, went with the Letters ſigned with the Deputies own Seal, that at *Memphis* they might give him the better Credit, and more eaſily deliver the Strangers to him. *Oroondates* in the mean time ſet forward againſt *Æthiopia*, commanding *Achemenes* to follow him; who knew (though

(though no mention was made thereof) that he was kept in Cuſtody till the truth of what he had informed were known. Theſe things paſſed at *Memphis*. In the mean time *Thyamis* (while *Achemenes* was upon his way to *Oroondates*) having in full power receiv'd the Office of High-Prieſthood, an Office of firſt Rank in the City, and perform'd all Rites belonging to the Funeral of *Calaſiris*, to the outmoſt terms of the conſtituted time, he then called to mind *Theagenes* and *Charicles*: for now it was permitted to him, by the Pontificial Law, to converſe with Strangers. Therefore, upon enquiry, finding that they were carry'd to the Deputies Palace, he forthwith demanded them of *Arſace*, alledging that they belong'd to him upon many accounts; That his Father *Calaſiris*, on his Death-bed, committed them to his care: Giving her thanks that ſhe ſo courteouſly treated the Strangers, during his Confinement to the Temple: But however, that he was obliged to remand the Pledges left to his Truſt. I wonder, reply'd *Arſace*, that while you acknowledge my Humanity, you condemn me at the ſame time of Inhoſpitality, in ſuppoſing me not able or willing to provide for the Strangers. Not ſo, ſaid *Thyamis*, I know they may live here in greater plenty than with me, provided they are ſo contented. But ſince they are of Noble Race, and have run through changes of Fortune, and ſtill are wanderers, nothing can

be ſo deſirable to them as to recover their Kindred and Country. In which, that I might be aſſiſting to them, my Father left me his charge, beſide many other obligations of Friendſhip between us.

You do well, ſaid *Arſace*, to urge your Right, by which you will ſooner prevail with me, than by force. Have you then dominion over them, ſaid *Thyamis*? By what means? By right of War, reply'd ſhe, which made them my Captives, and conſequently my Slaves. When therefore *Thyamis* underſtood that ſhe ſpake of *Mitranes*; O *Arſace*, ſaid he, it is not now War but Peace; as that brings into bondage, this ſhould ſet at liberty: Beſides, War and Peace ſhould be judg'd not by the Name, but Reaſon and Conſtitution. How can it be Creditable or Profitable to you to detain the Strangers?

*Arſace* could no longer contain; but that happen'd to her which is uſual for Lovers, while they think their ſentiments conceal'd, they have Modeſty; but when diſcover'd, they loſe all ſence of ſhame. She therefore ſuſpecting that *Thyamis* perceiv'd her paſſion, made no account of his Prieſtly Dignity, but caſting off the Modeſty of her Sex, told him, That what he had done againſt *Mitranes* ſhould not paſs unpuniſhed; for the time ſhould come when *Oroondates* would call his Murderers to account. For the preſent I will not diſmiſs my Vaſſals,

Vaſſals, though in little time they ſhall be ſent to the King my Brother. Wherefore leave your idle reaſonings of Right or Wrong, with them that have Authority, and depart willingly from our Palace, leſt you be compell'd by force. *Thyamis* therefore went forth, calling the Gods to witneſs, and affirming that theſe things could come to no good iſſue; reſolving to acquaint the City herewith, and call in their aſſiſtance. *Arſace* retir'd to her Chamber, calling *Cybele* to her, to take counſel of what was to be done. She had now ſome ſuſpicion of *Achemenes* his abſence; and when ſhe ask'd *Cybele* about it, ſhe fram'd divers excuſes, affirming any thing rather than own his departure to *Oroondates*. Yet ſhe did not altogether impoſe upon her, the length of time creating miſtruſt. What ſhall we do, *Cybele*, ſaid ſhe? Or how ſhall we work our ſelves out from the ſtreights that encompaſs us? My deſire is not leſſen'd but encreas'd by denial. The Youth grows more obſtinate and intractable than ever. He has hitherto fram'd delays, but now he flatly denies me. And that which more troubles me, is leſt he ſhould likewiſe apprehend what I ſuſpect of *Achemenes*. For *Achemenes* much diſturbs me, being gone to *Oroondates*, to perſwade him of what he knows or conjectures; if I could but ſee *Oroondates*, one tender Word or Tear from me would overcome him. But I am afraid, leſt before I enjoy *Theagenes*, or can ſee *Oroondates*, he ſhould deter-

determine concerning me. Wherefore, *Cybele*, turn every Stone, try all your Art with the young man, ſince you ſee our affairs are brought to the laſt exigence: For you muſt imagine that when I deſpair for my ſelf, I ſhall ſpare no other perſon. Therefore take advantage of your Sons endeavours, for I cannot conceive how you can be ignorant thereof. As for my Son, Madam, or my fidelity to you, you ſhall find that you cenſure falſly. Wherefore, ſince you ſo negligently purſue your Love, you muſt not lay the blame on others: For you exerciſe not the Authority of a Miſtreſs with him, but the ſubmiſſion of a Slave. Which method perhaps was diſcreet at firſt, but ſince he is obſtinate, you ſhould make him feel your power, and conſtrain him, by Torments, to obey your pleaſure. It is the manner of Youths to deſpiſe when they are Courted, but to ſubmit on Compulſion: Wherefore, he will do that by Puniſhment, which he refus'd on Entreaties. You ſeem to ſpeak rightly, ſaid *Arſace*, but how can I endure to ſee him chaſtiz'd. You are too tender, replyed *Cybele*, as though he would not by light chaſtiſement be made to embrace Pleaſure; and for your part of the ſuffering, you will be rewarded with your outmoſt Wiſhes; but if you cannot bear the ſpectacle, deliver him to *Euphrates*, to be ſcourg'd as for ſome fault, which you may hear though not ſee; and if you find him change his mind, you may

may at pleaſure put an end to his Chaſtiſement.

*Arſace* ſuffer'd her ſelf to be perſwaded; for Love, when deſpis'd, ſpares not the Object, but turns Kindneſs into Revenge. Calling therefore the Chief Eunuch to her, ſhe gave him Orders accordingly. He being by Nature envious, and poſſeſt with inveteracy againſt *Theagenes*, for what he had ſeen and ſuſpected, immediately threw him into Bonds, and afflicted him with Stripes and Hunger. The place was dark where he kept him, and though he knew the cauſe, he diſſembled, often asking *Theagenes* the reaſon; who gave him no anſwer, wherefore he daily renew'd his Puniſhment, and more ſeverely than *Arſace* intended. Tormenting, and ſuffering none to come to him beſide *Cybele*, who perpetually viſited him, pretending to commiſerate his condition, on account of their former acquaintance, but indeed to find if he were to be wrought upon by the Tortures. He ſhew'd himſelf more a Man, more reſolute than ever, yielding his Body to puniſhment, triumphing in his Misfortune, that gave proof of his Love to *Chariclea*, and ſaying, That all was well with him if ſhe did but know his Conſtancy; continually calling her his Light, his Life, and Soul. When *Cybele* perceiv'd this, (contrary to the will of *Arſace*) ſhe gave command to have his torments encreaſed. Neither thus did ſhe hope for ſucceſs, but laſt means were

were to be try'd when affairs were deſperate; ſhe expected that *Oroondates*, when he ſhould hear of it, would take Revenge on *Achemenes*. She fear'd leſt *Arſace*, when her paſſion was diſcovered, would lay violent hands on her ſelf, and that conſequently it were impoſſible for her to eſcape; wherefore, if things came to the worſt, ſhe reſolv'd to involve all together in the ſame fate.

Returning therefore to *Arſace*, We loſe our labour, Madam, ſaid ſhe, he is ſtill more reſolute and obſtinate, having always *Chariclea* in his Mouth, and ſolacing his ſufferings with her Name. Let us therefore caſt forth our laſt Anchor, and remove this Obſtacle to our Endeavours: If he ſhall once know that ſhe is dead, he will of courſe admit your kindneſs, deſpairing of his former Love.

*Arſace* catcht at what ſhe ſaid, being before enrag'd with Jealouſie; you adviſe well, ſaid ſhe, I will take care to have her diſpatch'd: But whom ſhall we get to perform this? For though the power be in your own hands, yet the *Perſian* Laws forbid to put any to Death without the Judgment of the Magiſtrates. You muſt therefore contrive to lay ſome Crime to her Charge: Yet if you think fitting (for I would run any hazzard for your ſake) I will attempt her Life by Poyſon. *Arſace* approv'd hereof, and commanded her to do it. She therefore immediately went about it; and finding

ing *Chariclea* in Tears and Lamentations, nor only ſo, but contriving ſome means to diſpatch her ſelf, (for ſhe now underſtood what *Theagenes* ſuffer'd, though *Cybele* had long kept her in Ignorance, framing divers excuſes for his ſo long Abſence) Fond Maid, ſaid ſhe, will you never give over afflicting your ſelf without Reaſon? *Theagenes* is well, and ſhall come to you this Evening: My Lady was angry for ſome miſtake that he committed in his Office, and caus'd him to be ſhut up, but this day he will be releas'd, which I alſo entreated of her; for to day ſhe is to celebrate a certain Feſtival, after the manner of her Country. Riſe therefore, compoſe your ſelf, and now take ſome Repaſt with me. What reaſon have I to believe you, ſaid *Chariclea?* For it has been your continual practice to deceive me. I ſwear by the Gods, anſwer'd *Cybele*, that this day all things ſhall be well with you, and you ſhall be freed from all your Cares: only do not before deſtroy your ſelf having now faſted for ſo many days: Taſte therefore of what is now ſet before you. *Chariclea* obey'd her, though not without ſuſpicion; but partly aſſenting to her Oath, and partly for Joy of what was told her: For the mind eaſily believes what it earneſtly deſires. She therefore ſat down to eat. While the Attendant fill'd the Wine, *Cybele* beckon'd to her firſt to give the Cup to *Chariclea* and after to her ſelf. But the Old Lady, before ſhe had

had drank to the bottom, ſpilling the reſt, began to ſtorm, and looking ſternly upon the Waiter, was immediately enflam'd, and ſeiz'd with Convulſions.

*Chariclea* was fill'd with horrour, and endeavour'd to lift her up; ſhe likewiſe call'd the aſſiſtance of them that were preſent; for the miſchief ſeem'd ſwifter than an Arrow, the Poyſon being of ſo ſtrong a Tincture, as to deſtroy the youngeſt and ſtrongeſt Conſtitution; but in a feeble and old Body it diſpers'd it ſelf in a minute through all the Vitals. The Convulſions now remitting, ſhe lay motionleſs, a blackneſs overſpreading her Skin. Though, I ſuppoſe, her Rage, for being deceiv'd, gave no ſmall help to the ferment. For even now, breathing her laſt, ſhe did not intermit her frauds, but partly with ſigns, partly with broken words, perſwaded them that *Chariclea* had Poyſon'd her. At the ſame minute that ſhe gave up the Ghoſt, *Chariclea* was brought bound to *Arſace*. She therefore demanding whether ſhe had procur'd the Poyſon, and affirming that if ſhe deny'd, Tortures ſhould force her into Confeſſion, *Chariclea* became an unwonted ſpectacle to the Beholders. For without any meanneſs of Spirit, or concern in her Face, ſhe enter'd ſmiling into her Preſence, partly out of Conſcience of her Innocence, and partly for Joy that ſhe ſhould not ſurvive *Theagenes*, if he were dead; and alſo becauſe the

Death

Death which ſhe deſign'd to perpetrate on her ſelf, was now to be perform'd by other hands. O Princeſs, ſaid ſhe, if my *Theagenes* live, I am guiltleſs of this Action; but if he be dead, there is no need of calling Council, or inflicting Tortures, you may ſpare your ſelf that trouble: You have me here who deſtroy'd the perſon that bred you up, kill me therefore without delay. You can do nothing more grateful to *Theagenes*, who has reſiſted your impious ſollicitations.

*Arſace* was enrag'd hereat, and commanded her to be ſtruck: Carry, ſaid ſhe, this Victim, bound as ſhe is, to let her Lover ſee how glorioufly ſhe returns his Conſtancy; command *Euphrates* to load her all over with Chains, and leave them together, till the *Perſian* Magiſtracy ſhall be aſſembled to morrow for her Condemnation. By this time the Maid that ſerv'd the Wine was brought in: She was an *Ionian* Slave, and the ſame that by *Arſace* was appointed to wait on *Chariclea*. Whether therefore ſhe was mov'd with kindneſs to her, or by Divine Impulſion, ſhe ſigh'd and wept moſt bitterly. O wretched Creature, ſaid ſhe, and void of all Crime! The ſtanders-by being in wonder hereat, and urging her to ſpeak plainly, ſhe confeſſed that ſhe her ſelf gave the Poyſon to *Cybele*, having receiv'd it firſt from her, to adminiſter it to *Chariclea*: That, whether it was through concern at ſo unwonted a

Practice,

Practice, or whether miſtaking the Signs of *Cybele*, ordering to miniſter firſt to *Chariclea*, ſhe changed the Cups, and gave the Poyſon to the Old Lady. She was therefore led to *Arſace*, as thinking ſhe ſhould pleaſe her in clearing *Chariclea*. But when ſhe had given her this account, *Arſace* commanded her alſo to be taken into Cuſtody, as an Accomplice in the fact, and to be kept for the next days Seſſion. She alſo ſummon'd the *Perſian* Magiſtrates, by Meſſengers, to be ready. When therefore they were ſat, early in the morning, *Arſace* gave in her Accuſation, telling all that had paſt, condoling alſo with Tears, the loſs of the perſon that bred her, who was dearer to her than her life; appealing to the Judges with how much courteſie ſhe had treated the ſtranger, who in return had done her ſuch Injury. *Chariclea* anſwer'd nothing to the Charge, but confeſt the Crime, affirming that ſhe gave the Poyſon, adding alſo that ſhe would likewiſe have taken off *Arſace*, had ſhe not been prevented. For having told her reſolutions over-night to *Theagenes*, and conferr'd with him, ſhe reſolv'd to undergo any manner of Death, to depart from a life ſo full of trouble, of implacable Fortune, and endleſs Wanderings; ſhe there bid him her laſt farewel. The Bracelet and Jewels, with the reſt that were expos'd with her, which ſhe always ſecretly preſerv'd, ſhe now placed next to her Body, carrying, as it were, with her the Rites of her Funeral.

She

She therefore own'd every Crime that was alledg'd, and more than were charg'd. For which reaſon the Judges hardly forbore from inflicting the outmoſt Tortures, after the *Perſian* manner; yet moved with her Youth and Beauty, they only ſentenc'd her to die by Fire. She was therefore ſeiz'd by the Guards, and hurry'd forth beyond the Walls, the Beadle continually crying out, That it was for Poyſon that ſhe ſuffer'd; a vaſt multitude from the City following them. Some of them had ſeen her led to Tryal, others, by reaſon of the rumour ſpread all over the City, came to have a view of her. *Arſace* was alſo preſent, and ſat a Spectator on the Wall: For it would have troubled her not to have beheld *Chariclea* ſuffer. When therefore the Officers had raiſed a great Pile, and ſet Fire thereunto, *Chariclea* begg'd reſpite from thoſe that led her, ſaying, That ſhe would of her own accord aſcend the Pile. O Sun and Earth (ſhe cryed out) O powers above, and you that below take Vengeance on wicked Souls, you are witneſſes that I am Innocent of all that is laid to my Charge. But that I my ſelf willingly ſubmit to Death, for the intolerable troubles which I ſuſtain. Receive me therefore with favour. However, take vengeance of this *Arſace*, for whoſe crimes I ſuffer; ſhe is an Adultreſs, and does this to deprive me of my Husband. When ſhe had thus ſpoken, the people ſhouted, ſome ſaying, That ſhe ſhould be reſerv'd

for another Tryal, others endeavouring to reſcue her; in the mean time ſhe aſcended the Pile, where for a long while ſhe ſtood unhurt, the Fire rather circling about, than approaching her, ſerving only to make her Beauty more conſpicuous, and adorning the Pile, as it were a Nuptial Bed. She paſſed from one part to another, admiring at what happen'd, and tempting Death, but in vain, for the flame ſtill turn'd off from her. The Officers, in the mean time, omitted nothing on their part; *Arſace* alſo beckning to them from the Wall to do their duty; wherefore they heap'd on more combuſtible matter. Neither could they thus prevail. The Citizens were troubled, thinking there was ſome Divine Aſſiſtance, and cry'd out, That ſhe was innocent. Several approaching to the Pile took off the Torturers, *Thyamis* beginning, and encouraging the people thereunto, (for the clamour had now brought him abroad.) Being therefore deſirous to deliver *Charicles*, they durſt not themſelves approach the Fire, but call'd to her to come out; for that there could be no danger for her to leave the Fire, who had continu'd therein without hurt. She hearing this, and judging herſelf to be preſerv'd by Divine Providence, would not be Ingrateful, and refuſe their favour: She therefore leapt down from the Pile. As the Multitude for Joy and Amazement ſhouted out, *Arſace*, not able to bear it, ran down from the Walls through a little Gate, and

and with a ſtrong Guard of *Perſians* laid hands on *Chariclea*. Then looking ſternly upon the People, Are you not aſham'd, ſaid ſhe, to reſcue from puniſhment a Woman that is a Witch and Poyſoner by her own Confeſſion? While you give her aid, you do violence to the *Perſian* Laws; to the Judges, Deputy, and King himſelf. You are miſtaken, in imputing her delivery to the Gods: Will you not come to your ſences, and find that this is the effect of her Witchcraft, in which ſhe has ſuch command, as even to reſtrain the power of Fire. Aſſemble therefore to morrow in Common Council, and you ſhall not only hear her Confeſſion, but alſo thoſe of her Accomplices, whom I have in Cuſtody.

Herewithal ſhe led her away, herſelf going next to her, and commanding the Guards to keep off the Crowd. But the People were enrag'd, part of them had thoughts of reſiſtance, part of them having ſtill ſome ſuſpicion of her Witchcraft, and the reſt fearing the Power of *Arſace*. *Chariclea* therefore is once more deliver'd to *Euphrates*, and loaded with more Irons; reſerved for a ſecond Sentence and Execution: But ſtill bleſſing her fortune, in ſeeing *Theagenes*, and conferring with him about what had paſſed. For *Arſace* had ſo order'd it, out of Malice, that the young pair might behold each others miſery, and be mutually afflicted with each others ſufferings: For ſhe knew that the

torment of the perſon belov'd, more affected the Lover than the party that ſuffer'd. But it was by them eſteem'd as an Advantage, to ſee each others Conſtancy. It was ſome relief to converſe together, and comfort one another with the conſideration, that what they endur'd was upon the account of Truth and Vertue.

After they had till midnight diſcours'd, in ſuch a manner as was proper for Lovers that were never more to talk together; they at laſt talk'd of the Miracle that happen'd about the Fire. *Theagenes* imputed it to the kindneſs of the Gods, who ſhewed their Indignation againſt the unjuſt Decree of *Arſace*; but *Chariclea* was doubtful. That Accident, ſaid ſhe, ſeems to have come by Divine Providence, but to be reſerv'd only for greater Misfortunes, cannot proceed from the Gods, unleſs they have ſecretly decreed to give relief at the greateſt Extremity.

*Theagenes* advis'd her to think more honourably of the Divine Powers: Be propitious to us, O ye Deities, ſaid he! Was it a Dream or Reality, which now comes into my mind? it happen'd the laſt night but one; I know not how I came to forget it, but it now returns to my Memory. The Dream was a Verſe which *Calaſiris* ſeem'd to expound. The words were theſe:

*Thee*

*Thee from the Flame* Pantarbe*'s Pow'r ſhall guard*
*Strange Force! but nothing to the Gods is hard.*

*Theagenes* now ſeem'd inſpir'd, and leap'd forth as far as his Chains would permit, crying, Be merciful to us, ye Gods. For I further remember another Oracle deliver'd to me by a like Prophet (whether it were *Calaſiris*, or ſome God in his form) containing theſe Words:

*You with the Nymph ſhall* Æthiop *reach, and be*
*To morrow from* Arſace*'s Bondage free.*

That which concerns me herein, I underſtand; for thoſe Manſions of the Dead underground, ſeem proper to the Land of *Æthiopia*: By the Maid, I ſuppoſe, *Proſerpine* is meant, with whom I ſhall inhabit; and my freedom from Chains, my departure from this Body. But what can the Rhime contain concerning you, which conſiſts of Contradictions? for whereas *Pantarbe* ſignifies *fearing all things*, yet it commands not to fear the Flame. Then, ſaid *Chariclea*, continuance of calamities, my *Theagenes*, makes perſons hope the worſt in all things; for people uſually accommodate their Minds to their Fortune: But I have better hopes of this Prophecy than you. What if I am the Nymph with whom you are to arrive into *Æthiopia*, after you have eſcaped from

the Bonds of *Arſace*? But how that ſhall be, is neither manifeſt nor credible to us, but to the Gods it may be poſſible: Let them take care of that who gave the Prophecy. That part which related to me you have already ſeen accompliſhed in my wonderful preſervation. And though at that time I knew not that I carry'd my ſafeguard about me, yet I now underſtand that I did. Thoſe precious things that were expos'd with me in my Infancy, I have always accuſtom'd to carry conceal'd about me, to ſupply our neceſſities when brought to the laſt difficulty; but if Death ſhould overtake me, to anſwer the Charge of my Funeral. Amongſt theſe, *Theagenes*, there are Bracelets of great value, with *Indian* and *Æthiopian* Stones, with a certain Ring given by my Father to my Mother, in which is the Stone call'd *Pantarbe*, ſet in a Square, with Sacred Letters about it. It ſeems to have ſome Divine Virtue in it, by which it repell'd the power of the Flames, preſerving thoſe that carry it, from any hurt. I conjecture, and know ſo much, by what was ſuggeſted by the Divine *Calaſiris*, who told me, That the ſame was expreſſed in the Writings that were found with me. This ſeems probable, ſaid *Theagenes*, by the Deliverance that you have had; but what *Pantarbe* ſhall defend us from to morrows danger? For though it ſhould ſtill defend from the Fire; it cannot give Immortality; and *Arſace*'s Malice will contrive

trive ſome more violent means to deſtroy us. And would to Heaven that the ſame ſort of Death, and in the ſame hour, would diſpatch us both! I ſhould think this Death but a Releaſe from all our ſufferings. Take heart, ſaid *Chariclea*, we have another *Pantarbe* promis'd in the Oracle.

While they were employ'd in theſe Conſiderations, each affirming, That the others miſery more afflicted them than their own: obliging themſelves, by mutual Oaths, to preſerve their Loves and Vertue to Death. It being now in the very dead of night, *Bagoas*, with his fifty Horſe, arriv'd at *Memphis*. When they had waken'd the Sentinels, and had given account of themſelves, they were immediately receiv'd into the Deputies Palace. *Bagoas* left his Company without, to guard the Houſe, to be ready for his Defence, if any Reſiſtance were made. He himſelf, in the mean time, went a private way, eaſily forcing the Doors, and commanding Silence, to the place where *Euphrates* was, the Moon not being yet quite ſet; finding him therefore in Bed, he awaken'd him, who in diſorder cry'd out, Who are you? It is I, ſaid *Bagoas*, command a light to be brought in. He therefore order'd the Boy that waited on him, to bring in a Taper, ſo as to diſturb none of the reſt. When this was done, and the Boy departed, What Miſchief, ſaid *Euphrates*, has occaſion'd this untimely and unexpected Arri-

val? There needs not many words, said *Bagoas*, read these Letters, but before take notice of the Seal, and know that *Oroondates* sent them; and that it is as much as your Life is worth, not to perform what they import.

When *Euphrates* had run over the Letters; As for *Arsace*, said he, she will be sorry, having yesterday fallen into a Fever, which still continues so violent, that there is small hope of her Life. But for my part, I would not deliver these Letters to her, though she herself ask'd for them; for I know she would destroy both her self and us, before she would send away the young Pair. Know however, that you are come in good time to take them away, and must therein use your utmost endeavour. Take compassion on them, they having suffer'd a hundred Tortures, unwillingly inflicted by me, but enjoyn'd by *Arsace*. They seem however of Noble Birth, and for the Experience that I have had of them, of Vertuous Conversation. Having said this, he brought him to the Prison, where *Bagoas* no sooner beheld them, though wasted with Watchings and Torture, yet he was astonished at their Stature and Beauty. But they supposing that *Bagoas* was come at that silent time of the Night, to lead them to a Clandestine Execution, were a little troubled. But soon recovering a chearful countenance, they made it appear how little they were concern'd. *Euphrates* now coming up, and knocking out the

the Wooden Peg with which their Irons were joyned, Take your Sacrifice, *Arſace*, he cry'd out: She thinks in night and darkneſs to conceal her horrid Crime, but the Eye of Juſtice is ſharp in diſcovering and bringing to Light the Deeds of Darkneſs. Do you execute what you are commanded, and whether Fire, Sword, or Water is determin'd againſt us, let us only have the ſame Death. *Chariclea* deſired the ſame. The Eunuchs weeping, led them forth in their Chains. When they were come out of the Deputies houſe, *Euphrates* ſtaid there. But *Bagoas*, with his fifty Horſe, having taken off their Bonds, and left only what might ſecure, but not burden them; mounting them on ſeveral Horſes, and putting them in the middle of the Guards, made towards *Thebes* as faſt as he could. When they had travell'd all the reſt of the night, and till nine the next morning, without any ſtop, the Sun then growing hot, they could proceed no farther, being ſpent alſo for want of Sleep, *Chariclea* eſpecially; they determin'd therefore to take up ſomewhere to reſt themſelves, and refreſh their Horſes. There was a certain Valley at the foot of a Promontory of the *Nile*, almoſt ſurrounded with the Water, which made an Eddy: There was much Graſs and Herbage on the place, as being always well Water'd, every where ſhaded with Sycamore Trees, and ſuch others as grow on the Banks of the *Nile*: There *Bagoas*, with his Company, took up, uſing

uſing the Trees for a Tent, he ſat down with the reſt to feed, compelling alſo *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* to do the ſame. They thought it needleſs for perſons that were preſently to die; but he perſwaded them there was no ſuch thing intended; That they carry'd them not to Death, but to *Oroondates*. But now the Heat of the day decreaſing, the Sun being no longer over their Heads, but faln Weſtward, and beating on their ſides, while *Bagoas* was going to take Horſe again, a certain Horſe-man in a ſweat, and out of breath with hard Riding, came up, and took him aſide to ſpeak with him: He fixing his Eyes upon the ground, as it were, full of thought concerning what had been told him: Take Comfort, Strangers, ſaid he, your Enemy *Arſace* is dead by her own hand, underſtanding that you were taken away, preventing a neceſſary, by a voluntary Fate: For ſhe would never have eſcaped puniſhment from *Oroondates*, or the King; and if ſhe had not been put to Death, at leaſt muſt have led the remainder of her Life in Diſgrace. *Euphrates* ſends me this Intelligence. Wherefore be of good Hope, for I am well aſſur'd that you have done no body wrong, and ſhe that injur'd you is Dead. Thus ſpake *Bagoas* in imperfect *Greek*; adding alſo, That he himſelf was glad, having ſuffer'd under the Tyranny of *Arſace*: Wherefore he the more encourag'd his Priſoners: For he hop'd that *Oroondates* would be pleas'd with his ſervice, if he carry'd

carry'd them ſafe to him;the Youth being likely to grace his Retinue,and the Virgin,of matchleſs Beauty, would probably be made his Wife, ſince *Arſace* was dead.*Theagenes* and *Chariclea* rejoyced at the News, highly praiſing the Juſtice of the Gods; nor did they think they could afterwards be much diſtreſs'd, whatſoever Fortune ſhould befal them, ſince their moſt inveterate Enemy was gone. When now the Evening drew on, with a cool breeze, inviting them to ſet forward, they mounted again, and rode all that night and part of the next morning, if poſſible, to overtake *Oroondates*, before he went from *Thebes*. But they met with a Souldier from the Army, who told them *Oroondates* was gone from thence, having ſent him to draw out all the Garriſons, and haſten with them to *Syene*, all things being in diſorder, and fearing leſt the City ſhould be taken. For the Deputy coming too late, the *Æthiopians* had marched their Army thither with ſuch ſpeed, that prevented the news of their approach: *Bagoas* therefore turn'd off from his intended Journey, and took the next Road to *Syene*. But approaching to the Town, they happen'd upon a Party of *Æthiopians*, who were ſent as Spies to ſecure the Paſſes for the Army.

But by reaſon of the night, and their unacquaintance with the Country, (for they were order'd to plant an Ambuſcade in every place which they found convenient) they poſted themi-

themſelves amongſt certain Buſhes by the River ſide, partly for ſafeguard, and partly for concealment from their Enemies: And here they ſtood upon their Watch. Therefore at break of day, when they perceiv'd *Bagoas*, with his Horſe-men to paſs by them, and were aſſured there were no more to follow, they iſſued from their Covert, with loud ſhouts. *Bagoas* therefore, and his company, ſurprized with the noiſe, knowing them, by their colour, to be *Æthiopians*, and ſeeing their number too great to be encountred, (for there were in all a thouſand ſent out for Scouts) he fled, without once looking them in the face; yet not ſo faſt at firſt as he could have done, but ſo as to preſerve his Order. The others purſu'd, ſending out two hundred of their *Troglodytæ*.

The *Troglodytæ* are a people of *Æthiop* addicted to Paſtures, and Borderers on *Arabia*, who have wonderful ſwiftneſs both by Nature and Exerciſe from their Childhood. They are not us'd to heavy Arms, they therefore uſe Slings in fight to wound the Enemy at diſtance, and truſt to their heels when they find themſelves over-power'd. They know 'tis impoſſible for the Enemy to overtake them, till they can hide themſelves in Rocks and Caves. Theſe therefore purſued on foot, diſcharging their Slings, but not being able to ſtand againſt the Horſe, return'd to their own Party. But by freſh numbers iſſuing out upon them, the *Perſians* are ſcatter'd,

ter'd, *Bagoas* himſelf thrown from his Horſe, and taken. *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* partly thinking it unworthy not to aſſiſt *Bagoas*, (who had us'd Civility to them, and to whom they were likely to have been farther obliged) leapt down to ſuccour him, but to no purpoſe, not being Arm'd. This is my Dream, ſaid *Theagenes* to *Chariclea*, and theſe the *Æthiops*, into whoſe Country I was to be carry'd. I therefore hold it better to ſubmit our ſelves to them, rather than experience a doubtful fortune with *Oroondates*. *Chariclea* underſtood the reſt, the Accident now leading her, as it were, by the Hand, judging them rather to be Friends than Enemies. Yet ſhe told not her ſentiments to *Theagenes*, only ſaid that ſhe was contented to do ſo. When therefore the *Æthiopians* came up, and knew *Bagoas*, by his Face, to be an Eunuch, and the Perſons that were unarm'd, of moſt beautiful frame, they asked them, Who they were, both by an *Ægyptian* and *Perſian*, as not doubting but that they underſtood the one or other Language. Wherefore *Theagenes*, who had *Ægyptian* enough to anſwer ſhort Queſtions, told them, They were chief Servants to the *Perſian* Deputy, but themſelves *Grecians*, taken Priſoners by the *Perſians*, but now, they hoped with better fortune, put into the hands of *Æthiopians*. They therefore reſolv'd to ſpare them, and carry them Captive to their King, as the firſt Booty of the War, and the moſt eminent

nent Ornaments of the *Perſian* Court. For the Eunuchs are the Eyes and Ears of the *Perſian* Court, as having neither Children nor Kindred, on whom to place their Affection, and are therefore wholly devoted to the Intereſt of their Maſter, on whom they depend. But for the young Pair, they reckon'd that they would be no ſmall Grace to their Kings Palace. They therefore ſet them all upon Horſes, *Bagoas* being diſabled, by his Wound, from walking, *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* weary'd with their Chains.

This ſeem'd the beginning of an Interlude, in which the perſons that were now in expectation of ſudden Death, were no longer Captives, and thoſe that had them in Cuſtody, themſelves made Priſoners.

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# ÆTHIOPIAN HISTORY.

## The Ninth Book.

*Syene* was now almoſt ſurrounded in Siege, as it were in a Net, by the *Æthiopian* numbers. For *Oroondates* hearing of the Enemies approach, left *Cataracta*, and went with his Forces to *Syene*, which he enter'd, ſhutting up the Gates, and planting Slings and Engines on the Walls, conjecturing that which afterwards happen'd. While therefore the *Æthiopian* King, at ſome diſtance, was inform'd by his Spies that *Oroondates* was making to the Town, he haſten'd his March to prevent him, but however came too late. He then planted his Army round the City, and ſo without

out any Engagement, ſat as it had been in a Theatre. He brought with him ſix hundred thouſand men, and Cattel, with which he cover'd all the ground about *Syene*. The Spies finding him there, brought their Captives before him. He was not only delighted with their Beauty, but with the good Omen of having Priſoners in Chains ſet before him. Behold! ſaid he, the Gods at our firſt Arrival ſend us Slaves in Bonds. Theſe perſons therefore being the firſt fruits of our War, ſhall be kept in Cuſtody till our return, then to be offer'd to our Gods in our Triumphal Sacrifices, according to the Ancient Laws of our Country. Having therefore rewarded the Spies, he gave the Priſoners into the cloſe cuſtody of perſons that could ſpeak their Language; giving them great Charge to treat them with Reſpect and Care; to ſupply them with the beſt Proviſion, and above all, to preſerve them from all Contamination, becauſe they were reſerved for Victims: Laſtly, That their Bonds of Iron ſhould be taken off, and Fetters of Gold put upon them: For Gold amongſt the *Æthiopians* is made uſe of for all things that Iron is amongſt other Nations.

This was done as he commanded. When therefore the former were taken off, and the Golden Chains put on, *Theagenes* ſmiling, ſaid, What means this ſplendid Change? Fortune flatters us, in rendring us rich by our Captivity, ſince

ſince we are only Captives of greater Price. *Chariclea* alſo ſmiled, and deſired him to conceive better hopes of what the Gods fore-told. *Hydaſpes* now attacking the City, and thinking to carry it at firſt onſet, found himſelf deceived, the Beſieged ſo manfully reſiſting his Forces, and beating them off; adding alſo Scoffs and Contumelies. He was therefore enraged that they ſo much as offer'd to reſiſt, and did not ſurrender themſelves on the firſt Attack: He reſolved to loſe no time, or make ſuch a Siege, whereby ſome might be taken, and ſome eſcape; but at once to overthrow the whole City by an inevitable Deſtruction.

He thus order'd the Work: He made a Ditch about the Ground that lay next to the Walls, (yet at ſuch diſtance that the Slings and Arrows from the Town could not reach it) appointing ten Men to every ten Yards, to be dug of a ſufficient breadth and depth; ſome therefore broke the Earth, while others receiv'd the Mold, which they piled up on that ſide of the Trench that was next his Camp, which ſerv'd as a Counter-Fortreſs to the Town: None from thence offer'd to moleſt the Work, not daring to ſally forth againſt ſuch Numbers; and their Slings not throwing ſo far, as the diſtant ſpace reach'd between the two Walls. Having preſently finiſh'd this affair, by multitude of hands, he began another Project. When this Round Ditch was compleated, he left part of it with-

out casting up a Bank, and from thence made another Trench, that turned off to the River *Nile*, (which Trench he banked up on both sides) when therefore he had joined the foresaid Banks to those of the River, breaking down the Fence, as it were, by opening a Sluce, he let the Stream into his Trench, which by the descent from the River to that lower Channel, made such a dreadful noise, that it was heard at a vast distance. When the Citizens heard and saw into what distress they were brought by this Inundation, which presently over-ran the Plain between the Walls, and the Enemy, preventing their Escape, and that it was equally dangerous to tarry, they set themselves to do all that was possible for persons in such exigence. In the first place, as the Wood-work of their Gates began to give way, they stopt up the Chinks with Straw and Pitch, setting props and weights against them; they also ran up Buttresses to support their Wall. One brought Earth, another Stones, a third Straw, and whatever they could get together; no Hands were unemploy'd, Women, Children, and Old Age set themselves to the work: for so general and pressing a Calamity excused none. But to the more Youthful, Orders were given to make a subterranean Passage to the Enemies Bulwark.

The Work was performed after this manner. They first sunk a Pit, five yards deep perpendicular, then by the help of Torches, they dug strait

ſtrait before them, a paſſage to the Enemies Banks; thoſe that were behind ſtill in order receiving the Earth from them that were before; which was convey'd into the City-Garden, and there laid on a heap. This they did, with deſign that when the Water ſhould fall into this Cavern, it ſhould force it ſelf a paſſage out another way. But they were prevented, for the *Nile* fell ſo plentifully into the Upper Channel, that the ſpace between the two Walls was now a ſtanding Lake, ſo that *Syene*, an inland Town, was now turn'd into an Iſland, quite ſurrounded with Water. The Wall ſuſtain'd the weight thereof for one whole day, but when it was ſwelled higher, and alſo had ſunk underneath the foundation, the ground being ſoft and ſpungy, it then in ſeveral places began to yield, and threaten a Deluge on the City.

The next Evening, a Part that was between two Towers, fell down; yet not ſo as to lye below the Flood, but ſo as preſently to threaten an Inundation: Upon which a great Cry was ſet up amongſt the Inhabitants, that reach'd to the Enemies Camp; and with hands lift up towards Heaven, beſeech'd the aſſiſtance of the Gods. They beſought *Oroondates* to ſend Meſſengers to beg Peace with *Hydaſpes*. He was forced to ſubmit, but being ſhut in with the Waters, no Meſſengers could paſs: He therefore faſten'd Petitionary Letters to Stones, which he threw from Slings, but to no pur-

poſe, for the diſtance prov'd too great to permit their coming home; he then try'd by way of Arrows, while the Archers and Slingers vved with each other, but ſtill in vain: In the laſt place, they ſtretch'd forth their hands towards the Enemies Bulwark in ſuppliant manner, to ſignifie what they intended by their ſhootings; and ſometimes put them behind their Backs, to ſhew that they were willing to receive their Chains. *Hydaſpes* underſtood their Signals, and was inclin'd to Acceptance: For the ſubmiſſion of an Enemy commands Clemency from generous Minds. But he firſt thought fit to make tryal of what they meant, in order whereunto he ſelected ten Boats, which fell down to his Bank-ſide, from the breach of the *Nile*; into theſe he put Archers and armed men, with Commands, as he thought fit, and ſent them over to the *Perſians*. They therefore told them, That if they had any Hope or Confidence left, they ſhould prepare for Fight. It was a new Spectacle on an inland Soil, to ſee Boats rowing from Wall to Wall, over cultivated Grounds. It was yet a greater wonder to ſee a Naval Army ſtorming a Town, and Land Souldiers contending with them. They therefore that were in the Town, ſeeing Ships, with Armed Men, approaching that part of their Wall which was broken down, were ſeiz'd with terrour, (as people in great diſtreſs and extremity are always ſuſpicious.) They hurl'd Stones from the Walls, and

and ſhot Arrows into the Boats, that came for their preſervation. Thus Men that deſpair of Life, yet reckon it as an advantage, for a while to delay their Fate. Yet they ſo order'd their buſineſs, as not to wound, but only to keep them off. The *Æthiopians* likewiſe diſcharg'd their Arrows, not knowing the intentions of the *Perſians*; by which means ſeveral of the wounded fell down headlong from the Wall into the Water. The War therefore grew hot, till a certain Illuſtrious Perſon of *Syene* coming between, intercepted thoſe that were on the Wall, by ſpeaking on this manner: O frantick Men, ſaid he,-and grown ſtupid with Calamity, do we repel thoſe perſons whoſe Aid we ſo lately begg'd, and make War with them at the inſtant of their coming to relieve us, beyond our expectation? If they come with a friendly mind, declaring matter of Peace, they are our Preſervers; if with hoſtile intentions, you will eaſily vanquiſh them, though they were arrived to the very Wall. But to what purpoſe (if we regard our ſafety) ſhould we deſtroy theſe, when we are environ'd with ſuch a Sea, and vaſt numbers behind? Why do we not therefore receive them, and know for what purpoſe they are ſent? His Judgment was approved by all, the Deputy himſelf applauding it; they then ſeparated themſelves, and ceaſed from any further Action.

When the paſſage for the Ship-men was clear, and the Townſmen, by White Flags, ſignifying that they ſhould have free Landing; the *Æthiopians* went nearer, and from their Veſſels, as it were ſo many Pulpits in a Theatre, they ſpoke in this manner; O *Perſians*, and Inhabitants of *Syene*, know that *Hydaſpes*, King of the Eaſtern and Weſtern *Æthiopia*, and at preſent alſo yours; as he knows how to Conquer, he likewiſe underſtands how to ſhew Mercy: That is the part of Courage, but this of Humanity. The one he accounts the Vertue of a Souldier, the other peculiar only to himſelf. Whereas therefore he has your Lives in his power, either to give, or take them away; but ſince you are ſuppliant, he offers you deliverance, without the ruine of War. Moreover, he does not impoſe the terms of freedom upon you, but leaves you your ſelves to chooſe them: For he governs not the Fortunes of Men by Tyranny, but Clemency. To this Meſſage the *Syeneans* anſwer'd, That they would deliver Themſelves, Wives and Children, into his Power, to deal with them as he pleaſed: That they would likewiſe deliver the City into his hands, if they ſurviv'd, which in that extremity was uncertain, unleſs their Deſtruction was prevented by *Hydaſpes*. *Oroondates* offer'd to ſurrender *Philæ* and the *Smaragdan* Mines, which were the occaſion of the War, but deſired that he would exact no more from him, nor require him

him to reſign up himſelf or his Souldiers. But if *Hydaſpes* were pleas'd indeed to exerciſe Humanity, That he would ſuffer thoſe that made no reſiſtance to depart to *Elephantina*; for that it were the ſame thing for him to die now, as to be afterwards put to death, by his King, for giving up his Army: Nay, it would be much worſe, ſince the preſent would be only a ſingle, and uſual ſort of Death, but the other with the ſevereſt kind of Torments.

When the Legates heard this, they turn'd their Prows, and related all to *Hydaſpes*. He ſmiling, and much reproving the folly of *Oroondates*, to inſiſt upon Terms, who yet depended on another perſons pleaſure, whether he ſhould live or die: Yet, ſaid he, it is not juſt, for the offence of one man, to ſuffer ſo populous a City to be deſtroy'd. Wherefore he permitted thoſe that were with *Oroondates* to depart, though they ſcarce forbore from Reſiſtance. He therefore ordered ſome of his own Men to damm up the breach in the Bank of *Nile*, and to others to break down part of what he raiſed. That by means of the Inlet of *Nile* being ſtopped, and paſſage made for the Water that was taken in, to go away, *Syene* might be the ſooner made dry. They therefore ſetting cloſe to the work, finiſhed it by the next day.

Nor did they that were within the Town ſpare their pains, not deſpairing of preſervation, though beyond hope. They therefore made

Suffs under ground, to receive and carry off the Water. Others brought props to the Walls, which they eaſily did, heaping the Stones which from the ruines fell into the Town. But after they thought themſelves ſafe enough on this account, yet they were not without Apprehenſion; in the middle of the night, a certain part of the Bulwark, which the *Æthiopians* in the Evening had begun to dig down, (whether it were that that part was more looſely heaped up, ſo as to let Water ſink into the Foundation, or whether it broke the ſides, being almoſt dug through, when the Work-men were gone, or whether it happen'd by Divine Will) beyond all expectation, it fell down, with ſo great a noiſe, that both Armies were aſtoniſhed, both *Æthiopian* and *Syeneans* concluding the Town-walls to be tumbled down at once: But theſe being ſecure, continu'd in their Tents, remaining ſatisfy'd to know what it ſhould be, when day-light was return'd. But the Citizens ran every where to their Walls, and as every one ſaw his own part entire, concluded the ruine was on ſome other ſide; till the breaking day diſpell'd their fears, when they ſaw where the Breach was, and that the Waters were paſſed away. But now the *Æthiopians* diverted the Flood, making Cataracts, which they propt with Timber, lining them alſo with Mud and Straw, which the multitude of hands eaſily brought together. Thus the Waters paſſed

ſed away entirely, yet was there no paſſage to each other, for the depth of Mud which remain'd, which, though it ſeem'd dry and cruſted above, yet it continued moiſt at bottom, ſo that neither Men nor Horſe could paſs, without being foundred therein.

Thus the time paſſed for two or three days; The Townſmen, by ſetting open their Gates, and the *Æthiopians*, by laying down their Arms, mutually declaring Peace. This Truce was more remarkable, becauſe it was without Conference of the Parties, and neither of them ſet any Watch. They that were in Town gave themſelves to Paſtimes, for it happen'd then to be the Feſtival of *Nile*, which is accounted the greateſt of any among the *Ægyptians*; which is celebrated at the entrance of the Summer Solſtice, when the River firſt begins to ſwell; and for that reaſon this Solemnity is held by them in greateſt Honour. The *Ægyptians* ſuppoſe *Nilus* to be a God, and the moſt Supream, his Stream vying with the Cœleſtial River, becauſe it waters their Fields without Rain, or Aſſiſtance from Heaven; it ſelf ſupplying the want of ſhowers with its yearly overflow. Theſe are Vulgar Traditions. But a likelier reaſon of giving him this Divine Honour, is their reckoning the Copulation of hot and moiſt, the cauſe not of generation, but preſervation of Man; and that the *Nile* ſupplies the Moiſt, and their Earth the Dry. Yet theſe are alſo

alſo Vulgar Conceptions: But the moſt skilful in Myſteries, ſay that *Iſis* ſignifies the Earth, and *Oſyris* the *Nile*, changing the names for the things. That therefore the Goddeſs burns with Deſire of him, and always rejoyces at his return; and he being retired, laments again, as ſtruck with blaſting Lightning. This fiction their Divines have framed, as I ſuppoſe, becauſe they would not have their Myſteries pryed into by profane perſons.

Let this ſuffice for the preſent; for out of Reverence we alſo forbear to mention their deeper Myſteries. We will therefore return to the Tranſactions of *Syene*. This Feſtival Day being riſen, the Natives apply'd themſelves to the killing of Sacrifices; though their Bodies were over-labour'd with their Diſtreſſes, yet their Minds were never the leſs active for the ſervice of their God. But *Oroondates* watching his opportunity, in the dead of the Night, when the Townſmen, after their Banquets, were bury'd in Sleep, by ſtealth led out his Army, having an hour before given the charge of that Gate, through which he meant to paſs, to *Perſian* Centries. Command was given to the Officers to leave all their Horſes behind them, that they might be no incumbrance, nor by their Noiſe diſcover what was done; but every man to take his Armour, and a Board or Plank along with them.

After

After they were thus aſſembled at the Gate, they caſt down the Planks which each had brought, placing them along in ſuch Order that the one touched the other, the laſt ſtill handing them to thoſe that went before; by which means, as with a Bridge, they paſſed ſafely over the Slime. Coming to dry ground, (the *Æthiopians* ſuſpecting no ſuch thing, nor keeping any Watch) they marched with all poſſible ſpeed by them, towards *Elephantina*. And without any obſtacle, were received into the Town, by reaſon of two *Perſians*, that (as it was agreed between them) ſat upon the Walls, to expect their coming at that time of the night, who accordingly ſet open the Gates for their Entrance. At the break of Day, the people of *Syene* perceiv'd the *Perſians* were fled, every one miſſing him that lodged in his Houſe: They were further inform'd by conferring together, and laſtly, by the Bridge of Boards, which they found laid over the Ooze. Once more therefore they were ſeized with Terrour and Conſternation, that they ſhewed ſo little Faith to *Hydaſpes*, after having ſo much experienced his Clemency, in permitting the *Perſians* to eſcape. They therefore reſolved with one Voice, to go out of the City, and ſurrender themſelves to the *Æthiopians*, with Oaths of their Ignorance, if poſſibly they might obtain Mercy. Being therefore all gather'd together, of both Sex, and all Ages, with Boughs in their hands,

hands, and lighted Tapers, to ſhew their ſubmiſſion, bearing the Images of their Gods before them. When they had paſſed the Bridge, they fell on their knees, at diſtance, before the *Æthiopians*, and, as it were, at a Signal given, ſet up a general and lamentable Cry, deprecating Puniſhment by their humble Poſture. Laſtly, to move the greater Compaſſion, they ſet down their Children before them, permitting them to go which way they would, mollifying the Rage of the *Æthiopians*, by that Age, free from all ſuſpicion of Deceit. The Infants therefore, with Conſternation, through Ignorance of what was done, and frighted with the foreſaid Lamentation, ran away from their Parents, towards the *Æthiopians*; others, not of growth to follow, fell on their faces, and lay crying on the Ground; Fortune even in them, ſhewing the poſture of Suppliants, begging Mercy.

*Hydaſpes* ſeeing this, and ſuppoſing that they came only in a more humble and earneſt manner to ſupplicate, ſent Meſſengers to know the meaning; and why they came without the *Perſians?* They inform'd him of all, the flight of the *Perſians*, their Innocence, the Feſtival, and how, after the Banquet, being poſſeſs'd with Sleep, the *Perſians* eſcaped; whom yet they could not have hinder'd, had they known thereof. *Hydaſpes* believing what was told to him, ſuſpecting what afterwards happen'd, the Treachery of *Oroondates*, calling only their Prieſts

to

to him, with the Gods, which they brought for the greater ſolemnity, conjur'd them thereby to tell if they knew any thing of the *Perſians* Deſigns; Whither they were gone, or in what they placed their greateſt Truſt? They anſwer'd, They knew not for certain, but conjectur'd that they were gone to *Elephantina*, where the greateſt Party of their Army were gather'd together: *Oroondates* putting his greateſt Truſt in his Bard Horſe.

When they had thus ſupplicated, *Hydaſpes* did not think fit to enter the City, but ſent two Companies to ſearch if there were any Treachery in the buſineſs; and if they found none, to continue there as a Garriſon. Having therefore diſmiſſed the Townſmen with gracious Promiſes, he drew forth his Army in Battel aray, to receive the *Perſians*, if they came out againſt him; and if not, to ſet upon them. Nor had he put them into a readineſs before he was inform'd that the *Perſians* were on their way towards him. *Oroondates* having drawn the greateſt part of his Forces to *Elephantina*, was forced himſelf with a few to take into *Syene*, as we have already ſhewn, where he receiv'd Mercy of *Hydaſpes*; yet was he ſo full of guile, as to withdraw to his foreſaid Army, placing all his hopes in Celerity, and thinking to come upon *Hydaſpes* unprovided.

When the two Armies were now in ſight of each other, the *Perſian* Pride was ſhewn, dazling the

the whole Field with Golden and Silver Arms, for the Sun then riſing full upon the *Perſians*, reflected from them, like Lightning, to a great diſtance. The *Medes* and *Perſians* made up the Right Wing, their Armed Men going before, and the Archers bringing up the Rear, that being eas'd from the Incumbrance of Armour, they might more dextrouſly ſhoot their Arrows, protected by the Armed Body. He placed his *Ægyptian* and *African* Companies on the Left Wing, adding alſo Archers and Slingers, whom he commanded to make Excurſions, and gall the Enemies Flank. He himſelf came with the Main Body, ſplendidly ſeated on a Chariot, with Guards on each ſide for his ſecurity, his Bard Horſe being ranked before him, in which he put his greateſt truſt; in this poſture he adventured to begin the Battel. For this Party was moſt Warlike, and like a Wall or Bulwark, planted before the reſt of his Army.

The manner in which they were Armed was thus: A choſen perſon, of great Strength and Stature, put on a Helmet, with a Face made to it, exactly reſembling that of a Man: This covered the Head all down to the Shoulders, places only being left open for the Eyes: His Right Hand held a Weapon bigger than a Spear, while their Left was free to manage the Reins; a Sword hanging by his ſide; not only his Breaſt, but his whole Body was covered with Armour,

joined

joined with Scales of Iron and Braſs, in form of a quadrangle; one being laid waving over the other; which thus by degrees went to their extremity, the Plates being firmly riveted together, yet framed ſo as to ſit without any Incumbrance to the Body, and every where plying to it: Every joint thereof turning on Wire, and extending or contracting with the motion of the Perſon. Thus was it wrought from the Head to the Knee, a vacancy being only left for the inſide of their Thighs, that ſat next to their Horſe. Such is the Fabrick thereof, that it repels all manner of Darts or Spears. From the Foot there was an Iron Boot, that at the Knee joined curiouſly with the Armour. In the ſame manner they alſo Armed their Horſes, ſecuring their Legs, while their Head to their Creſt is entirely Armed, a Covering of Iron Plates thrown over his Back, falling down on each ſide to his Flank, yet ſo looſe as not to incumber his going, while it gave him protection. The Man being thus equipp'd, and, as it were, caſt in Armour, is lifted up upon his Horſe, not being able, by reaſon of the weight, to mount himſelf. When the Fight is begun, giving the Reins to his Horſe, and clapping Spurs to them, he ruſheth upon the Enemy, as it were a Tempeſt.

The Pike, near to the part where a long Steel Blade comes out, is faſten'd to the Horſes Neck, by which means it is ſupported; it is alſo hung

at

at the other end by Thongs to the Horſes Shoulder, in ſuch manner as not to hinder, but aſſiſt the Hand of the Perſon that directs it: So that by the Horſes motion, the force is encreaſed; by which means two or three at a time are often born upon the Point.

The Deputy being thus provided, and his Forces drawn up in this manner, left the River on his Back, being much leſs in number than the Enemy, which ſerved him for a Wall, to keep him from being ſurrounded. *Hydaſpes*, on the other ſide thus order'd his Battel: Againſt the *Perſians* and *Medes*, in the Right Wing, he placed his Souldiers from *Meroe*, skilful in ſtanding Fight; as alſo the *Troglodytæ*, with thoſe of the Neighbouring Country, from which Cinnamon is brought, in light Arms, and ſwift of foot, to engage the Adverſaries Left Wing. But underſtanding the *Perſians* middle Ranks to be their chief ſtrength, he oppoſed to them himſelf, with Elephants bearing Towers, joining to them the *Blemmii* and *Seri*, with Inſtructions what to do when they were engaged.

When Signals on both ſides were given, by the *Perſians* with Trumpets, by the *Æthiopians* with Hammers and Kettle-drums. *Oroondates* encouraging his Party, led them on. *Hydaſpes* commanded his Men to advance ſlowly at firſt, that the Elephants might keep up with them, and alſo that the *Perſian* Horſe in the middle might be diſorder'd, before the whole Bodies were

were join'd. When they were now within the Caſt of a Dart, and the *Blemmi* perceiv'd the Bard Horſe of the Enemy to come on fiercely, they obſerv'd what had been commanded by *Hydaſpes*, the *Seri* being left to guard the Elephants, they made up ſpeedily before the reſt, againſt the Bard Horſe, who thought them diſtracted, being ſo few in number, to ſet upon a Party ſo well Armed. The *Perſians* likewiſe ſpurred up faſter, to take advantage of their raſhneſs, not doubting to diſpatch them at the firſt Encounter.

Then the *Blemmi*, when they were come hand to hand, as it were at one ſign, ſunk down all together, ſetting one Knee to the ground, and putting their Heads and Backs under the Horſes Bellies, receiv'd no harm, but from their treading ſometimes upon them. But they perform'd what was beyond all expectation, ſtabbing the Bard Horſe up into their Bellies, which part alone was unarm'd: Wherefore not a few were caſt off by their Horſes, enraged with their wounds, whom the *Blemmi* ſtabb'd (as they lay on the ground) on the inſide of their Thighs. For the *Perſian* Cataphract is ſo incumbred with Armour, that he cannot ſtir, when once diſmounted. Thoſe that kept their Saddles were carry'd directly upon the *Seri*, who on their approach, retreated behind their Elephants, whoſe vaſt Bodies ſerved them for a Bulwark. By this means there was great

Slaughter made of the Horſe, inſomuch that they were almoſt utterly cut off: For the Horſes frighten'd with the ſight of the Elephants, leaped and ſtarted, ſome flying out one way, and ſome another, putting their own party into diſorder. They that ſat upon the Elephants (ſix Archers being allotted to each Tower, whereof each Beaſt carry'd two) ſhot ſo faſt from thence, that their Arrows ſeem'd a Cloud, and ſo exactly aim'd, that they generally wounded the *Perſians* in the Eyes, who accordingly ran confuſedly one amongſt another. All that were born forward againſt their wills by the mettle of their Steeds, came directly upon the Elephants.

They were therefore thus conſumed, being partly trodden down by the Elephants, partly cut down by the *Seri*, making Excurſions from behind their Elephants, as it were from an Ambuſcade. The few that eſcaped, went off without any memorable performance, and not the leaſt hurt done to the Elephants. Thoſe Beaſts are clad in Iron when they go to War, beſide the natural hardneſs of their Skin, overgrown with a tough Scurf or Scale, too firm for any Spear to pierce.

All being at length put to Rout, the Deputy himſelf fled at laſt moſt ſhamefully on a *Nyſæan* Horſe, leaving his Chariot behind him. However, thoſe that were of his Left Wing were yet ignorant hereof, and ſtood ſtoutly to their work,

work, though receiving more Wounds than they gave; ſuſtaining all difficulties: For the Troops from the Cinnamon Region, with whom they encountred, preſſed them very hard, and reduced them to the laſt Diſtreſs; flying off whenſoever the others came on, far out-ſtripping them; yet ſhooting back, and wounding as they fled: But as the others Retreated, came furiouſly again upon them, galling their Flanks with Slings and little Darts, all which were notwithſtanding Mortal, the Piles being dipped in Serpents Blood. They bear a round Cover on their Heads, ſtuck through with Arrows, the ſhaft end whereof is placed next their Heads, the Pile, even to the Feathers, coming out above. Thus every one marches clattering to fight, expoſing a naked Body to the Foe: Crowned, as it were, with Arrows, which have no Iron on their Points, nor have any need of it: By reaſon that they are made of a Dragons Back-bone, an ell in length, the natural hardneſs whereof being ſharpen'd at one end, ſerves for a point, from whence the *Greeks* call ſuch kind of Arrows, Bones. The *Ægyptians* notwithſtanding ſtood a long time to it, joining their Shields together, and ſuſtaining ſhowers of Darts, though they were impatient of War, yet now either glorying in contempt of Death, or fearing the puniſhment of Revolters.

But when they knew the Cataphracts, the chief hope and ſtrength of their Battel, were

fled, the very *Perſians*, and Deputy himſelf, withdrawn without any ſignal performance (ſave ſome ſmall damage done to the *Meroenſes*) but much more receiv'd, even they at laſt gave over the Conflict, and turned their Backs.

*Hydaſpes* beholding the Victory from a Tower, raiſed high on an Elephant, ſent after the Chaſers, to bid them abſtain from ſlaughter, but to take as many alive as they could, eſpecially *Oroondates*. For the *Æthiopians* ſtretching their Wings in circular form, took in ſo vaſt a compaſs, as wholly to encloſe the *Perſians*; leaving only one paſſage open for them, and that was towards the River: Into which a great number of them, being forced by the Horſe-men, Scyth-Chariots, and others preſſing upon them, found that the Stratagem which the Deputy had laid againſt the Enemy, was unreaſonable, and fooliſh: Foraſmuch, as while he kept the *Nile* on his Back, for fear of being ſurrounded, he was not aware that he cut off from himſelf all poſſibility of flight. He therefore was taken Priſoner amongſt the reſt.

*Achemenes*, the Son of *Cybele*, finding how affairs ſtood, endeavour'd treacherouſly to kill him, (for he now repented himſelf of the diſcovery he had made touching *Arſace*) ſince the Arguments by which he was to prove it, were taken away) but diſappointed of his expectation, the Wound which he gave *Oroondates* was not mortal. For which attempt however he

receiv'd

receiv'd puniſhment, being run through by a certain *Ægyptian*, who knew the Deputy, and would have kept him alive, according to the Command of his Maſter.

The Deputy therefore was brought to *Hydaſpes* by the perſon that took him: He therefore ſeeing him fainting, caus'd his Blood to be ſtanch'd, determining, if he could, to preſerve him, alſo confirming his purpoſe with theſe words: That you are preſerv'd by my good will, is juſt and fit; for it is the buſineſs of generous Enemies, to overcome an Enemy that reſiſts with Courage; and when fallen, to ſupport them with Mercy: But what reaſon was there to make you ſo perfidious? To you indeed perfidious, reply'd *Oroondates*, but true to my Maſter. *Hydaſpes* farther asked him, Since he was overcome, what puniſhment he determined upon himſelf? Such, anſwered he, as my Maſter would inflict on one of your Commanders, that had been faithful to you. Certainly, ſaid *Hydaſpes*, he would praiſe, and ſend him back with Rewards, if he be a true King, and no Tyrant; and one that would be a Pattern for Princes. You ſay you have acted faithfully, but if not fooliſhly too, in expoſing the Lives of ſo many Thouſands, do you your ſelf judge. It was not imprudent, replied he, conſidering the temper of my King, who is much freer of his Puniſhment to the Cowardly, than Rewards to his Valiant Servants. I

therefore reſolved on the danger of the Field, where I might either perform ſomething that was beyond expectation, as many opportunities happen in a Fight skilfully managed, (the event of War it ſelf being always uncertain) or, at leaſt, if I eſcaped with life, to have excuſe left, nothing that was in my Power having been omitted.

*Hydaſpes* hereupon commended him, and ſent him to *Syene*, with charge to the Phyſicians to uſe their beſt endeavour for his Cure.

He alſo went himſelf, with the chief of his Army, the people from the Town, of all Ages and Qualities, meeting him on the way, ſcattering Flowers amongſt his Souldiers, applauding his Vertue, and congratulating his Victory. When he was carry'd on his Elephant, into the Town, he immediately bent his mind to Divine Worſhip, and rendring Thanks to the Gods. He demanded the Origine of the *Nile*, and if there was any thing in the City worth Sight or Admiration? They ſhewed him a Well, like to that which is at *Memphis*, made of Poliſh'd Stone, on which are drawn Lines, at an Ell diſtance, the one above the other: Into this Ciſtern the River Water being let, by Subterranean Paſſage, ſhews the Inhabitants the Encreaſe or Decreaſe of the *Nile*, riſing or falling below ſuch or ſuch a Mark on the Stone. They likewiſe ſhewed him Gnomons of Horoſcopes, that at mid-day give no ſhadow.

ſhadow. The Sun being at the Solſtice, perpendicular over *Syene*, inſomuch that their deepeſt Wells are then illuminated. *Hydaſpes* was not much ſurprized at this, the ſame being alſo found at *Meroe* in *Æthiopia*. They then told him of the *Nile*, extolling it with their praiſes, calling him the Son and Author of Plenty, the Preſerver of Upper *Ægypt*, the Patron and Tiller of the Lower: Every year rolling down fertile Slime, from whence he is call'd *Nile*, by the *Greeks*; that is, the Diſtinguiſher of Seaſons; his Flow ſhewing the Summer, his Ebb the Autumn, the Spring with Flowers; that the *Nile* indeed was nothing but the Year it ſelf: The Letters of whoſe Numbers being computed, according to the Figures which they repreſent, making three hundred ſixty five Unities, according to the Days in a Year. When they had farther ſpoken of the Nature and Properties of certain Plants, Flowers and Animals: Theſe are not ſo much *Ægyptian* Relations (ſaid *Hydaſpes*) as *Æthiopian*. But whether this River be indeed a God, as you eſteem him, and brings other Rivers along with him from *Æthiop*, he is duly worſhipped by you. We both adore him for other reaſons (anſwer'd the Prieſts) and particularly for the preſent favour of ſending you to us, our God and Preſerver.

*Hydaſpes* warned them to be moderate in their Praiſes of him; and ſpent the reſt of the day in diverſion, entring Banquet with the *Æthiopi-*

*an* Nobles, and Prieſts of *Syene*; and permitting all the reſt to do the ſame. The *Syeneans*, partly ſelling, and partly beſtowing on the Army vaſt Herds and Flocks, with Plenty of Wine.

The next day, ſitting on a Tribunal, he diſtributed the Booty of the War amongſt his Army, to every one according to his performance. When the perſon that took *Oroondates* came before him, Demand what you will, ſaid *Hydaſpes*: There is no need (anſwer'd he) of my demanding any thing more, if what I have already taken from *Oroondates* (whom I preſerv'd, according to your Order) be adjudg'd to me by you. He therewith ſhew'd *Oroondates* Dagger, ſtudded with precious Stones of vaſt price, and worth many Talents of Gold; inſomuch that the ſtanders-by cry'd out, That the fortune was too great for a private Man, and fitting only for the Kings Treaſury. What therefore is more Kingly, ſaid *Hydaſpes*, than for me to preſerve that greatneſs of mind, as not to covet ſo great a Prize. The ſpoil of a Captives Body by right belongs to him that takes him Priſoner. Wherefore let him ſo depart, who perhaps had not granted us the ſame favour, though we would never have received it.

Next came the perſons who took *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*: O King, ſaid they, our Spoils are neither Gold nor Gems, which are of little price in *Æthiopia*, and pave the Royal Palaces; but whereas we have brought you a *Gre-*

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*cian* Youth and Virgin, of incomparable Stature and Beauty, excelling all Mankind in Perſon, your ſelf excepted; we beg alſo to be partakers of your Munificence and Bounty. You ſay well, anſwer'd *Hydaſpes*, and I remember ſuch Perſons, though I had but a tranſeant ſight of them: Wherefore bring them with the reſt, to our Preſence. When the Meſſengers came for them, they ask'd, Whither they were to be carry'd? Before *Hydaſpes*, anſwer'd they. *Hydaſpes!* O ye Guardian Angels, ſaid they; for as yet they were uncertain who was the Conquerour. *Theagenes* therefore ſaid ſoftly to *Chariclea*, Unfold the State of our Affairs to the King, ſince *Hydaſpes* Reigns, whom you have often told me was your Father. O Deareſt, ſaid ſhe, great affairs need great preparations, for where the Gods have given intricate Beginnings, the Concluſion muſt be leiſurely unravell'd: eſpecially, the firſt Riſe and Foundation of this Intrigue (I mean my Mother *Perſina*) being abſent, whom yet, by the Gods favour, we hear to be alive. But there is danger of our being Sacrific'd before that time, ſaid *Theagenes*. None at all, anſwer'd ſhe, for I have often heard our Keepers ſay, we were reſerv'd for Sacrifices to the Gods of *Meroe*: Wherefore there is no fear of our being Slain, or ſent away to another Country, being already, by Vow, given to the Gods, which cannot be violated by any Pious Monarch. However,

ever, though we ſhould flatter our ſelves with theſe hopes, we ſhall imperfectly make out our Account, when the Perſons are not preſent, that can acknowledge and juſtifie the Authorities which we produce. Wherefore there is danger, leſt through his Ignorance in the Evidences, we ſhould exaſperate our Judge; who will think ſcorn, that Captives deſtin'd for Sacrifice, ſhould preſume to call themſelves Children to the King. But your Teſtimonials, reply'd *Theagenes*, which you have carefully preſerv'd, will ſhew that it is no Forgery. The Credentials, ſaid *Chariclea*, are Credentials to them that expoſed them, but to them that know them not, or at leaſt not all of them, they are no more than common Jewels and Bracelets; which alſo may bring with them ſuſpicion of Theft. Or, ſuppoſing that *Hydaſpes* acknowledge them, who is there to perſwade him that *Perſina* gave them or was Mother to the Child?

By this time they were come in ſight of the King, *Bagoas* alſo was brought along with them. *Hydaſpes* ſeeing them rais'd himſelf a little from his Throne; and crying out to the Gods to be propitious, ſat down again. His Attendants asking what happen'd to him, and occaſion'd that Start; This morning I imagin'd juſt ſuch a Daughter to be born to me, and in a days time grown to her full Stature: And whereas I am no regarder of Dreams, I forgot it, but now on ſight of her likeneſs it returns to my Mind.

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They perſuading him, that there were certain Images often form'd in the fancy, that betoken future realities; he neverthelesſ neglected the Viſion, and ask'd them who, and what they were. *Chariclea* being ſilent, and *Theagenes* anſwering, That they were *Greeks*, and Kindred: Hail *Greece*, ſaid he, that furniſhes us with ſuch Noble Sacrifices for our Triumph. Then ſmiling to his Attendants aſide, Why had I not a Son likewiſe born to me in my Dream, (ſaid he) if Dreams are, as you ſay, Pictures of things to come? Then turning to *Chariclea*, and ſpeaking to her in the *Greek* Tongue, (which is of high eſteem amongſt the Gymnoſophiſts of *Æthiopia*,) But why, Virgin, are you ſilent, ſaid he, and Anſwer to no Interrogations? At the Altar of the Gods, anſwer'd ſhe, to whom we are deſtin'd Sacrifices, you ſhall know both me and my Parents. *Hydaſpes* again ask'd her, Of what Country? They are partly preſent, ſaid ſhe, and ſhall be altogether ſo at that time. *Hydaſpes* then ſmil'd, and ſaid, Certainly this Daughter of Viſion, dreams her ſelf, in imagining to find her *Grecian* Parents in *Meroe*. Let them therefore be taken care of, to be made Ornaments of our Sacrifices. But who is this that ſtands next them, and ſeems to be an Eunuch? The Servants anſwer'd, That he was indeed an Eunuch, and named *Bagoas*. Let him follow them, ſaid he, not to be himſelf a Victim, but to take care of another Victim, this Virgin, that ſhe

ſhe be preſerv'd Immaculate for the Ceremony. Eunuchs are the beſt Guards, for being deprived themſelves of enjoying, they out of envy take care that no body elſe ſhall.

He then ſurvey'd the remainder of Captives, and diſpos'd of them, giving ſome for Servants, whoſe condition was formerly ſuch; but Perſons that were of free Birth, he reſtored to Liberty. Ten Youths and as many Virgins of flouriſhing Beauty and faireſt Stature, he appointed to attend *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* in their Deſtiny. Anſwers being alſo given to all others that brought any Claim. In the laſt place, *Oroondates* was ſet before him; to whom *Hydaſpes* expreſt himſelf, That ſince he gain'd the points for which he made War, he was not affected like moſt Monarchs; that he would not abuſe the kindneſs of Fortune, to covet more than others; nor extend his Empire by his victory; that he was contented with the bounds which nature from the beginning had ſet, dividing *Æthiopia* from *Ægypt* by Cataracts. Wherefore having obtain'd what I came down for, I return an adorer of Equity. As for you, if you ſurvive, continue in your Office of Deputy; and tell the King of *Perſia*, that his Brother *Hydaſpes* has overcome, but reſtores you to your Dignity, being deſirous of Amity; but prepar'd to renew the War if provok'd thereunto: But enjoin that exemption from Tribute, for ten years be given to the *Syeneans*.

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Having thus ſpoken, both the Citizens and Souldiers applauded him with Shouts, that were heard at great diſtance. *Oroondates* with his Hands ſtretch'd out, the Right interchangeably over the Left, bowed his Body forward with Adoration; which by the *Perſians* is given only to their own King. Let me not be thought ſaid he to the ſtanders by, to violate the Cuſtoms of my Country, adoring my Reſtorer, who had both Power and Provocation to Kill me. The Dignity that belongs to himſelf by right of Conqueſt, he confers on me: For which, if I ſurvive, I ſhall always be an inſtrument of Peace, between the *Æthiopians* and *Syeneans*; but if I dye of theſe Wounds, let the Gods return this Kindneſs of *Hydaſpes*, both on himſelf and his Poſterity.

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# ÆTHIOPIAN HISTORY.

## The Tenth Book.

THus have we given account of what was tranſacted about *Syene*, which after ſuch extremity, was reſtored by the Juſtice and Clemency of the Conqueror. *Hydaſpes* now ſending the greateſt part of his Army before him, returns into *Æthiopia*: Both *Perſians* and *Syeneans* following him with Congratulations and Prayers for his ſafety. He therefore took his journey by the Banks of *Nile*, and through the adjacent Countrys. But being come to *Cataracta*, after Sacrifices to *Nile* and the Tutelar Gods of the Borders, he turn'd off through the Midland Regions. When he was

was arrived at *Phila*, he reſted two days for Refreſhment of his Souldiers; therefore once more ſending the multitude before him, he himſelf tarry'd in the Town, to repair the Walls and ſettle a Garriſon. Then chooſing out two Meſſengers with orders to change their Horſes, for diſpatch on the Road, he ſent them with Letters to inform his Friends at *Meroe* of his Victory.

To the Wiſe Men call'd *Gymnoſophiſts*, who were of his Councel Royal, he wrote thus:

*Hydaſpes* to the Divine Aſſembly.

*THeſe are to acquaint you with our Victory, not boaſting of our Succeſs or Management (ſince events of War are at the diſpoſal of Providence) but to expreſs our reſpect for you, requeſting you to meet at the appointed place, and to grace our Sacrifices for our ſucceſs with your preſence.*

To his Wife *Perſina* he wrote as follows.

*KNow that we are Conquerours, and what moſt concerns you, ſafe in our Perſon. Wherefore make preparation for Triumph, and Sacrifices of Thanks, and come with our* Gymnoſophiſts *into the Field before the City, which is dedicated to the Gods of our Country; the Sun, Moon, and* Bacchus.

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Having read theſe Letters, this is the Senſe of my Viſion ( ſaid *Perſina* ) for laſt night in my Sleep, I fancy'd my ſelf deliver'd of a Daughter of full blown Beauty and Stature: The Pains ſignifying the troubles of the War and the fair Offspring, the compleat Victory. By this time the City was fill'd with the news; the Meſſengers Riding through the principal Streets on white Horſes and in white Veſtments, being Crown'd with the Plants of *Nile*, and bearing Branches of Palm in their Hands, by their very Habits and Geſture declaring their Meſſage. The City being thus fill'd with joy, they perform'd Sacrifices Night and Day in their diſtinct Tribes, Streets and Families, crowding the Temples; not ſo much for ſake of the Victory, as for the ſafety of *Hydaſpes*: Whom for his Clemency and Juſtice, they look'd upon as their Common Parent, as well as their King.

*Perſina* therefore having ſent vaſt Herds and Flocks, with all manner of Beaſts and Fowl into the Sacred Field; partly to make Hecatombs therewith, and partly for Proviſion, in the publick Feaſt, went to the Grove conſecrated to *Pan*, the Reſidence of the Gymnoſophiſts, to whom ſhe gave the Letters from *Hydaſpes*, deſiring them to obey his Orders, and grace the Solemnities with their Preſence. They entreated her to ſtay a while without, while they went into the Oratory, to conſult the Gods Pleaſure. From whence returning, after a

ſmall ſtay, *Syſimathres*, the Provoſt, the reſt keeping ſilence, ſpoke thus: We ſhall attend you, ſaid he, for ſo the Gods command: But withal, they foreſhow ſome tumult and diſorder that will happen in the Ceremonies, which yet ſhall have a happy Concluſion, foraſmuch as a Member of your Body, which has long been loſt, ſhall now be reſtor'd unſought. Whatever misfortune ſhall happen, reply'd *Perſina*, all things will do better for your Preſence. As ſoon as *Hydaſpes* arrives, I ſhall inform you. There is no need of that, ſaid *Syſimathres*, for his Letters will tell us that he will to morrow be here. Accordingly it happen'd; for before ſhe was return'd to her Palace, a Meſſenger overtook her with the ſame tydings. The publick Officers therefore haſten the preparations for the Sacrifices, permitting only Male Perſons to be preſent: for the Worſhip belonging to the Sun and Moon, the moſt pure and chaſt Deities, they excluded Women from the Devotion, leſt any Pollution ſhould happen therein. The Prieſteſs of the Moon was only permitted, which Office *Perſina* herſelf ſuſtain'd; as *Hydaſpes*, the King, was High Prieſt to the Sun, by the ancient Rites of the Country. *Charicles* was likewiſe to be preſent, though not as Prieſteſs, but Victim. The people therefore were too impatient to wait till the day was come, but the Evening before came over the River of *Aſtabora*, ſome by the Bridge; thoſe that lived

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at diſtance, in Boats, which was eaſily done, by reaſon that each containing not above two or three at once, was made by ſplitting of a Cane Trunk into two parts, each half, without further labour, ſerving for a Boat.

The City *Meroe* is a Triangular Iſland, made by the Confluence of the *Nile*, the *Aſtabora* and *Alaſobus*: This inland Spot being miles in length, in Breadth, is furniſh'd with Animals of vaſt bulk, the Elephants being bred there: And as it bears ſome Plants naturally, is by Improvement ſupply'd with others: For beſides Palm-trees of prodigious Tallneſs, it alſo bears Corn of ſuch height, that a Man on Horſe-back, and ſometimes on Camels, is hid in paſſing through: It is withal ſo fertile, that the Grain which is ſown comes up three hundred fold.

The people being thus tranſported over the reſpective Rivers, they all met, and join'd Congratulations to *Hydaſpes*, as it were to ſome Deity; but theſe however at a diſtance: The Gymnoſophiſts were admitted neareſt to him, ſo as to join Hands, and ſalute him, before the Sacred ground. After them ſtood *Perſina*, in the Entrance to the Temple. After they had here finiſh'd Adorations and Praiſe, they turn'd off to the Publick Sacrifices, placing themſelves in Tabernacles that were before prepared. Theſe were compoſed of four Canes, newly cut down, each Cane being cut four ſquare, ſerv'd for a

Pillar; the Covering was made of ſeveral Boughs, the faireſt being Branches of the Palm-tree. In another Tabernacle was placed the Images of their Gods, with Pictures of famous Perſons, of *Memnon*, *Perſeus*, and *Andromeda*; ſuppoſed, by them, the Authors of their Royal Line. In Seats below ſat the Gymnoſophiſts, with the Images of their Gods likewiſe over their Heads: Before them Bands of Souldiers, with Shields, to keep off the Preſs of the people, and preſerve room for the Solemnities. *Hydaſpes*, in few words, told the company his Service perform'd for the Commonwealth, and commanded the Sacrifices to begin. Three Altars were erected, two of them appertaining to the Sun and Moon, the third to *Bacchus*, ſet at diſtance, to whom they offered all manner of living Creatures. Upon the Suns Altar were Sacrificed young Horſes: A yoak of Oxen to the Moon, as being ſerviceable in Husbandry. In the mean time there was a voice heard among the Crowd, Let the uſual Sacrifice of the Country, for our common ſafety, be firſt made; and after that, the firſt fruits of the War be offer'd. *Hydaſpis* underſtanding them to mean humane Sacrifices, as was uſual of Captives taken in Foreign Wars, ſigned to them with his hand, that they ſhould inſtantly have their Deſire: Withal commanding the appointed Priſoners to be brought forth: Among them came *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, guarded, but not bound.

bound. The reſt were penſive, only theſe ſmiled with chearful Countenance: *Charicles* looking conſtantly on *Perſina*, ſo that ſhe was concern'd thereat, and ſaid, O Sir, What a Virgin have you commanded to be Sacrific'd? I never ſaw ſo great Beauty and Reſolution. Her Age and Form extremely move me; if our Daughter had liv'd, ſhe would have been now of her years: I wiſh to the Gods you could find ſome means for her Delivery. I ſhould be pleas'd to have her an Attendant at my Table. Perhaps the unhappy Creature is a *Grecian*, for never was there ſuch a Beauty in *Ægypt*. She is a *Greek*, anſwer'd he, by Father and Mother, whom ſhe promis'd to produce in this preſence, but how that can be poſſible, I do not imagine: But that ſhe ſhould be deliver'd from this Sacrifice, I am ſure is abſolutely impoſſible, though I my ſelf could wiſh it, and am touch'd with Compaſſion for her. Our Laws exact a Man to be Sacrificed to the Sun, and a Virgin to the Moon; and ſhe being firſt taken, the people will not otherwiſe be ſatisfy'd: One help only remains, which is, if ſhe prove not a pure Virgin, for ſuch the Sacrifice requires; and if ſo, ſhe is uncapable of your Reception. Let her be ſo found, ſaid *Perſina*, rather than Die; nor can ſhe be much blamed, after ſuch Exile and Travels, eſpecially having Beauty, that could ſcarce eſcape Force and Rape. *Hydaſpes* then commanded Fire to be brought, by the Prieſts, from

the Temple, on which the Captives were to tred. Bars of Gold were heated over this Fire, and had this Virtue, That every unchaſte or perjured perſon were burned with treading on them, but ſuch as were otherwiſe, receiv'd no harm. The Corrupted Perſons they appointed to *Bacchus*, and other Gods. After *Theagenes* had trod thereon, and was found Chaſte, which was with wonder beheld, he being of ſuch Youth and Vigour; wherefore he was ſet apart, to be offer'd to the Sun. Then, ſaid he to *Chariclea* aſide, is Death the Reward of Chaſtity in *Æthiopia*? But wherefore do you not now diſcover your ſelf? What other time do you expect? or will you ſtay till the Knife has pierc'd our Throats? Therefore declare your ſelf: When you are known, 'tis poſſible I may be ſaved for your ſake; at leaſt you will be ſafe your ſelf, which will be my ſatisfaction in Death.

She told him her Time was now at hand; and ſo, without command, put on her holy Veſtment, which ſhe brought with her from *Delphi*, wrought with Gold, and ſet with Jewels; then with her hair diſhevell'd, and, as it were, inſpired with Divine fury, ſhe leap'd upon the Coals, where ſhe ſtood a long time without hurt, the Fire only giving addition to her Beauty; ſo that in that Holy Attire, ſhe ſeems to the Beholders rather a Goddeſs than Mortal Woman: So that the moſt Superſtitious amongſt them heartily wiſhed her Deliverance.

*Per-*

*Perſina*, above all others, was troubled, and ſaid to *Hydaſpes*, How unhappy is this wretch that boaſts of a Chaſtity that is ſo fatal to her! What is there to be done for her Relief? You trouble me in vain, ſaid *Hydaſpes*; your pity is fooliſh on one that cannot be ſaved; and ſeems from the Beginning, for her Excellence, to be reſerv'd for the Gods. Then turning to the Gymnoſophiſts, he asked them, Why they did not begin? The Gods forbid, (anſwer'd *Syſimathres*, in *Greek*, that the people might not underſtand him) for we have too much profan'd our Eyes and Ears with what is already done. As for our parts, we will retire into the Temple, being of opinion that theſe humane Sacrifices are abomination to the Gods; we could alſo wiſh no Blood of any other Creature to be ſhed on ſuch account, as knowing that Prayers and bloodleſs Offerings are moſt grateful to the Divine Powers. However, your preſence, Sir, is neceſſary, ſince the cuſtomes of the Country exact it, and your people will not otherwiſe be ſatisfy'd. Yet you may be ſenſible that there can be no good event, becauſe the Gods, as you ſee, protect the Strangers, by keeping the Fire from harming them. Having thus ſaid, he, with the reſt of his Brotherhood, went away. Then *Chariclea* leaping from the Fire, ran to *Syſimathres*, as he was going, and falling at his feet, (in ſpight of the Officers that would have hindred her, as ſuppoſing ſhe begg'd of him to

pare her Life) ſaying, Stay a while, moſt wiſe of Men, for I have a Cauſe to plead before the King and Queen, and know that the Sentence on perſons of my Birth, can only be given by you: They gladly heard her thus Speak, and Inform'd the King thereof. *Hydaſpes* ſmiled, and askt what Judgment that could be? Or how he could come in any Danger from her? What ſhe ſhall deliver may inform you, ſaid *Syſimathres*. But take heed, ſaid he, you do not wrong our Majeſty, in making a King to Plead with a Priſoner: Equity and Juſtice, anſwer'd *Syſimathres*, are without diſtinction of perſons: The Law permits you, reply'd *Hydaſpes*, to determine Controverſies, between the King and his Subjects, but not with Strangers. Wiſe and Juſt Men, return'd *Syſimathres*, are impartial in deſtribution of Equity. Well, quoth *Hydaſpes*, Let her Speak ſince *Syſimathres* deſires it; though it be certain She will ſay nothing to purpoſe, only ſome deviſed matter, as people in her Extremity are apt to do. *Chariclea* was the more encouraged when She heard *Syſimathres* Name, he being the Perſon that had firſt taken her; and Ten years before, had given her to *Charicles*, when he went Embaſſador to *Oroondates*, and even then the Chief of the *Gymnoſophiſts*. *Chariclea* knew him not by ſight, as being ſeparated from him ſo young; yet She remembred his Name: Wherefore She hoped that he would now be her Advocate. Therefore

fore lifting up her Hands to Heaven, She ſaid aloud that all might hear; O Sun, thou Founder of my Pedigree, and all ye other Deities and Glorious Spirits: Bear Witneſs that I ſhall deliver nothing but Truth. Then (turning towards the King) Do you command, Sir, Strangers or People of this Country to be offered? Strangers ſaid he? Then is it time for you to to provide other Victims; for I am of this Country, and Born your Subject. He admired hereat and ſaid, She ſpoke falſly: You wonder at ſmall things anſwer'd *Chariclea*; I have yet greater to deliver, being not only of this Country, but of the Blood Royal. *Hydaſpes* at this turn'd aſide with Scorn: She then proceeded ſaying, O Father do not thus deſpiſe and deny your own Daughter: The King then fell into Indignation and ſaid, *Syſimathres*, how long will you abuſe our Patience? Is She not diſtracted, or of inſufferable Boldneſs, thus to Claim Kindred with us, to ſave her Life? You your ſelves know, that I was never ſo Fortunate as to have a Child. Wherefore take her away. No Man anſwer'd ſhe muſt carry me away, without Command of my Judges: You your ſelf are now judged: Perhaps O King the Law of this Country ſuffers you to Kill Strangers; but neither that nor the Law of Nature to Kill your own Children; for that you are my Father the Gods ſhall prove this Day. All Controverſies in Law, conſiſt in Two Points; that is Writings,

and

and Confirmation by Witneſſes. I have both theſe to prove my ſelf your Daughter: For a Witneſs I will produce, no meaner a perſon than the Judge himſelf; I will likewiſe lay Writings before you, that ſhall fully expreſs my State. Having thus ſaid, She unfolded her *Faſcia*, and gave it to *Perſina*: She no ſooner fixt her Eyes thereon, but She was ſtruck with terrour, and diſabled from Speaking, at once trembling and glad for what She ſaw; eſpecially with the ſuddenneſs of the Chance. Yet was She afraid to expoſe it, leaſt *Hydaſpes* ſhould give no credit thereunto; and conſequently would inflict Puniſhment on her. He perceiving her ſo much concern'd, ask'd the meaning. Doth ought in that Writing trouble you? My Lord, King and Husband, ſaid She, I have nothing to ſay; take and peruſe it your ſelf, which will ſufficiently inform you: Having given it to him, She ſat down again penſive.

When *Hydaſpes* had ran it over with the *Gymnoſophiſts*, he marvelled extreamly, and the more to find *Syſimathres*, much concern'd and abaſhed: Wherefore a Thouſand thoughts roſe in his mind, he looking often upon the *Faſcia* and often upon the Maid: Having throughly peruſed it, and found both her Expoſition in her Infancy, with the Reaſon of it: I know, ſaid he, that I once had a Daughter, but was told, and by *Perſina* her ſelf, that She was Dead, but now perceive that She was expos'd in her Infancy.

cy. But who was the Perſon that found her, took her up, and bred her, I am yet to ſeek; or who it was that carry'd her into *Ægypt*. How may I be aſſur'd that this is She? And whether the Infant that was expos'd be not Dead, while he that found her, took advantage of his good Fortune; to impoſe on our deſire of having a Child, by propoſing a Changeling inſtead; and Colouring the Cheat with this Faſcia.

Your firſt doubt I can clear, anſwer'd *Syſimathres*: I was the Perſon that found the expoſed Child, bred her for ſome time, and carry'd her with me to *Ægypt*; when on Embaſſy you ſent me thither. You know well, that our order dare not ſpeak untruth: I likewiſe know the *Faſcia* to be the ſame by the Royal Characters, and impoſſible to be counterfeited; even you your ſelf may know *Perſina*'s Hand-writing therein: But there were other Teſtimonals found with this, and by me deliver'd to the Perſon to whom I gave her, the Man a *Greek*, and of ſeeming Honeſty. They are alſo preſerv'd, ſaid *Chariclea*, and produc'd the Bracelets. *Perſina* was now more aſtoniſhed: *Hydaſpes* asking her if ſhe knew them? She anſwer'd ſhe did? And that this Examination would more properly be made at Home; and not in ſo publick an Audience. Then was *Hydaſpes* more anxious than before: Then ſaid *Chariclea*, theſe Signals were my Mothers, but this, Sir, is properly your own; giving him the Ring with the

Pantarbe-

Pantarbe-Stone. *Hydaſpes* knew it, it being the ſame he gave to *Perſina*, on his Contract with her. I know theſe tokens, ſaid he to *Chariclea*; but not that you came by them, as being my Daughter; for not to inſiſt on other Doubts, your Colour is ſtrange and never ſeen in *Æthiopia*. The Infant was alſo white which I carry'd away (ſaid *Syſimathres*) beſides the time of her Age agrees, it being now Seventeen Years ſince ſhe was expos'd. Beſide I perceive the ſame Luſtre of her Eyes, the ſame Fair Lineaments, Complexion, and unparraliell'd Beauty. You ſpeak well, ſaid *Hydaſpes*, and rather like a Patron, than Judge of her Cauſe; but take heed, leaſt in favouring her, you bring queſtion of Scandal upon my Wife: It being impoſſible, that we being both *Æthiops*, ſhould have a Fair Child. We call him the beſt Judge anſwer'd *Syſimathres*, who is a Patron of Equity: But how do we ſeem more, to Patronize the Maid than you? For your Cenſure we are not concern'd, whoſe buſineſs is more to approve our ſelves to the Gods than to Men: So that is enough for us to ſatisfy our own Conſciences. As to your Doubt concerning her Colour, the *Faſcia* it ſelf anſwers it: That *Perſina* conceiv'd a Daughter of this Complexion; by looking on the Picture of *Andromeda*, in your Bedchamber: If you doubt the likeneſs, the Picture is here at hand, compare them together, you will ſee no difference between the Living and Painted Virgin.

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When they were ſet together, the Beholders were ſurpriz'd at the Reſemblance, which rais'd a great noiſe; thoſe who ſtood nearer, informing them that were at more diſtance: So that *Hydaſpes* himſelf could no longer doubt, but ſtood Speechleſs with Joy and Admiration. At laſt there is one thing yet wanting: O *Syſimathres*, ſaid he, there was a certain Speck or Mole above my Daughters Right Elbow: which was found alſo on *Chariclea*.

*Perſina* could no longer contain her ſelf, but leaping from the Throne, threw her Arms about her Neck, weeping for Joy, and almoſt ready to faint away. The ſame Parental Affection ſeiz'd *Hydaſpes*, though with more manly Government, yet he alſo embraced her, and not without Tears. After this, waving his Hand, he ſilenced the buzzing amongſt the Croud. O you that are preſent, ſaid he, you have ſeen and heard me this day prov'd a Father beyond all expectation. Yet ſuch is my regard to you, that waving the care of Succeſſion and Paternal Joy, I am for your ſakes ready to deliver her up to the Gods in Sacrifice: For though I ſee you alſo concern'd for the Misfortune of ſo fair a Virgin, yet whether you will or no, I muſt perform the Cuſtom of our Country, and prefer the publick Intereſt to private Affection.

Having thus ſpoken, he took *Chariclea* by the Hand, as to lead her to the Altar; at which the

the whole multitude ſet up a Cry, not ſuffering him to lead her one ſtep forward, but calling out ſave the Maid, ſave her whom the Gods would have preſerv'd: We return you our thanks, our Laws are ſatisfy'd. We acknowledge you our King, do you acknowledge your ſelf a Father. There is no man that will lay Hands on her; you that are Father of your Country, be Father of your own Houſe: Theſe and many more ſuch Expreſſions were utter'd; downright reſiſting his Propoſal, and ſaying, the Gods would be ſatisfy'd with other Offerings. *Hydaſpes* ſuffer'd himſelf to be overcome, and took pleaſure in the Violence.

Standing therefore next to *Chariclea*, deareſt, ſaid he, that you are our Daughter, the proofs are ſufficient; but who is this Youth, who was taken Priſoner with you, and is now ſet before the Altar? or how could you call him Brother, when you were together brought into my Preſence at *Syene*? For how ſhall he be found our Son? For *Perſina* has but once been deliver'd, and that only of your ſelf. *Chariclea* bluſhing and caſting her Eyes on the ground, I feign'd him indeed to be my Brother in that Exigence, but who he is, he himſelf will better inform you. Do you therefore take place by your Mother on the Tribunal; filling her with greater joy, than when ſhe firſt Bore you; entertain her with the Hiſtory of your Affairs, while I take care for the Sacrifices, and chooſe ſome Virgin

Virgin to be made a Victim in your ſtead, with the *Grecian* Youth.

*Chariclea* could ſcarce forbear crying out at the mention hereof, but governing her Affection; once more attempted him in theſe words:

O Sir, there is no need to ſeek for another of my Sex, ſince the people have excuſed me: But if you muſt, there muſt alſo another Youth be found, or if that be not done, no other Maid, for I my ſelf muſt alſo die: For the Gods have determin'd me to Live and Die with him.

*Hydaſpes* not yet underſtanding her, ſaid, I commend this Humanity in you Daughter, towards a *Grecian* and Stranger, the Companion of your Exile; but it is impoſſible to exempt him from Sacrifice without Violation of our Religion, neither will the people diſpenſe therewith. O King, anſwer'd ſhe, if I may not call you Father, if the Mercy of the Gods has ſpared my Body, the ſame Clemency will ſpare my Soul: But if the Deſtinies muſt have it ſo, that this Youth muſt needs adorn the Ceremonies, grant me yet one Requeſt, that he may be kill'd by my Hand.

What Contradictions are theſe (ſaid *Hydaſpes*) the Perſon whom but now as a Friend you endeavour'd to ſave, you now beg leave to Kill with your own Hand as an Enemy. I ſee, but grant it might, you may not be permitted, it being only lawful for the Prieſts of the Sun and Moon, and amongſt them only the High Prieſt, that

that has a Wife and Prieſteſs, who has a Husband. All this can be no hinderance reply'd *Chariclea*.

*Hydaſpes* conſidering her late proof of Virgin Eſtate by enduring the Fire, thought her diſcompos d in her Senſes, and deſired his Wife to diſcourſe with her apart, to bring her to her ſelf. In the mean time, I will give Audience to the Embaſſadours that wait to congratulate our Victory; and till another Virgin be Elected in her ſtead. Having thus ſpoken, he aſcended a Chair of State not far diſtant from the Tabernacle, commanding the Embaſſadours to come before him with their Preſents. The Maſter of Ceremonies Harmonious, ask'd if all ſhould be admitted together, or if they ſhould come diſtinctly, according to the Dignity of their reſpective Nations: In order, ſaid *Hydaſpes*. Shall *Merabus* your Brothers Son come firſt, ſaid the Officer? Stupid Man, ſaid *Hydaſpes*, why did you not inſtantly inform me of his Arrival, whom you know to be no Legate but a King, Son to my Brother, Heir to his Throne, and my own adopted Succeſſour? As ſoon therefore as *Merabus* came near his Preſence, a Manly Youth and tall of Stature ſurpaſſing all about him, the *Æthiopian* Guards with reſpect, made way for him.

*Hydaſpes* came down from his Throne to meet him, embracing him with paternal Courteſie, and ſaying; you come in good time, my Son, to aſſiſt our Triumphant Rites, and alſo your own

own Nuptial Ceremonies: Since the Gods, who were Authors of our Love, have, beyond all expectation, produced a Daughter for us, and for you a Bride. Of this affair more at leiſure; at preſent, if you have any thing to mention on behalf of your Country, declare it. *Meræbus* at mention of a Wife, bluſhed ſo as to have it perceiv'd through the duskineſs of his Complexion. After a little pauſe, Other perſons, ſaid he, will preſent you with the beſt Rareties of their Country to adorn your Triumph, but I, with what I judg'd moſt ſuitable to your Martial Temper, for a Preſent offer you a Swordman, inur'd to Blood, and exerciſed in Arms, ſo that none dare oppoſe him; in Wreſtling, Whirl-bat, or any other Warlike Exerciſe, of ſuch Skill and Strength, that none are able to contend with him. Accordingly he beckon'd to have him brought in preſence.

He therefore came forward, and was of that ſtature, that when he ſtooped to ſalute *Hydaſpes* Knees, he ſtill ſeem'd tall as any of the reſt. Immediately, without waiting for Command, he ſtripped himſelf before all the company, challenging any perſon to ſingle Combat. When none appear'd, though the King often ſummon'd, by the Herald; You ſhall receive, ſaid *Hydaſpes* to him, a Preſent fit for your Courage and Bulk; withal commanding an Elephant, of vaſt Magnitude, to be brought forth for him: He willingly receiv'd it. The peo-

ple, when the Beaſt appear'd, laughed extremely at the pleaſant Humour of the King. With this Deriſion taking Revenge on him whom they did not dare to encounter. After *Merabus*, were admitted the Embaſſadours from the *Seri*, bringing two Veſtments, made by Inſects of their Country, the one of *Tyrian* Dye, the other Snowy White. Having tender'd their preſents, they were rewarded by the King, with Releaſe of certain Priſoners in his cuſtody.

The *Arabian* Legates came next, with Spices and Perfumes, the product of their Country, in ſuch quantities, that they perfum'd all the Air around. After them, the *Troglodit.æ*, with Gold, and Griffins with Golden Bridles. Then the *Blemmi*, with Arrows made of Dragons Bones, and made up in circular form: And theſe, O King, ſaid they, we preſent you with leſs coſtly than others Offerings, but of Service to you againſt the *Perſians* on the Rivers Bank. They are more eſteem'd by us, ſaid *Hydaſpes*, than ſo many Talents of Gold, withal inviting them to make what Demands they pleaſed. When they requeſted abatement of Tribute, he releaſed it to them for ten years ſucceſſively.

When theſe had thus made their Complements (moſt of them being remunerated by the King with richer gifts than what they brought) in the laſt place came the *Axiomati*, who indeed paid no Tribute, but were in League with him. They alſo brought Preſents; amongſt others,

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an Animal of ſtrange Form and Nature, of the ſize of a Camel, but of ſpotted Skin, and cover'd with Scales. His hinder parts and Belly like a Lion, his fore Legs and Shoulders exceeding other Members; a long Neck, and waxing very ſlender, from ſo large a Body: His Head reſembling a Camel, in bigneſs twice exceeding the *Lybian* Oſtrich, horribly rowling his Eyes, that ſeem'd as if enflam'd with Red Lead. His Gate was ſtill more ſtrange, being like no other Animals, but moving the two Legs on his Right Side together, and then thoſe on his Left, carrying forward firſt the one Side of his Body and then the other. Of temper ſo tame and gentle by uſe, that his maſter led him up and down, with a ſmall Cord in his Hand. When this Creature appear'd, the multitude were amaz'd, and gave him from his Various Shape, the name of *Camelopardalis*. He was the occaſion of a great Diſorder which thus happen'd.

There were a Yoak of Bulls placed before the Altar of the Moon, four White Horſes at the Altar of the Sun, ready for the Sacrifice. The Horſes ſpying this ſtrange Monſter, were ſo terrify'd that two of them broke out of their hands that held them, as alſo one of the Bulls, and ran out wild. They could not however break through the preſs, the Souldiers joining in a Ring, and with their Shields obſtructing their paſſage. They were at once the occaſion of great Laughter and Terrour; the perſons at

diſtance ſhouting to ſee others born down, and trodden by them : All things were overturn'd that ſtood in their way. The Clamour was ſo great, that *Perſina* and *Chariclea*, open'd the Curtain to look out. At this time *Theagenes*, whether out of his Natural Vigour, or Inſpiration from the Gods, ſeeing his Keepers diſpers'd with the fright, ſtarted up from the Altar where he kneel'd, and ſnatching from thence a cleft ſtick, leap'd on the Back of one of the Horſes that were left, and uſing his Main for a Bridle, forc'd him on, and turn'd the Bull that had broke looſe. The Spectators at firſt thought that he intended to make his eſcape, and ſet up a cry that they ſhould not ſuffer him to paſs. But they ſoon perceived he had no ſuch intention : For purſuing the Bull, and catching hold of his Tail, he drove him before him, dextrouſly avoiding his ſhort Turns. With this management he ſo brake his Mettle, that he now ſuffer'd him to ride ſide by ſide to him, inſomuch that the Sweat of each Beaſt mingled with the other.

They ran with their Heads ſo even together, that the people, at diſtance, took the Horſe and Bull for one Creature, and applauded *Theagenes* as the Author of a Miracle. Thus were all the Multitude employ'd. *Chariclea* in the mean time look'd on with horrour, not knowing what he intended and fear'd more for his danger than for her own Life when lately at Stake. *Perſina* perceiv'd her concern,

concern, and ſaid to her, You are troubled, Daughter, for this Stranger; I confeſs I cannot my ſelf help pitying his Youth, but yet I hope he will eſcape this hazard, and be preſerv'd ſafe for the Sacrifice. How abſurd is it (anſwer'd *Chariclea*) to wiſh him to eſcape Death, that he may Dye! But, Oh Mother, if you can ſave his Life, you will do a thing moſt grateful to me! *Perſina* partly ſuſpecting her paſſion, ſaid, Though it be impoſſible for me to preſerve him, yet take Courage to acquaint me with your concern with this Stranger; if it has not been altogether vertuous, yet a Mothers kindneſs knows how to indulge the frailty of a Child. *Chariclea* then wept bitterly, and cry'd out, 'Tis the extremity of my Misfortune to ſpeak to underſtanding perſons, yet not be underſtood; but muſt be forced to an open and groſs Confeſſion.

As ſhe was now going to reveal the whole matter, ſhe was once more hindred by a new ſhout amongſt the people. *Theagenes* having now fronted the Bull, quitted his Horſe, leaped on the Bulls Neck, and claſping his Arms round the roots of his Horns, his Hands faſten'd in his Fore-head Taſſock, his Face lying between the Horns, the reſt of his Body hanging with all its weight, down over the Beaſts right Shoulder, inſomuch that he was often trod upon; yet he ſo incumbred his paſſage by this means, and tired him, that directly over againſt the place where *Hydaſpes* ſate, he tumbled down on his Head, but ſo

that his Hoofs were turn'd uppermoſt, and his Horns ſtruck into the Sand, ſo that his Head ſeem'd faſt rooted to the Earth; his Legs all the while ſprawling in the Air. *Theagenes* alſo ſtill held him down with his Left Hand, his Right lifted up towards Heaven; and thus with generous Countenance ſurvey'd *Hydaſpes* and the Company; provoking them to Laughter with the ſpectacle; the Bull all the while with Bellowing, like a Martial Trumpet, ſounding his Conqueſt: The people anſwer'd with ſhouts, and promiſcuouſly gabbling, extoll'd him to the Skies. The Kings Servants, therefore, as they were order'd, ſome led *Theagenes* to the King, others faſtning Ropes to the Bulls Head, led him with the Horſes once more to the Alar. *Hydaſpes* beginning ſome diſcourſe with *Theagenes*, the people who were pleas'd with his Perſon from the firſt minute they ſaw him, but now ſtupify'd at his Strength and Courage, in the laſt place envying the Honour given to *Meræbus* his *Æthiopian* Wreſtler, with one Cry, demanded that he who had received the Elephant, ſhould engage in ſingle Combat with him that conquer'd the Bull. When they had long preſſed for it, *Hydaſpes* at laſt conſented. The *Æthiop* was immediately put into the middle of the Circle, ſternly and proudly ſurveying all around him, ſtretching himſelf, and taking lofty vaſt ſteps, compaſſing an Ell at every ſtride.

When

When he was come up before the Council, *Hydaſpes* ſpoke to *Theagenes* in *Greek*; It is the peoples deſire that you undertake this Combat: Let it be ſo, ſaid *Theagenes*, But after what manner? Wreſtling, ſaid *Hydaſpes*: Why not rather with Swords, ſaid *Theagenes*, by which ſome Honour might be gain'd; at leaſt, with my Death, content *Chariclea*, who, I find, conceals our affairs, and forſakes me at the laſt. What you mean by mentioning *Chariclea*, ſaid *Hydaſpes*, I know not; but you muſt Wreſtle, and not fight with Swords; for we may not ſuffer any Blood to be ſhed before that of Sacrifice. He underſtanding *Hydaſpes*'s meaning, that he fear'd leſt he ſhould be kill'd before he dy'd in Sacrifice; You do well, ſaid he, to reſerve me for the Gods. With theſe words he put himſelf in poſture: fixing his Feet firmly to the ground, his whole Body put in the beſt order: Thus he impatiently waited the aſſault of his Adverſary.

The *Æthiop* ſeeing this, with a look of Deriſion and Indignation mixt together, ran furiouſly upon him, hitting *Theagenes* on the Neck with his Elbow, as heavily as if he had ſtruck him with a Leaver; then drawing back, laughed out aloud at his own performance.

*Theagenes*, who was vers'd from his Childhood in Exerciſes, knew that ſuch robuſtuous Strength, was not directly to be engag'd, but deluded by Art, expos'd the other ſide of his Neck for a ſecond blow, which the *Barbarian* repeated,

and then withdrew as before: He therefore now deſpiſing him, and coming on the third time more careleſsly, *Theagenes* ſlipping under his Elbow, and claſping his Arms round his waſt, which he was ſcarce able to embrace, caſt him quite over his Shoulders, and pitch't him all on a Heap, with his Head firſt to the ground, to the hazard of his Neck. The people now Shouted louder than before; nor could *Hydaſpes* longer contain himſelf, but leaping down from his Throne, cry'd; O hard neceſſity of Law, what a Noble Youth are we compell'd to deſtroy. Then calling him to him, ſaid, it only now remains, that thou be Crown'd for the Sacrifice. This Famous though unſerviceable Victory, deſerves a Crown: That I ſhould ſet you free is not in my Power, but as much as I can do in favour of you, I will; ſo that if you have any requeſt to make to me before you Die, propoſe it. With theſe words, he put a Golden wreath on his Head, beſet with Diamonds. Grant me therefore, ſaid *Theagenes*, what I ſhall requeſt, ſince you have promis'd it. If I may not eſcape being ſacrific'd, at leaſt let me be Kill'd, by the Hand of your new found Daughter.

*Hydaſpes* was ſtung at this motion, reflecting on *Charicles*'s requeſt, which was like this, yet thought it not worth his while, nicely to ſearch the matter: Thoſe things, O Stranger, ſaid he, which were in my Power, I commanded you to ask, and promis'd that I would grant: The Law

Law exacts, That the Slayer of the Sacrifice, be a Wife and no Virgin. But ſhe has a Husband, anſwer'd *Theagenes*: You rave, ſaid *Hydaſpes*, and theſe are words of a perſon under Conſternation of Death. The Fire has prov'd her free from Man: Unleſs you call *Meræbus* here her Husband, nor can I gueſs how you could come to ſurmize ſo much, neither is he yet her Husband, but in Intention only: Neither ſhall he ever be, ſaid *Theagenes*, if I know any thing of *Chariclea*'s mind; or as Divine Sacrifice, can fore-ſhew any future event. But Sacrifices, ſaid *Meræbus*, can give no Divination till they are Slain, and their Intrals laid open. Wherefore, O Father, you have rightly Spoken, that the Stranger raves with apprehenſion of Death. Therefore if you pleaſe, let ſome body take him to the Altar. *Theagenes* was accordingly led away: But *Chariclea*, who was a little relieved at his Victory, and conceiv'd better hopes; when ſhe ſaw him led again to the Altar, relaps'd into Sorrow. *Perſina* comforted her, ſaying, it was yet poſſible for him to be reſcu'd, if ſhe would plainly and fully declare, what ſhe demanded to know. *Chariclea* found there was no longer time for delay, and therefore freely began, to tell the principal parts of her Story. *Hydaſpes* in the mean time, ask'd by his Officers, if there were any of the Embaſſadours yet unanſwer'd? Only the *Syeneans*, anſwer'd *Harmonias*, who wait with Letters from *Oroondates*.

They

They are newly arriv'd, and bring matters of ſome moment: Let them alſo appear, ſaid *Hydaſpes.*

Accordingly they were brought, preſenting the Letters which *Hydaſpes* read, of theſe Contents:

To the Merciful and Fortunate King of the *Æthiopians*, *Oroondates*, Deputy to the Great King.

*SInce after Conqueſt over me in Field, you again overcame me in Clemency, reſtoring me to my Office, it will not ſeem ſtrange, if you farther grant me a ſmall requeſt: A certain Virgin, as ſhe was led along, became your Priſoner of War; that ſhe was by you ſent into* Æthiopia, *I am inform'd: Her I intreat you to reſtore to me, not only for her own ſake, but her Fathers, for whom I would preſerve her. He has travelled far in ſearch of her, and was taken Priſoner during the War by my Garriſon at* Elephantina: *He has therefore deſired me to recommend him to your Clemency. You have him therefore amongſt other Legates, ſuch a Perſon as by his Aſpect may be known to be Noble, and deſerve what he ſhall beg at your hands. Send him therefore back to me pleaſed, and rejoice the heart of a diſconſolate Father.*

When *Hydaſpes* had read this, he ask'd which was the Perſon amongſt the Legates, who was men-

mention'd in the Letters, who is in ſearch of his Daughter: When they ſhew'd him the Old man, O Stranger, ſaid *Hydaſpes*, I will do all that *Oroondates* has deſired: Ten Virgin Captives only we brought away, and whereas one of them is known not to be her, do you ſurvey the other Nine; and if you find her, take her. The Old Man fell down to embrace his feet, and ſurveying the Virgins, as they were brought before him, found not her amongſt them; therefore he ſorrowfully ſaid, None of theſe, O King, is ſhe. I was ready to gratify you, ſaid *Hydaſpes*, you muſt blame your fortune if you cannot find her; for you are free to ſatisfie your ſelf that none other came with our Camp.

When the Old Man had bent his brows, and wept a while, he lifted up his Eyes, ſurveying the Company around, and of a ſudden ran forth as if he had been mad. When he was come up to the Altar, taking off his Cloak, and twiſting it like a Rope, he caſt it about *Theagenes* his Neck, and cry'd out in all their hearing, I have found thee, O my Enemy, I have gotten thee, thou miſchievous and accurſed Man! The Officers would have taken him off, but he would not quit his hold, till he had leave to bring him before *Hydaſpes* and the Council; to whom he addreſt himſelf in this manner, O King, ſaid he, this Man is the Robber that has taken away my Daughter even from the Temple of *Apollo*, and now, like a pious perſon, he kneels before the

the Altar. All were aſtoniſh'd at what he ſaid; not underſtanding the Words, but ſurpriz'd with the Action and Manner.

*Hydaſpes* commanding him to ſpeak more plainly, *Charicles* (for he was the Old Man) conceal'd the Truth concerning *Chariclea*, fearing leſt if ſhe were dead by the way, he ſhould be troubled by her true Parents. But he thus briefly utter'd what could little harm him. I had a Daughter, O King, if you had ſeen how beautiful and ſurpaſſing in Wiſdom, you would not blame my Sorrow. She led her Life in Virginity, and was Prieſteſs to *Diana*, which is worſhipp'd at *Delphos*. That Maid, this bold *Theſſalian*, has ſtoln out of the Temple of *Apollo*, while officiating a Holy Embaſſage to that City; during the Celebration of our Feſtival. He muſt therefore be cenſur'd, to have offended your God the Sun (who is all one with our *Apollo*, and done Sacrilege on his Temple. A falſe Prieſt of *Memphis*, was alſo his Companion in this hainous Fact. I went to *Memphis* in ſearch of them, which I ſuppos'd to be the place, whither *Calaſiris* would go: When I arrived there, I found that he was Dead, and was inform'd by his Son *Thyamis*, of all that had befaln to my Daughter; wherefore you ſhall well perform the part of a King, in accepting the Deputies requeſt on my behalf. Here he held his peace, and wept moſt bitterly. What ſay you to this, ſaid *Hydaſpes*, turning to *Theagenes*?

All

All that he has laid to my Charge (anſwer'd *Theagenes*) is true: As to him, I am a Robber, but to you, I have perform'd good Service. Reſtore therefore, (ſaid *Hydaſpes*) what is not your own, to become a pure Sacrifice to the Gods. Not he that did the wrong (ſaid *Theagenes*) ought to make reſtitution; but he that has the benefit: Seeing therefore you have her, do you reſtore her, *Chariclea* is the Perſon, whom he alſo will own to be your Daughter. No man could longer contain himſelf: *Syſimathres* kept ſilence along time, notwithſtanding he knew the whole Myſtery, till it were bolted out by little and little: Then coming forth, he Embraced *Charicles*, and ſaid, your Adoptive Daughter, whom I once deliver'd to you, is well, found, and prov'd to be Daughter to the King, which you your ſelf, alſo well know. *Chariclea* alſo ran forth from the Tabernacle, like one diſtracted, without regard to her quality, or years, and falling at *Charicles* his Feet, ſaid, O Father, no leſs dear to me, than my natural Parent, take what revenge you pleaſe upon me, notwithſtanding, all the excuſe that I have of the Gods, Commands for what I did.

*Perſina* alſo turning to *Hydaſpes*, ſaid, aſſure your ſelf, Sir, that it is ſo, This young *Grecian* is your Daughters Husband. The people were overjoy'd at the Diſcovery, though they imperfectly, underſtood it, or rather were Divinely inſpi-

inſpired, with the knowledge thereof. Contraries were reconcil'd to attend this Wonder; Sorrow being joyn'd with Mirth, and Tears with Smiles: The cruel Slaughter, which was every moment expected, turn'd into a Holy and Bloodleſs Sacrifice.

O Wiſeſt of Men, ſaid *Hydaſpes* to *Syſimathres*, inſtruct us what we are to do? to decline the Sacrifice of the Gods, is Sacrilege, and to Kill the Innocent, and ſuch as they favour, Impious.

Then *Syſimathres* (not in the *Grecian* Language as before) but in *Æthiopian*, to be underſtood of all, thus expreſt himſelf. O King, ſaid he, Darkneſs is ſometimes thrown over the moſt deſcerning Underſtandings, to produce the greater joy. You ought long ſince, to have been ſenſible, That the Gods would not permit this Sacrifice, reſolving to make your Daughter *Chariclea*, happy in all her deſires; accordingly they have hither brought her Foſter-father, from the midſt of *Greece*: They have likewiſe ſent Frights and Diſorder to diſturb the Sacrifices, as ſignifying, that more agreeable Offerings ſhould be made: They have laſtly ſhewn you, a Bridegroom for your Daughter; this *Grecian* Youth, whom they have with Miracles deliver'd. Wherefore let us obey their pleaſure, and no more offend them with humane Victims, whoſe beſt Sacrifices, are Prayers and Obedience.

*Syſimathres* having ſaid this with an audible voice

voice, *Hydaſpes* took *Theagenes* and *Chariclea* by the Hand, ſaying, you who are preſent, and ſee that theſe things are come to paſs, by the direction of the Divine Powers, whoſe will it is impoſſible to reſiſt, ſince you alſo ſeem to approve their Choice, bear Witneſs to the Nuptials, which I here ratifie; which we will farther confirm by Holy Rites, and ſo let us fall to Worſhiping our Gods. The whole Army, with redoubled Shouts and Clapping their Hands, expreſt their conſent to the match.

*Hydaſpes* then approach'd the Altars, and ready to begin the Solemnities, ſaid, O Sun our Lord, and Moon our Patroneſs: Since *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, are by your good Will, declared Husband and Wife, I doubt not, but you will accept their Offerings, and ſuffer them to do Sacrifice in our Steads. Having thus ſaid, he took the Mitres, the Enſigns of Prieſthood, from his own and *Perſina*'s Head, placing them on *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*. When this was done, *Charicles* call'd to mind, the Oracle deliver'd to him at *Delphi*, was now compleated, which foretold concerning this Young Pair, that they ſhould arrive at a Soil parch'd with Heat;

*Where their prov'd Vertue, juſt rewards ſhould wear,*
*And Snowy Wreaths from Sun-burnt Temples bear.*

Being thus Crown'd with Mitres, and veſted with Prieſthood by *Hydaſpes*, the Ceremonies being

being now finiſh'd with lighted Torches by their ſides, they were Born in Chariots, with Conſorts of Flutes and other Inſtruments: *Theagenes* with *Hydaſpes*, *Syſimathres* in another Chariot with *Charicles*, *Perſina* in another with *Chariclea*: With Muſick and Congratulations towards the City: Where the more retir'd Ceremonies appertaining to the Nuptials were to be perform'd.

*FINIS.*